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I SPY!

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THE OLD BRICK THAT STALIN SOLD HITLER

y Walter Karig

Doctors Differ on Corset
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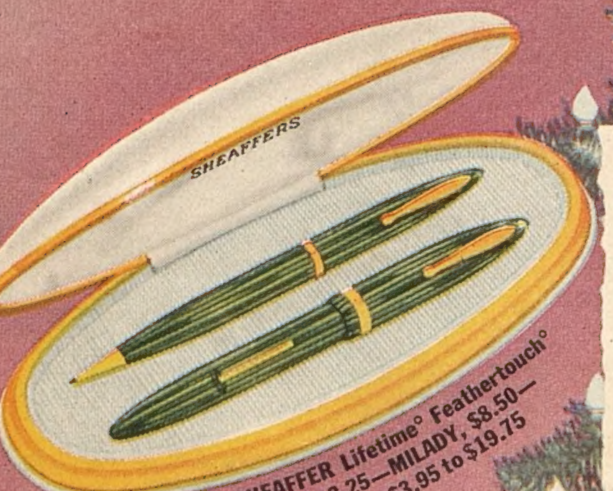

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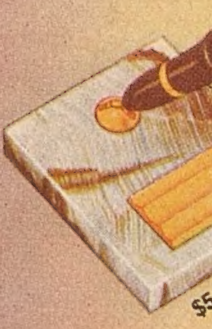

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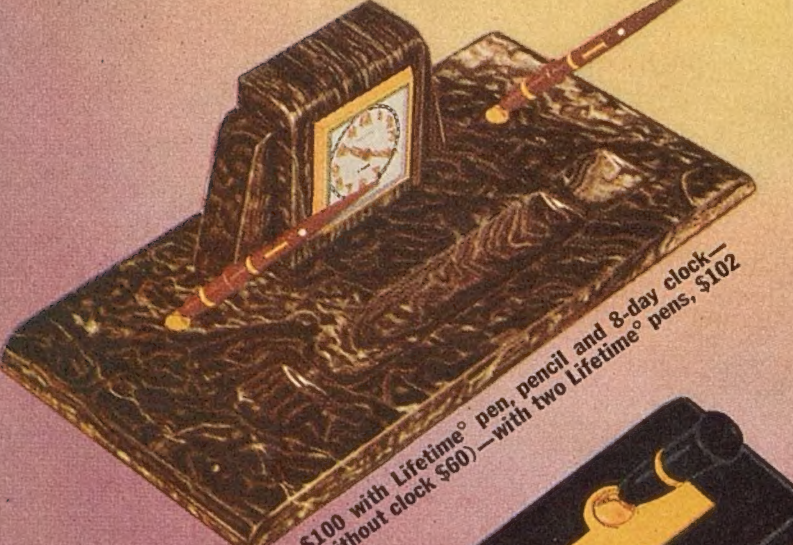

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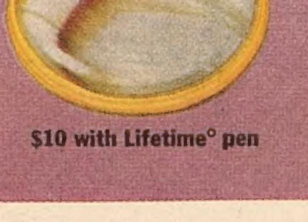
$7.50 with pen



$10 with Lifetime° pen

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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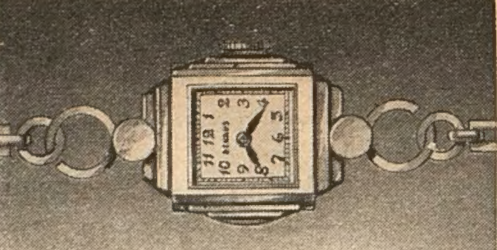
Mrs. AMERICA

Goes Shopping at Kays...!



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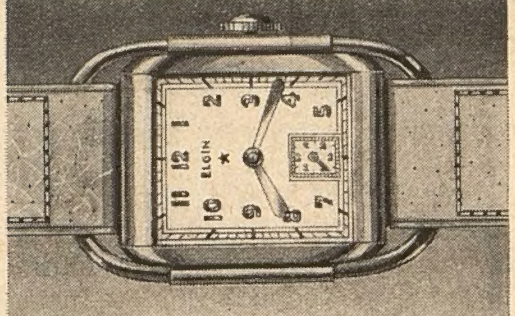

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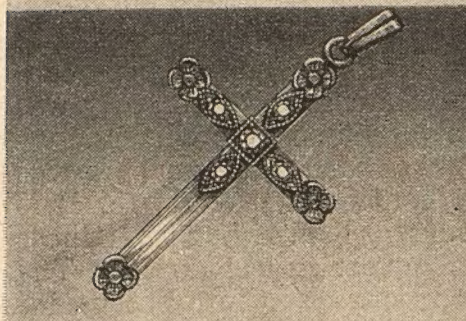

5 Diamond

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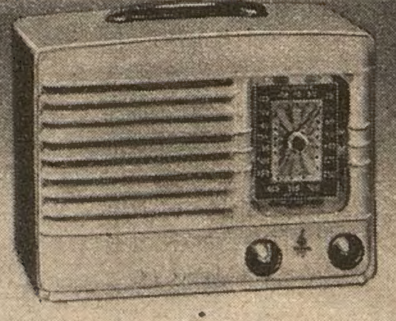

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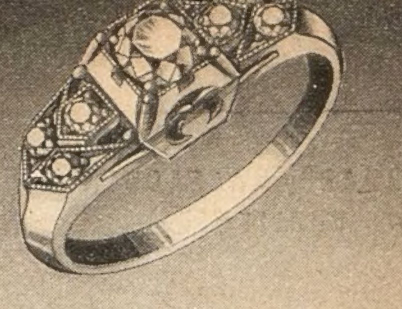

7 Diamond

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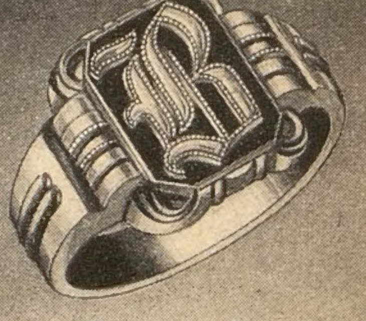

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10 K natural gold with his own initial. A handsome lifetime gift that he will wear proudly. **$8.95**

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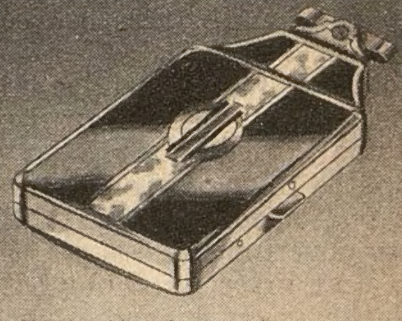

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Ronson Mastercase

Combination cigarette case and lighter. Choice of several contrasting color designs. **$7.95**

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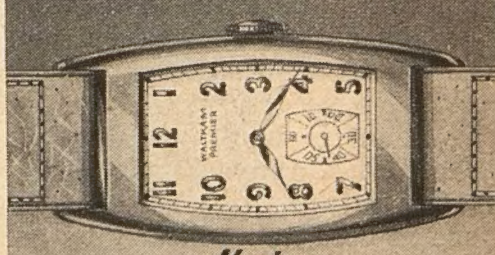

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DECEMBER 9, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 49

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

SECURITY—OUR MOST HIGHLY VALUED POSSESSION

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Many of our leading citizens maintain that this administration has robbed us of an invaluable treasure—security.

Without security there can be no dependable progress. It is confidence in the future that has raised us from the cave-man period.

Dog-eat-dog competition may have its faults, but clubs and other weapons were used in fights to the death for food and other comforts of life before the human race was elevated to its present status through security. Security brings confidence, independence. We can then plan for the future. Our home folks can then feel reasonably safe.

No householder can look into the future with confidence if expenditures are beyond income. No business organization can long exist if capital is continuously dissipated to pay expenses.

The situation is exactly the same with the United States government.

If, year after year, our officials are spending beyond what the government receives, if they continue to go into debt to the tune of five or ten million dollars every day—the present ratio—the time will come when the government's credit will be wiped out altogether.

If our government becomes insolvent, then how about security? It is the dream of every worth-while citizen not only to feel personally secure but to protect his dependents, wife and children, from suffering.

On this page more than two years ago we called the attention of our readers to the dangers we are facing. We have insurance companies that sell security; savings banks sell security to their depositors; and when money is invested in insurance endowments, annuities, bonds, real estate, the investor should have a feeling of security for the future. But if the foundation of our national house is being eaten away by a huge national indebtedness, increased year by year, why should we bother about saving? All we save might be wiped out by colossal governmental indebtedness.

If we have national bankruptcy there will be no security in anything. Savings banks, all kinds of banks, insurance companies, government bonds, currency—all these securities will then be like so much waste paper. The government indebtedness, which has now passed forty billion, and may soon mount to fifty billion, is mortgaging property of every kind, values of every nature throughout the country in every city and hamlet of these United States.

Suppose you are buying a home. You are paying—lifting the mortgage—a certain amount every month, and the Washington government increases its claim against your property because of federal indebtedness for a greater amount than you pay each month. Now, there is a hidden federal mortgage on every home in the land, already placed by the Washington government without the permission of our citizens. This mortgage—federal indebtedness—will probably average more than $1,000 for every home.

How can this be collected? In taxes—not necessarily taxes on the home itself but in hidden taxes on everything you buy. It will be collected in this manner, if it is ever paid, though if the national indebtedness continues to increase at an exorbitant rate, bankruptcy will wipe out the claims of all the government's creditors.

Economic management in the home and elsewhere was considered important throughout our national life. It is still absolutely necessary in many homes, but thriftiness is by no means popular in governmental circles. The wild dream that we can spend ourselves into prosperity has been powerfully alluring. Free spending has been popularized by the federal government, and the officials of many of our municipalities throughout the country have been following this example.

We have two thirds of the world's gold stored away in a Kentucky vault, but with an indebtedness of fifty billion as a near-future possibility, this huge storehouse of golden money is not so impressive.

We are now feeling the impact of an uptrend of business. As I have said in a recent editorial, if we could put the governmental train back on the track, if the fundamental principles that made this nation the wealthiest in the world could be adhered to again without restrictions, if business could be encouraged instead of discouraged, if the huge national indebtedness we are facing at this time could be gradually decreased, once more we would have security—the greatest of all national assets, and the only effective remedy for the unemployment evil.

But there can be no security until there is a balanced budget, or at least clear indications that effective efforts are being made to accomplish this objective.

Bernarr Macfadden

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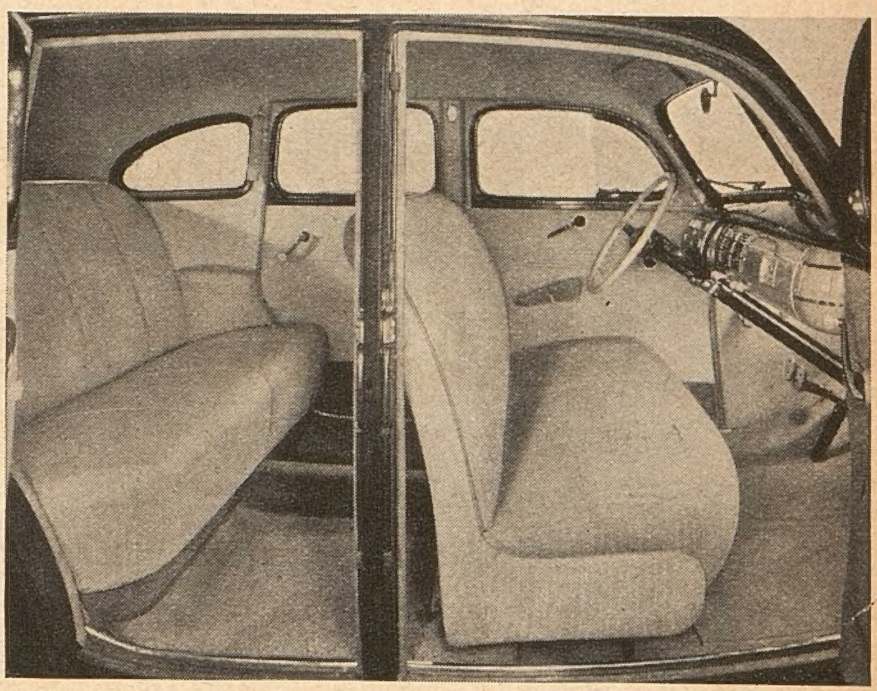
"SAY! How long has *this* been going on?"

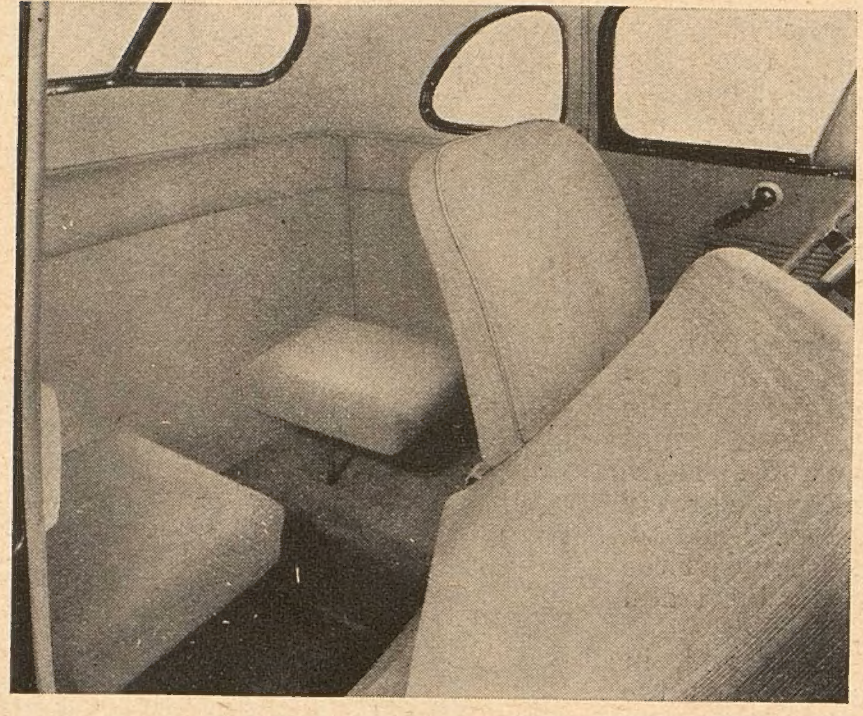
WHEN you're first introduced to the 1940 Ford V-8, you'll say, "Can this low-price car be as good as it looks?"

For here is a big, substantial car, with a smooth 8-cylinder engine, powerful hydraulic brakes, a uniquely stabilized chassis — *and 22 important improvements that make it more beautiful, more comfortable, quieter, safer, and easier to drive.*

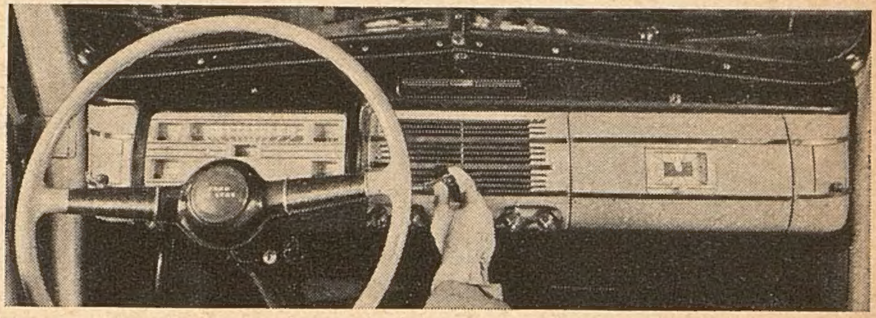
You *can't* know what you're missing until you try the new Ford on the road. And when you do, you won't believe the price tag!



LUXURIOUS INTERIORS. Rich color harmony, finely tailored upholstery, and more room all around. Deep seat cushions of new construction, with a soft "floating edge" for increased comfort. Arm rests. Wide parcel shelf behind rear seat.



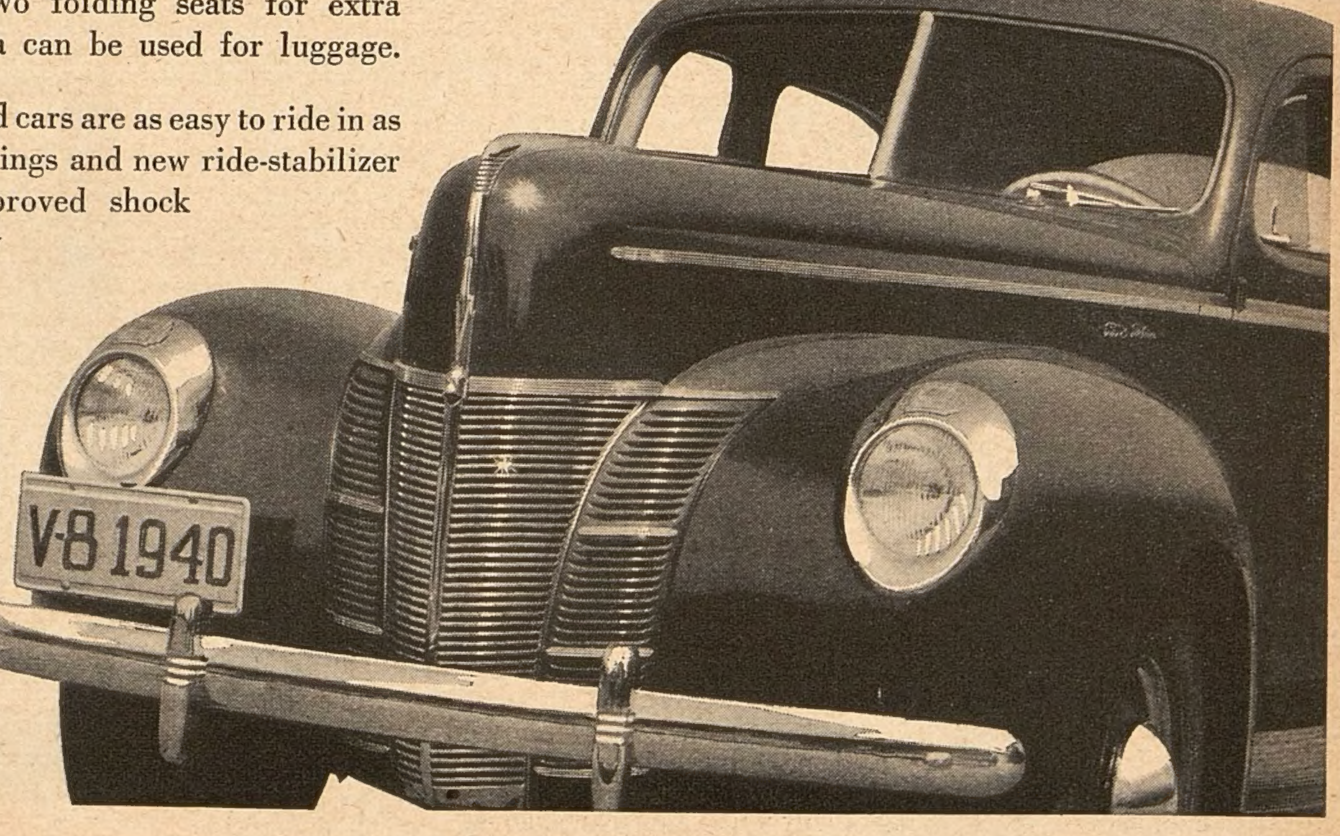
NEW BODY TYPE. Both the Ford and De Luxe Ford lines include a new Business Coupe which differs from the regular Coupe interior arrangement. The big compartment behind the front seat has two folding seats for extra passengers, or the entire area can be used for luggage.



FINGER-TIP GEARSHIFT on steering post. All models, no extra cost. Smart, two-spoke steering wheel. Handsome new instrument panel with *two* ash trays, cigar lighter, grille for radio, glove compartment, battery condition indicator.

READY TO RIDE! The new Ford cars are as easy to ride in as they are to look at. Softer springs and new ride-stabilizer — 85-hp models — plus improved shock absorbers contribute to greatly increased comfort.

FORD V·8
FOR 1940
WITH 22 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS



BEGINNING—

I Spy!

BY DORA MACY

Author of Public Sweetheart Number One, Riding High, etc.

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THIS is a novel based on facts. With every possible means I have checked and verified as much of the girl's story as circumstances permit. No records are kept of spies. I have seen official dossiers, but of course cannot refer to them.

The facts are at times incredible. But then, so is the world situation today incredible. There is a tone of madness in the voices of some leaders; a spell of terror on the earth symbolized by snouted gas masks.

PART ONE—INTO THE TRAP

OUR garden was wonderful that year of 1934—the last year I was ever to know simple happiness. It was the year that was going to introduce me to treachery and bring me to face murder; and to cause me, only a few months ago, to leap from the deck of a ship that had been torpedoed in the darkness of the night. I see that year as the start of it all. Soon I was to meet the two men who have mattered most, and to lose tragically the one whose name I bore. Surely it was the year that began my self-imposed career—the loneliest, most thankless, dangerous job in the world—spying.

What I am to do now is another and different matter. But until this fall of 1939 I and my colleagues were spies in a world seemingly at peace. I found it impossible to work directly for my own country, as I had wanted. But to the best of my ability, and with the greatest sacrifice any man or woman could be called upon to make, I have worked for my country through other sources.

I knew very little of such things the morning in late spring that I cut great masses of iris and peonies and sweet peas for my father's study. That was the morning I met one of the men who mattered.

I was very, very young and secretly on the lookout for a big romance. I had kept house for my father all winter and I rated the dignity of being his official hostess. As the daughter of the military attaché of an American embassy in a middle-European capital, I had a position in the world. I was proud and happy, and I relished the role of being Colonel Harry Dillon's guardian angel.

I was humming as I opened father's study door with one hand and carried a bowl of sweet peas in the other. But the unexpected sight that greeted me choked my tune. There was a man on all fours under my father's great table desk. Startled, I gave a loud gasp and dropped the sweet peas, breaking the bowl and splashing myself.

The man turned swiftly and, in so doing, knocked his head on the top of the desk.

He said, " Oh, damn! " and rubbed his head. He had a sleek wavy crop of bright red hair.

He crawled out and sat on the floor looking up at me with the most engaging smile I've ever seen.

" Sorry," he said, " if I frightened you."

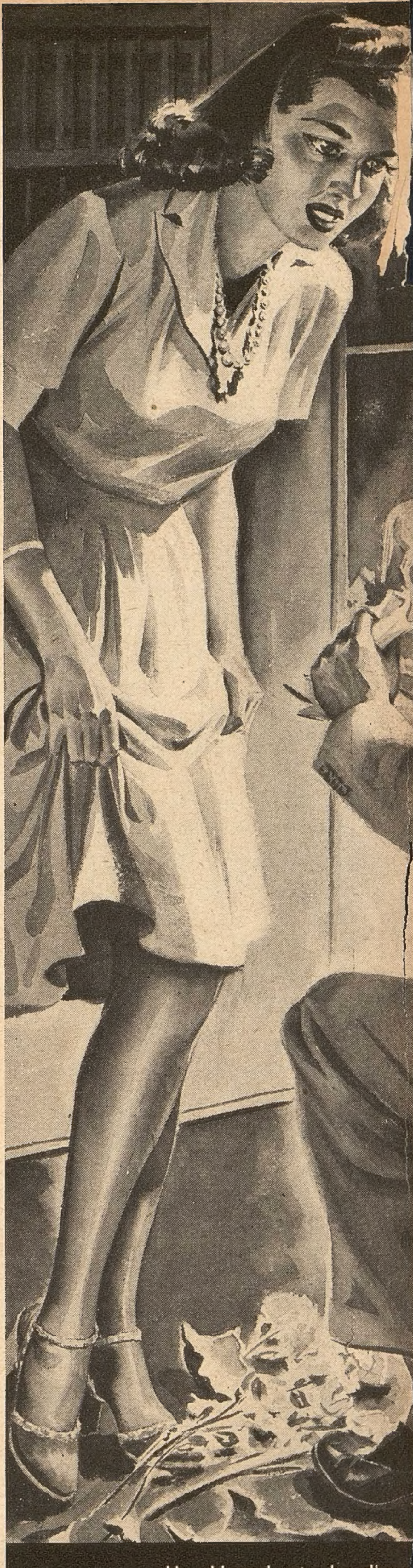
I laughed foolishly.

" You're American," I blurted. " You're—you must be Arthur Forsythe."

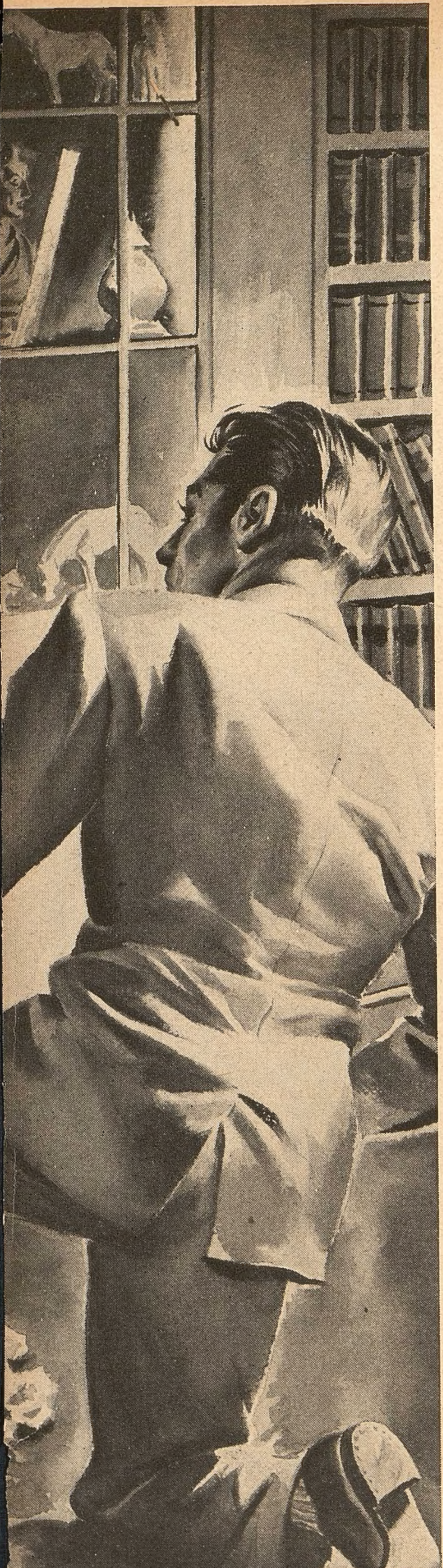
Momentarily we had been expecting father's new secretary, a chap who, when " a stripling," as dad put it, had served with father in the World War, and who had since put himself through college, trained for the diplomatic service, and, oddly enough, had moved heaven and earth for this position, which was far beneath the post of Undersecretary he had held in a near-by country.

Now he got to his feet and rubbed his head again. He had very blue, very big eyes, with long lashes which, because they were blondish red, hardly showed and consequently gave him a disarmingly honest look.

" Right. And you must be Hester.



He whipped out a handkerc



began swabbing my stockings himself.

A timely, exciting new novel—The vivid life story of a beautiful espionage agent

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

Imagine! But you can't be any one else. I knew you from your picture.”

“What picture?”

“I have a picture of you taken when you were two. Just before your father left to serve in France. It was run in the American Legion magazine years later, and I cut it out. It had a caption that he was the fifth Harry Dillon in succession to reach colonelcy and see active service.”

“I have that picture too.” I laughed and bent over to mop some of the water off my stockings with my handkerchief.

He smiled at me and, with an almost comic move, doubled to his knees. He whipped out a handkerchief and began swabbing my stockings himself. It ruffled me to have him rubbing my calves and ankles. I backed away.

“Just pick up the flowers,” I said, and crossed to father's desk to light a cigarette. Mere show-off. I had only recently learned to smoke and seldom indulged. Certainly not at eight thirty in the morning.

Arthur Forsythe tossed me a probing look over his shoulder and returned to pushing the broken pieces of the vase onto a newspaper. I studied him. He was some years older than I, but he didn't look it. He was one of those perennially youthful men who would always be lithe and boyish. I found myself thinking I had little use for boys my own age, and that it was pretty nice to have a handsome young American around to talk to. I had lived abroad most of my twenty years.

ARTHUR stood up. He crossed over and put the newspaper and broken pieces in the wastebasket, then he smiled and went back to picking up sweet peas.

“It's legend how devoted you and your father are to each other. Lord, these are pretty! Do you always come in here and put flowers around in the morning?”

“I do, when I have time. See that his tobacco and cigarettes are here. Fill the decanter with sherry for visitors. Except the mornings I go horseback riding, or out to early market.”

“Oh.” He stood up and came over to give me the sweet peas. I put out my cigarette thoughtfully.

“Did you have a special reason for asking me that?”

“Yes, I did. I'm not due here officially until eleven. Your father wanted to talk to me in private—first.”

“Oh. I was to have gone riding this morning, but I overslept.”

He nodded, his blue eyes measuring me.

“You really haven't seen me here this morning.”

“I see,” I agreed, and looked seriously into his deep-set blue eyes for the first time.

He smiled.

“Do you believe in the war that's to come?” I asked him suddenly. “Father, I know, fears for the future of the world.”

“You say it lightly.”

“Yes. Lightly. I can't do much for father. But I can keep it light. I can keep some little part of his life—with light in it.”

“Good girl,” he said. And I flushed with the flash of admiration in his eyes. “And now do you mind if I go on with my search?”

HE squatted down again and I moved away.

“What was it you were looking for when I came in?”

“A tooth.”

“A *what?*”

He reached far under the desk and emerged holding up a piece of white porcelain.

“A fine pivot tooth,” he grinned amiably. “My hundred-and-forty-seven-dollar tooth. That's what it cost me before I got through.”

He tipped back his head and pointed into his open mouth.

“Lost in service,” he gargled. “And was I proud of it! My only war wound.”

Once more he stood up and put his rescued tooth in the same handkerchief that had rubbed my stockings dry. I was laughing delightedly. He was fun. But he grew suddenly thoughtful and his eyes had a reminiscent look as he glanced at me.

“I lost that tooth the night your father was wounded. He always credited me with saving his life. Did he ever tell you about the battle he fell in?”

There was something special in his guarded tone that made me instantly decide to pretend.

“Oh, yes,” I lied and smiled knowingly. Father and I had never talked of it; a lot of men in those days dodged talking about their war experiences and I had never pressed dad.

“He couldn't have seen all of it. But I did. I had been with him only five minutes before—taking his message. He was just mounting a motorcycle. A swiped one, at that. And I wasn't more than a hundred yards away. It was as dark as your pocket, but I could make out figures. I never knew how many sprang on him. Knives, mind you. I heard him groan and I ran toward him. He wasn't in uniform and I was terrified to shoot. But I fired—and I know I hit one of them. My shot was the only sound heard. They beat it as if they had been rubbed out by an eraser." He shrugged. "Well, I got your father to a dressing station. None of us thought he would live."

I couldn't speak. What little father had told me had been very different.

"He lived, all right," Arthur laughed. "And because he did, God knows how many hundreds of other men live. He had pulled off one of the most daring pieces of counter-espionage in the whole war. At least, that's my opinion."

"Shared by many," I managed with a light shrug. And was glad to hear my father's footsteps approaching.

Glad to get away—and think. The realization that father had been in any way a spy during the war and had come within a fraction of being murdered because of it needed thought. Plenty of thought.

From the morning that Arthur Forsythe arrived, I looked on dad with fresh concern. Everything he said, or refrained from saying, came to have significance for me. And for Arthur too. I could tell. The two had some common understanding, some shared purpose.

I didn't understand any of what was going on, and when I intimated to dad that I'd jolly well like to know, he rebuked me gravely.

"Hester, let's get your role straight." He looked at me with his faded blue eyes full of tenderness. "You're my darling and my comfort. You're my official hostess—an innocent young daughter. And you're going to stay that way, if you want to be valuable to me."

"All right, dad."

"The less you know, the happier I'll be. You might even verge on the stupid, my dear. The empty-headed. You know—*l'Américaine bête.*"

I WINKED and kissed his head and followed orders, making it a point to know nothing, ask, read, or hear nothing except what father wished. Yet I fully realized that I was often used to get information—reports on ladies' gossip, an inquiry into the character or habits of certain husbands or brothers. None of it added up to me. But I was to wish to heaven, before long, that I hadn't been so ignorant.

Besides, I was busy fancying myself in love with Arthur Forsythe and trying desperately to make him fall for me. But he treated me as if I were a kid. I gave up. But no sooner, it seemed, than I had come to treating him like a favorite old shoe, than Arthur pitched right headlong into love with me. He told me one night that autumn, when he found me crying.

I was crying because two men utterly unknown to me had been killed—in another country!

I felt a hand on my shoulder, and somehow I knew it was Arthur. He sat on the ground beside me and drew me close. I blubbered on his shoulder, trying to tell him how I felt, and he comforted me with soft scolding.

When I was quiet and had wiped my eyes, I peered blearily at him through the dusk.

"I don't think I can ever be called young again, Art," I said. "I know too much of what's going on—and what's coming. I have a horrible sense of evil spreading over the world—like gas."

He leaned close and put his hand on my cheek.

"You beautiful, beautiful child," he said softly. "You dear sad little thing. I love you, Hester. I love you desperately."

I gasped—and began to laugh. I laughed giddily, until I realized how I had hurt him.

"I'm sorry—but it's so funny!" I couldn't entirely stop laughing. "I mean—I tried for weeks and weeks to make you make love to me, and you wouldn't tumble. And then, when I got over thinking of you as—well, anything romantic—well, here you are!"

THAT didn't seem to mean anything to him. So I caught my breath and tried again.

"And it's so unromantic." I giggled nervously in spite of myself. "It's the last way to be proposed to I've ever dreamed of. When I've been crying buckets and look like the devil. Oh, Arthur dear—"

"Listen, little owl," he laughed shortly. "I'll have you know I'm very romantic to dames who don't see me as often as you do."

"But that's just it. There's nothing exciting or mysterious about—us."

"I think you're very exciting, Hester."

"But I—I want *my* heart to hammer at the sight of the back of somebody's head."

"It's propinquity breeding contempt, that's what."

"Arthur, I'm serious, dear."

"So'm I. Damned serious. I'm the one that's going to make a perfect husband for you. I'm your logical mate, Hester. Wait and see. Because I've figured it out from every angle. I'll give you time to meet all the other men you want, but if you ever fall for one of them, I'll murder him."

Such a silly remark—spoken in a rather gallant attempt to cover his deep chagrin—but I distinctly remember shivering as Arthur spoke.

"Come on," he said, and stood up. "I'll give you time to grow up. You'd better hurry now. And you'd better take an alcohol rub after your shower—that grass was damp."

"That's just what I mean," I grinned.

"*Touché!*" He smiled regretfully. "I think I'd better make myself scarcer. I think I need to be missed."

Oddly enough, orders came a month or so later that made Arthur very scarce in my life for a while. Father was transferred to a country bordering on Poland, and Arthur was left behind to finish a tedious job he had been assigned. I don't think I'll ever forget his good-by kiss at the station. Had I wanted my heart to hammer? Had I wanted to be dizzied with physical thrill?

Well, I was.

I waited for his first letter, but it was in the old advice-giving good-pal tone. So I mentioned nothing of my emotions in my answers. I felt he should mention love first. His good-by kiss lingered with me for weeks, and I missed him beyond belief. I hated our new post, which is wrong to say; I really only hated the way the country was being run.

FATHER was extremely unhappy there too, though he never expressed it. The ambassador at the time was away a great deal. The chargé d'affaires, who at that time did all the work, was a disagreeable man, erratic and high-strung. He was ill and suffering most of the time, but he drove himself with ceaseless energy. I shall call him Cyrus Potter.

He and my father were anything but friends, though everything on the surface was pleasant enough. We wondered before long if father were not being deliberately impeded in his work. There were times when the difficulties put in his way seemed downright insulting. After the first few weeks father adopted a new manner. He became a forbearing saint.

Arthur, when he joined us, picked up the cue. But nothing seemed normal or homelike because of their behavior. I knew they were both controlling themselves until at times the veins would stand out on their temples even as they smiled at some one.

War had broken out in Spain and, incredibly, it seemed to promise a long conflict. That winter and spring we were to know of alien countries secretly entering the actual combat not only with advice, money, and supplies, but soon with actual fighters.

I was fighting melancholia at the thought of another icebound winter. I was battling privately against a gathering sense of doom.

Perhaps my moods were inspired by a sense of frustration. In honesty, I have to admit they were. I wanted, unreasonably, to have Arthur make love to me. Which was his last intention. He had said he would give me time to grow up, and he had meant it. For the most part I was seething: petulant and critical and imperious. I rode him hard—just to see how far I could go. But he never showed impatience.

Dad seemed to be changing—and I couldn't quite figure how, or put my finger on any particular. I had a growing impression that he was being closely watched, and when I felt certain of it, I spoke to Arthur.

“We're all being watched,” he said softly.

I studied him a moment.

“Arthur, there's something you're not telling me.”

“I couldn't tell you, dear.”

“But you must.”

“But I can't. Your father and I never speak about it. Nothing in this world could ever get me to give voice to it.”

I shivered, staring at him. His red head was flung back and his voice was tense. He actually looked as if he were ready to face an inquisition.

Something inconceivably important was going on. And I knew nothing about it. Something—formidable.

“But I ought to know what to guard against,” I half whispered.

He came out of his momentary spell with an irritable shake of his head.

“Drop it, Hester,” he snapped.

He stood up and gathered some papers.

“And now, kid,” he said more gently, “if you don't mind, I'll leave my darling for a while.”

I shook my head sulkily as he left. He so often left me feeling stung and rebuked. But somehow, as I stood by his office window looking out at the evergreens in the dusk, his words rang in my ears—as they were to re-echo years later when I learned to feel the same way. Spying often takes more courage than fighting in trenches and dying on battlefields. Those heroes are at least understood and honored. Spies are almost invariably misunderstood, disavowed, and dishonored.

So much I had to learn. But I had begun, even though I didn't realize it. All that season I had added to my art. Quite early in our new post I had recognized that many people were trying to trap me into indiscretions and, thinking me very young, had concluded I was easy game. I had made it a game for them all right —viciously. Often I had let things drop in a naïve way—just to give them a false steer, and laughed triumphantly when the results became apparent. I got myself a reputation that was to be invaluable to me later—the name of a voluble young scatterbrain who never got a story straight. It was to hinder more than help me in the tragedies that were immediately to confront me. But that same reputation I am certain saved my life a month or so later.

IN early October father and I received an invitation from a French baroness to come to a house party. Baroness Irene de Laume was an old and devoted friend of father. They had known each other from the days when her château had been turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers during the war.

The baroness had written:

> . . . and it occurred to me, when I heard the bishop talk, that Hester must be a young lady now. She should be meeting the right people socially, Harry, and perhaps you will leave her with me for a season. But, at any rate, I am seized with loneliness to see you both and you must come for these four or five days and let us remember the old days. There will be several whom you will enjoy talking with again, Professor Enright, and old Emile Balegnac . . .

“Blamed funny,” Arthur scowled, “that it suddenly occurs to her you are grown up.”

Father took off his glasses and regarded Arthur soberly.

“What do you mean, boy?”

“I mean the whole thing looks queer to me,” Arthur shrugged. “She is suddenly seized with a loneliness. I don't like it. It looks maneuvered.”

DORA MACY *hails from Boston. Her first big aim in life was to be an actress, and she appeared in a number of stage hits. Then she began to feel the itch to write, and turned out best sellers and screen dramas. Her last Liberty novel, Riding High, will be remembered with great pleasure by our appreciative readers.*

Father smiled. “It's easy to see ghosts, Arthur. Irene hasn't a subtle bone in her body, the poor old girl. And I think I owe Hester a little snatch of pleasure.”

Father squeezed my hand, which was on his shoulder, and smiled up at me with a smile I shall never forget. Because it was wistful—almost mournful. Had my eagerness to go saddened him? Or was he thinking of what the future might hold for me if things went wrong?

At the last moment some pressing affairs arose at the embassy which prevented my father from leaving. Right at the last moment—as usual. No use for me to storm or shed tears. Work and duty. Duty and work.

Father insisted that I go ahead.

“Now, let's not have any silly arguments or foolish tears,” he said finally. “I will fly over and join you in a day or so.”

All in one frantic half hour it was decided. Between tears and laughter I found myself throwing my arms around dad and hugging him good-by.

Kissing him good-by that hurriedly! Feeling his tight embrace and hearing his hearty laughter as he tucked me into the car beside Arthur. I was never to hear him laugh again. Never!

There had been difficulties, as usual, with the train service at the time. Arthur was to drive me nearly sixty miles to another town. I climbed in beside him in the front seat and blew a final kiss to father.

It was an uncomfortable and bumpy drive in bad weather, and Arthur's mood distressed me. He hadn't felt it wise in the first place for either of us to accept the invitation, and now he clearly disapproved of my going on ahead and leaving father.

We reached our destination several hours before the train was due, for we had left a wide margin of time because of bad roads. We were hungry and tired and very cross as we went into a rather unsavory restaurant, the best we could find.

I sat down gingerly. The place was horribly close and as odorous as a crate of bad eggs.

“I have a dreadful chill,” I said. “I'd like some brandy.”

JUST then the door swung open and a couple of officers appeared; boisterously appeared, I might say. Their tones and remarks were stable fare. I saw Arthur frown, and one of his hands clenched tightly as the officers clumped to a table not far from us and noisily made themselves at ease. They called for a native drink and proceeded to roll dice, gaming as to which would pay.

Arthur motioned to the waiter and ordered a brandy for me and one for himself.

I let him order the dinner, though I didn't feel like eating. But soup was safe; we had a long wait for the train and I knew Arthur would feel better if I had some nourishment before he saw me aboard.

Very gratefully I drank my brandy when it came. The whole long stay in this particular country seemed to have laid a permanent icy chill down my back.

“That helps,” I smiled at Arthur, who was barely sipping his brandy. “But I think it will take all of the baroness' house party to thaw me out. Between you and me, Arthur, I dread coming back.”

“I know it, dear. You hate it here.”

“Silly of me, isn't it? I don't hate any place where father is. And you, Arthur, you have made it bearable here. I don't know what I would have done without you. . . .”

I stopped short and squinted at Arthur. Some peculiar haze had passed over his eyes—they seemed suddenly without expression!

“But would you love me in the South Sea as you love me here?” he mocked.

I smiled duly. It was a sensible enough question, delivered in his usual jocular tone.

But at the moment I wasn't thinking of his words. I was still thinking of his eyes. *They weren't focused!*

A shiver of fear ran through me.

I glanced, puzzled, at his brandy glass. He couldn't have taken more than two or three sips out of it. *I* felt perfectly all right. Had there been something special in his drink? Or were my eyes behaving queerly too?

There was a roar at the table near by, and both Arthur and I, from long training which had become a part of our natural habits, refrained from looking across at the two officers. They were calling for more liquor, and one of them made a remark about me. I knew enough about the very difficult language to understand what he said. I saw Arthur's lips grow tight, but he managed to smile and looked only at me. Steadily at me. With great control. Only, his eyes were dilated now. . . .

"Would you love me on a farm as well as in a foreign capital? Would you love me in a cottage as well as in a palace? Would you love me eating hot dogs as well as roast pheasant?"

I laughed, admiring his self-control and wanting terribly to play up to him. His last question had been asked thoughtlessly, just glib words. He was conscious of the insults of the officers at the near-by table, and I knew he was straining to keep from retaliation.

"Arthur, look at me!" I said tensely, though I kept my smile. "Look right straight at me and tell me if there's anything funny about my eyes."

He frowned and tried to focus. I think at that moment he knew he couldn't focus, and at that moment I knew everything I suspected was true. Something had been put in his drink; something that hit him in the eyes. Where would it hit him next?

I SAW a spasm of suffering pass over his face and his upper lip twitched. The officers were becoming mountingly offensive. One could no longer ignore them, really. Yet we still ignored them. They were going out of their way to be insulting, because now they were calling out English words.

But at our table Arthur was battling with his own swift realization. One of his hands grasped the table so hard that I thought the knuckles would break through the flesh, and with the other hand he was fumbling in some inner pocket. I kept smiling and talking.

"Pay no attention, Arthur. Talk loudly with me. Don't let's hear them. They don't mean what they say. They are drunk and getting drunker all the time. They don't know what those English words mean, I am sure. Some American sailor taught them to them. They love to teach foreigners vile slang and make the foreigner think it means something else. You know that. You know . . ."

But my words were of no avail. They were drowned out completely by those two drunken officers, and now one of them rose with a mighty clatter of his chair, which turned over.

I reached over and touched Arthur's hand, and in that moment he took something out of his inner pocket and thrust it into my hand, closing my fingers over it. It was a fountain pen, and I looked at him blankly, terrified. But he squeezed my fingers tight over the fountain pen and said to me with deadly seriousness:

"Hester, whatever happens, guard that—with your life!"

He was so earnest that his voice was tearing his throat. Everything about him was normal except his eyes. And now his eyes were lifted upward unnaturally, slightly under the lids. Was he really making sense? Was this pen that he gave me something important? Automatically I eased it across the table and under the checkered table cover, maneuvering it into my purse.

"I will, Arthur. I will."

The officer was lurching toward us now, reeling his way to our table, and every one in the tavern was looking at us.

Arthur leaned toward me, his face chalk white.

"And whatever—Hester—remember I love you."

I started to speak but the officer had reached our table and half fell forward so that his two hairy hands were flat on our checkered tablecloth, one finger mashing my butter. His big leering face came close to mine, and he again used a word which made me shut my eyes with shame.

And yet at that moment I realized—even in the shock of that evil insult—that there was no smell of liquor on that officer's breath!

As soon as I realized it, I started to call out to Arthur, but it was too late.

He took the officer by the shoulder and pulled him upright, and with his other hand delivered a blow that landed the man prostrate on the floor.

After that it was bedlam. I hardly can write what happened because my memory of it is so vague. It all happened so fast. There were shouts and the sound of broken glass. As I got to my feet and backed away, I realized that the other officer wasn't drunk either. He merely sauntered forward and faced Arthur with a taunting smile—a cool superior smile—and in that moment when Arthur looked at me across that officer's shoulder we both knew we had been trapped. That this was a plant.

JUST as if you had pressed a button, the doors swung open and two of the native policemen came in. Arthur was under arrest before I could find my voice to speak to him.

I started toward him, but the other officer—the one who had also pretended to be drunk but whom Arthur hadn't knocked down—took hold of my arm and in no gentle way swung me around. I looked up at him and said not a word. There was no use saying anything to a face as grim and determined as that. Still holding me by the arm, he led me swiftly through the small crowd who stood back in silence for us, and opened a door into what was obviously a small private office.

In there I closed my eyes in sudden quick prayer. I don't know what I was praying for. Arthur? Myself? Or perhaps for father, whom I had left behind.

It was such a brief prayer—an all-embracing prayer, more for courage and wits than for anything else. Then, as I opened my eyes, I thought of something that almost took all my courage and all my wits from me. In the excitement I had become separated from my purse! The purse in which I had put the fountain pen that Arthur had given me. It didn't matter whether he had given it to me in a moment of derangement, which perhaps had hit his mind as it had his eyes, or whether he had given it to me in all seriousness. What mattered was that he had given me a trust, asking me to guard it with my life, and in less than five minutes I had abandoned it.

MADAME is taking a train." The voice behind me was calm and urbane. It spoke very good English, and what was the accent? Not that of the country I was in. No indeed. I could recognize that accent.

I turned and faced him. I spoke in German.

"I don't think I want to, now. I would like to go home to my father."

"But that is absurd," he said. "Why change your plans? Why upset your father? No, indeed! Madame is taking her train. It will be here shortly, and I will be glad to put you safely aboard."

I swallowed hard. It was plain that there was going to be no arguing with this man. He had his orders, and I was going to take this train. In other words, he was shipping me out of this country, and what did that mean? Would I be allowed to return? What was happening to father? Were all my half-supposed suspicions of the past year and a half really grounded—that he and Arthur had been handling some vital espionage? At any rate, there was no use crossing this man. The best policy, I was sure, was to follow his will.

"Have you any idea who I am?" I asked him.

He smiled, and I realized how ridiculous my question was. They knew all about me. All about me and my father and Arthur. They knew, no doubt, more than I knew about all of us.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Indeed we do, Mademoiselle Dillon. You will be treated with every deference. And there will be no publicity that you had to be rescued from a drunken escort who assaulted an officer. We shall see to that. It would be too distressing a story for a young girl in your position."

I sat down and covered my face with my hands, trying to control my trembling. I didn't dare say anything to him. I knew his suave speech was full of double meanings. I was afraid of what I might say. Obviously, this was all planned—this, and no doubt a whole lot more.

What will be the next move of the secret police against Hester and Arthur? Is she to be forbidden to return to her father? Is he to be tortured into some self-destroying confession? What is the hidden content of the fountain pen? Will the enemy seize it? Order your next week's Liberty now!

THE GOLD BRICK THAT STALIN SOLD HITLER

Molotov signs the pacts with Germany. Behind him are Stalin, amused, and (left) von Ribbentrop, Hitler's Foreign Minister.

The amazing true story of the most momentous double-cross in history

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHEN Hitler and Stalin sat down together to divide the world, the Communist dictator ran his thumb down the twenty-fourth degree of longitude on a map of Europe and said, "Everything to the east of this is mine. What is west of it is yours."

Under his breath, behind his great mustache, he added: "Yours—if you can get it. Yours—until I want it."

For the information authoritatively and officially received in the United States makes it plain that Stalin is confident he has sold Hitler the biggest gold brick of all time. The Führer, poor rube, thinks he outsmarted the uncouth Muscovite. He did not pay for the gold brick out of his own pocket. He gave, in exchange for it, Finland and Estonia and Latvia, the steppes and marshes of Poland, and control of Rumania's eastern provinces already bordering on Russia.

But the Communist vision sees far beyond that initial transaction. It contemplates with silent laughter the long heralded World Revolution accomplished for Moscow by its hitherto most furious foe. Most of eastern central Europe is in Stalin's hands, captured without bloodshed. Russia's vast armies are on Germany's border, and the German people have been commanded to love and respect them as friends. Hitler has pledged himself to deliver to Stalin $35,000,000 worth of the implements of war the Russians cannot make for themselves.

What the world witnessed in the photographs of Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov signing the treaties (with Stalin grinning in the background) was not a diplomatic master stroke by Hitler but the flowering of a colossal Communist plot.

All Stalin has to do is to consolidate his position along that twenty-fourth degree of longitude, let Hitler supply him with artillery in exchange for wheat and oil, and wait.

If the Allies whip the Germans on the west front, Stalin will do to the Reich as he did to Poland—march in through the back door, at least as far as the River Elbe.

If Hitler calls upon Stalin for man power, the Communist dictator will cheerfully comply; for that will mean a peaceful occupation of Germany by "friendly" Russian troops right up to the Rhine. According to confidential reports from American observers in the Reich, Hitler will only invite the Red armies to cross Germany for help against the British and French as a last desperate suicidal gamble—for even the Führer realizes that with every Red trooper admitted to Germany a Communist agitator will come in.

Stalin's strategy goes beyond that, however. It is within his scheme to have Russia's military man power fail to beat back the Allies, and thus to invite terror to Germany, which, as in 1918, will be thrown into revolution—a revolution which the Bolshevik guests of the Reich will direct to the end of creating the Soviet Socialist Republic of Prussia as a part of the Communist empire.

But if Hitler wins?

Stalin and Military Commissar Voroshilov are more confident that Hitler can't win than General Gamelin is!

BOOMERANG

CARTOON BY LOMBARD JONES

Let us take a look at the background, with Stalin's grin in mind. You will remember that announcement of the Russo-German trade treaty and nonaggression pact was made while the emissaries of France and Britain were cooling their heels in Moscow. The British, and to a lesser extent the French, had been trying for weeks to sign up Stalin to a contract pledging Russia's help to the democracies if the Nazis should burst through their eastern boundaries again. The Allies thought it would be a cinch to get Stalin's signature on the dotted line, for had not Hitler raved against Communism and stated his intention of grabbing off the Ukraine, Russia's breadbox?

POLAND had proved to be the hitch in the proceeding. Stalin didn't give two whoops in a rain barrel for the democracies. He hated the Poles, and he hated the Chamberlain government of England, which had been scarcely less anti-Communist than Hitler pretended to be. But all that Stalin wanted was to get astride the German frontier and to insulate the Ukraine against Hitler. Consequently he said he would line up with the Allies against Germany *if* Russian troops were given free passage through Poland to attack the Nazis once they crossed their own frontiers.

That was agreeable to the British. The French were a little dubious. But the Poles were adamant. "What is the use of inviting one invasion in the hope of stopping another?" they asked. "Listen, John Bull. We have been intimate neighbors with the Nazis and the Communists for a long, long time. We know there is nothing to choose between them. We'll take our chances fighting off a German invasion singlehanded before we invite a Russian invasion."

The British were impatient. "See here," they said. "Don't you Poles realize we are trying to save you? We have pledged ourselves to go to war with Germany if you are invaded, but we jolly well have to have help over on your side of the Reich."

Now, you can criticize what used to be the Polish government for many, many faults and mistakes, but not for not being realistic. It knew perfectly well—and here is something for Americans to remember—that England and France were not going to risk a costly and bloody war just to save poor little Poland from aggression and conquest. England and France were going to fight Hitler because, if Germany gobbled up Poland, the Nazis would rule all of Europe and presently rule the world. The war would be one of self-preservation, not for Poland's preservation—and least of all for that if Poland were turned over to the Soviets in the process.

So Stalin could not get at Germany with Poland's help and the Allies' blessing! He stalled. And then up stepped Hitler and offered everything Stalin wanted without the necessity of fighting anybody for it.

That was no sudden and surprising deal, of course, as you know from the forecasts made in Liberty many months ago. The wily owners of the world's two funniest mustaches had been cautiously dickering for over a year. Then, in August, Hitler brushed aside his fears—which included fear of Germany's reaction to a Russian alliance—in what he believed was a brilliant stroke to outsmart the French and the British.

Hitler was positive that, if he signed up the Russians and prevented a Moscow-London-Paris alliance, *France and Britain would not fight.*

And Stalin knew that France and Britain *were bound to fight.*

Now you see the dimensions of this monstrous double-cross.

Hitler assured his generals and his cabinet that Britain would never in the world go to war with Germany over Poland unless the Russians would do Britain's fighting for it on the eastern front. Germany would conquer Poland in less than a month, and after that it would be child's play to jump on Rumania and put the Nazi nippers on the Ukraine. The Brown-shirts were so confident that they bragged to Americans about the fast one they were pulling on Britain and Russia, and the boasts were duly recorded in Washington.

BUT Stalin and such of his executives as he had not polished off against a brick wall knew a little bit more than Hitler thought *he* did. The British and French had disclosed their plans for war with Germany. Military missions from Paris and London had been in Moscow for weeks, letting Voroshilov and his staff have a peek at the Allied war plans just to impress the Russians.

So the Soviet dictator, knowing what was in the minds of both adversaries, called his crew together and said, "Boys, here's where we can't lose. We can go along with the British, which may cost us a few hundred thousand muzhiks, or we can string along with the Germans, which won't cost us anything."

So the Communists strung along with the Nazis, to whose horror Britain and France did declare war. Then, while the Poles in Warsaw fought off Hitler's crack storm troops, Russia moved into Poland.

Stalin dictated the partition of Poland which cut Germany off from Rumania, cut the Nazi army out of Poland's oil fields, and made contact with that part of the Ukraine awarded to Hungary after Czechoslovakia's dismemberment. With the Reich already on short rations, with the old German Communist elements in western Germany boldly parading once more and disrupting the forced production of Essen's war industries, Hitler had to sign on the line indicated by Stalin—a line which gave Russia three fifths of that Poland which tens of thousands of German soldiers had died or bled to conquer, an area which included not only Poland's petroleum but most of its zinc deposits, grain fields, and sugar-beet fields. The partition of Poland put Germany into a strategic position, before Russia, about on a par with Jonah's before the whale.

What small part of the Ukraine is not securely in the Russians' hands is dominated by them. The humiliating treaty of Brest-Litovsk in 1917 is avenged. In that year the Kaiser made a deal with the Reds. If it had not been for Hitler's predecessor as war lord, there might be no Red Russia. Now, because of the Führer's insensate greed and egoism, the world is threatened with the prospect of a Red Europe, a Red Asia.

But what of the resources put at Germany's command by the commercial treaty with Russia?

Veteran experts of the United States Department of Commerce scoff at such questions. Hitler was hoodwinked on that deal, too. The terms of the commercial treaty arrange a barter of some $35,000,000 worth of German machines and war materials for a like amount of Russian raw materials. Germany expected to get petroleum, wheat, manganese, asbestos, and lumber from the Soviets.

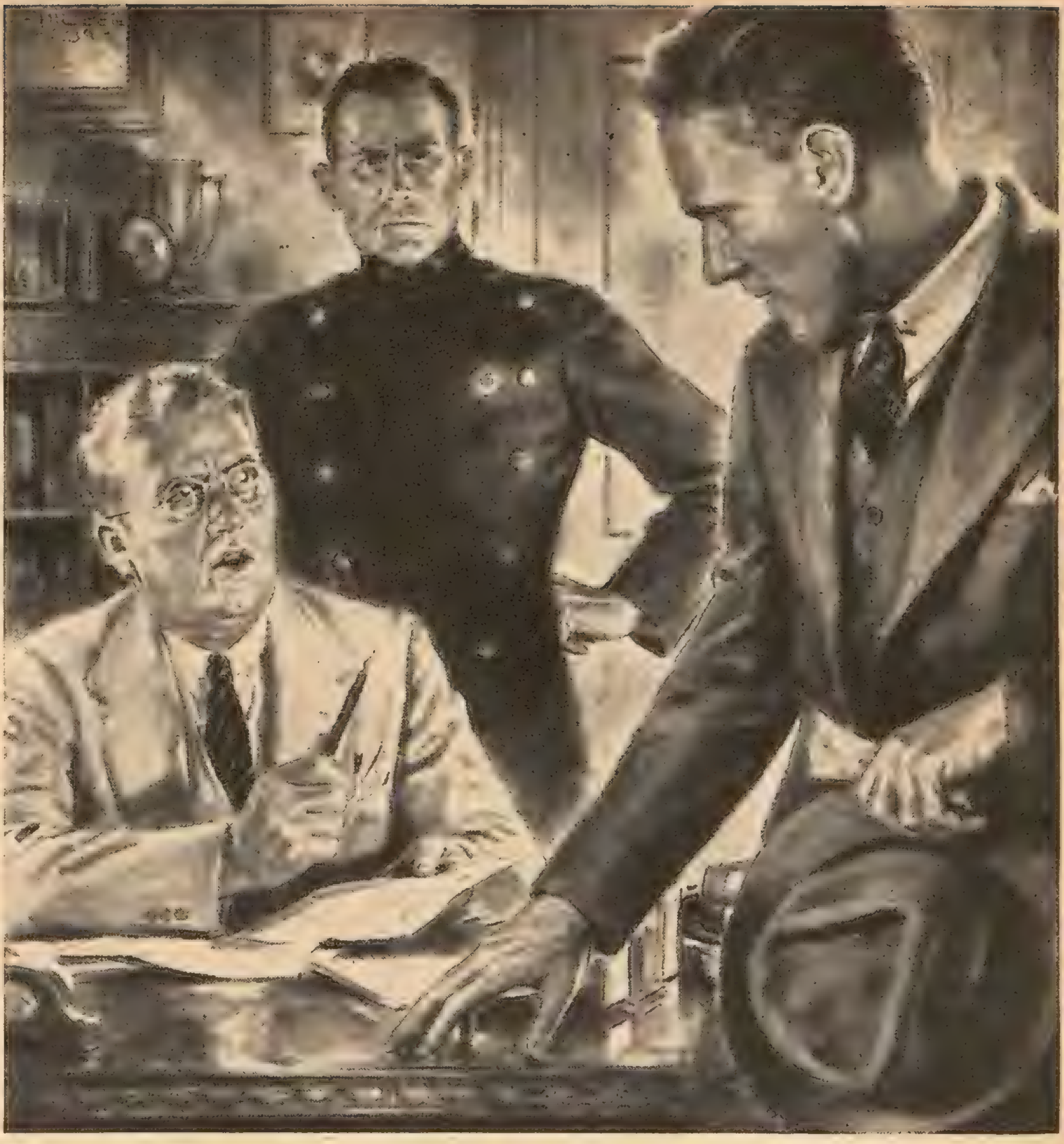
Last year Poland exported to Germany more than $38,000,000 worth of cereals, minerals, and oil, most of the sources of which have been destroyed since September 1. The trade agreement with Russia does not even make up to Germany for that commerce, willfully destroyed.

The Anglo-French blockade has effectually cut off more than half the Reich's total foreign business, while the treaty with Russia has merely doubled—and that but nominally—Germany's commerce with its *fourteenth* lowest customer-supplier.

RAILROADS into German Poland from Russian Poland number but *three,* while the highways, about to become impassable as winter sets in, are narrow, unpaved, and tortuous. These routes, rail and motor, will be crowded with supply trains for Russia's 1,000,000 men of the army of occupation. The Red army on Germany's frontier is a great maw hungrily swallowing the supplies, from gasoline to grain, which Hitler hoped to get from the Soviets. What Germany can get from Russia has to be strained through Stalin's hungry troops in a war-ruined land, *but what Germany is pledged to supply Russia can be delivered at the frontier.* American military experts agree with the experts in the government economic service that Hitler will use up in six months more than Russia can supply him in eighteen—and Russia cannot deliver rubber, cotton, animal and vegetable fats, wool and tin, from which Germany is cut off entirely.

There has been a great deal of obvious and stupid propaganda to the effect that Hitler is crazy. Weighing the effects of the deal he made with Russia, however, one wonders if the propagandists were not right.

THE END



The prisoner is given ten dollars and a new suit and told to go home.

HOW TO CLEAN UP PAROLE

$2,500,000 for human salvage! Here's a ten-point program for *your* safety

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A NATIONAL campaign is now under way to clean up a mess that had long disturbed every one concerned with the control of crime. That mess is "parole." More exactly, it is the slipshod way we have of releasing criminals from prison.

The old method, still in use in far too many cases, is simply to turn these former lawbreakers out scot-free, with no effort made to see them established in some useful law-abiding job under conditions which won't encourage them to commit new crimes. Then we are surprised when many of them become repeaters, bobbing up again and again in our criminal courts.

One doesn't have to be unusually farsighted to see that a good sensible precaution would be to keep these released prisoners under public control for a time, and to assist them in becoming self-supporting workers.

Experts on crime prevention and control long ago settled on the word "parole" to describe the conditional release of criminals under supervision. But in actual practice parole has very often meant something quite different—the release of criminals before their terms have expired, with no more than nominal supervision and no real effort to see that they toe the mark.

A paroled prisoner is a prisoner who is allowed to serve part of his sentence outside of the reformatory or prison but under the strict supervision of expert authorities. If he violates the terms of his parole, he can be sent back to prison.

Some 75,000 convicts are out on parole—forty-six of our states and the federal government have some type of parole system. In most cases, however, the convicts are from states where the parole systems are little more than a halfhearted gesture.

At the National Parole Conference, held in Washington last April, it was revealed that most of our states require their parolees to do nothing more than make written reports every month or two to a central parole executive, usually a clerk holding down a desk position in the state Capitol. Furthermore, these written reports are submitted, in many instances, only for the first six or eight months after release, and if they aren't forthcoming, no investigation takes place.

In one such state last year an institution with several hundred persons out on parole spent twenty-five dollars on its parole system. The twenty-five dollars was for stamps.

In another state, with several thousands on parole, one parole official makes the rounds of the county seats. Before starting out he writes the parolees, directing them to meet him at the courthouse at a certain time on a certain day. They come and sign blanks, thus proving that they were alive and live near enough to the county seat to get there for their appointment.

There are states where the prisoner is let out, given ten dollars and a new suit, and told to go home and report to his local sheriff. If he reports, the institution is notified. If he doesn't, the chances are about even that something will or will not be done about it.

There's no denying, too, that in many of our states parole can be bought. The influence of the politicians is probably the most important single obstruction to cleaning up our parole mess. Parole boards are often mere adjuncts of the local political machine; only twelve states, in addition to the federal government, appoint parole employees through civil service.

Two years ago in one state, following a change in administration, the entire personnel of the parole organization—members of the parole board, clerks, and field officials—was replaced by inexperienced workers within a few weeks after the new governor took office.

It's not hard to see that such parole systems are a menace to the country as a whole. Crime, especially today, doesn't stop at state lines. And of the forty-seven parole systems in the country, only eight, in addition to that of the federal government, can be designated "Class A."

The realization that the parole problem is a national problem, that the numerous rotten parole administrations constitute an enormous stumbling block to cleaning up our crime bill, prompted President Roosevelt to request Attorney General Frank Murphy to call a National Parole Conference last spring. For the first time governors and their representatives, state attorneys general, district attorneys, social-service workers, police officials, judges, and prominent private citizens met in Washington to talk about parole. It has marked the beginning of a great national drive.

Three surprising things came out of the two-day conference. First of all, there was unanimous agreement among the delegates that parole, as operated by the federal government and a handful of our states, was the best way to release prisoners. It is not foolproof, these delegates acknowledged, but experience has clearly shown that it is a vast improvement on any other method of letting men and women out of prison.

President Roosevelt summed it up for the delegates to the conference: "We know from experience that parole, when it is honestly and expertly managed, provides better protection for society than does any other method of release from prison."

Secondly, despite the fact that the delegates to the National Parole Conference came from every state in the Union, from states where every type of parole system was in force, they agreed with little difficulty on what ought to be the elements of a good parole system. Apparently they knew what they wanted, though most of their states had nothing comparable.

And, thirdly, they agreed that there should be created a national body to carry forward the movement to clean up parole. With this in view, a National Advisory Council has been organized to direct the drive to put parole on its feet.

AMAZINGLY enough, the experts found that it isn't an expensive proposition to do this job and to do it reasonably well. Those who should know tell us that for $2,500,000 we can make a pretty good stab at cleaning up the scandal which for years has been labeled "Parole."

This would mean spending about twice what we now spend for parole. Our annual appropriation now runs about $2,500,000. But the money is spent by a handful of the states. Eighty-five per cent of the parole officials in the country are employed by the federal government and the eight states which have "Class A" parole.

Experience, in the states where sufficient money is appropriated to make the parole system really work, has shown that actually parole is a good business proposition. In New York, which has one of the country's best parole administrations, there are some 7,826 men out on parole, and the cost is about seventy-five dollars a paroled prisoner as against $560 for the cost of detaining a prisoner in an institution for a year.

Facts like these were made available to the general public for the first time at the National Parole Conference. That the public is interested is manifested in the demands coming from all types of people all over the country that the Attorney General and the Bureau of Prisons of the Department of Justice do something about parole.

To start the ball rolling, Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York has introduced a bill in Congress to provide federal grants in aid to states for purposes of improving their parole and probation administration. He has asked for an appropriation of $2,500,000. Under the terms of the bill, the United States Bureau of Prisons is made responsible for the administration of the act. States receiving grants would be encouraged to match the grant by state appropriation, though allowance would be made for the poorer states and for those having an unusually large prison and parole population. Written into the bill is the provision that the merit system must prevail in the selection of parole personnel; no state will get any federal money if the spoils system is in force there. And the states, as in many cases of federal grants in aid, must present to the Bureau of Prisons a complete program for the use of the money, and must meet certain standards of administration.

THE idea is to get the nucleus of a real parole system established in every state in the Union. And this can be accomplished with the small amount the Celler bill asks.

The standards to which these parole systems would conform were adopted by the members of the National Parole Conference as a declaration of principles—ten points cited as prerequisite for parole "fully to achieve its purpose."

Point No. 1: "The paroling authority should be impartial, nonpolitical, professionally competent, and able to give the time necessary for full consideration of each case." In many states today the paroling authority is in the hands of an already overburdened public official, or in a board of three—often the Governor, Attorney General, Secretary of State, or a member of the board of directors of the state prison. Most boards act in an advisory capacity only, meeting several times a year to consider parole matters. The members are appointed by the Governor, and serve at his pleasure. Salaries are usually on a per diem basis with expense allowances. In contrast is the federal system, with a board of three full-time experts, appointed by the Attorney General, and receiving $7,500 a year.

Point No. 2: "The sentencing and parole laws should endow the paroling authority with broad discretion in determining the time and conditions of release." People in the business call this an "indeterminate sentence." A judge gives a convicted man a sentence with a fairly large margin of time between the minimum and maximum period of imprisonment instead of a flat two-years-and-a-day type of sentence. This permits the prison and parole authorities leeway in determining when the prisoner is ready to be returned to regular life in the community.

Point No. 3: "The paroling authority should have complete and reliable information concerning the prisoner, his background, and the situation which will confront him on his release."

Point No. 4: "The parole program of treatment and training should be an integral part of a system of criminal justice."

POINT No. 5: "The period of imprisonment should be used to prepare the individual vocationally, physically, mentally, and spiritually for return to society." Obviously if the criminal is to benefit by his imprisonment—and if society is to receive real protection—the prisoner must be prepared for release during his prison life. The confirmed criminals—the men and women who have no right to release—must be identified and segregated from the more responsive criminals. While in prison, the prospective parolee must be given constructive work to do, taught a trade, shown that crime is senseless.

Point No. 6: "The community through its social agencies, public and private, and in co-operation with the parole service should accept the responsibility for improving home and neighborhood conditions in preparation for the prisoner's release."

Point No. 7: "The paroled offender should be carefully supervised and promptly reimprisoned or otherwise disciplined if he does not demonstrate capacity and willingness to fulfill the obligations of a law-abiding citizen."

Point No. 8: "The supervision of the paroled offender should be exercised by qualified persons trained and experienced in the task of guiding social readjustments." This means parole officers who have education and training in the field of mental hygiene as well as in social work.

Point No. 9: "The state should provide adequate financial support for a parole system, including sufficient personnel selected and retrained in office upon the basis of merit."

Point No. 10: "The public should recognize the necessity of giving the paroled offender a fair opportunity to earn an honest living and maintain self-respect to the end that he may be truly rehabilitated and the public adequately protected."

A reasonable and succinct ten-point program. A relatively small amount of money that probably will yield many times that sum in public benefits. Experts in the subject of crime control don't pretend that this program will solve the crime problem. They merely contend that for a very reasonable price one of the dirtiest corners in our American structure of justice can be cleaned up.

THE END

STRANGE SANCTUARY

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

A master of fiction tells the tale of a lonely little girl's bizarre adventure

BY F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA MOORE

THE little girl with dark blue eyes and last summer's golden tan rang the doorbell of the Appletons' house a second time, then turned to the Negress behind her.

"I know there's somebody in, Hazeldawn, because I can hear them. Just leave the suitcase and you can go back to Mrs. Martin's."

"You sure, now, these people expect you?"

"Well, Mrs. Martin said she telephoned both places before she fixed things up; so if it wasn't the Sidneys', this must be where I'm expected. *Some*body has to take me in," she added wryly. The little girl's name was Dolly Haines and her age was thirteen.

The door was suddenly answered by a youth whom Dolly had never seen before. Startled by the strange face, Dolly turned back to Hazeldawn: "Don't go yet. There may be some mistake."

"The Appletons don't seem to be around," the boy said. "There was a maid awhile ago, but she doesn't seem to be around either." Seeing her hesitate, and experiencing a quick response to her beauty, he added, "But come in. Glad to have you. I been making myself at home for two hours."

He was fifteen, tall without being gangling, ruddy-cheeked and full of laughter and loose in his clothes. Liking him immediately, sophistication flowed into Dolly. She said to the Negress:

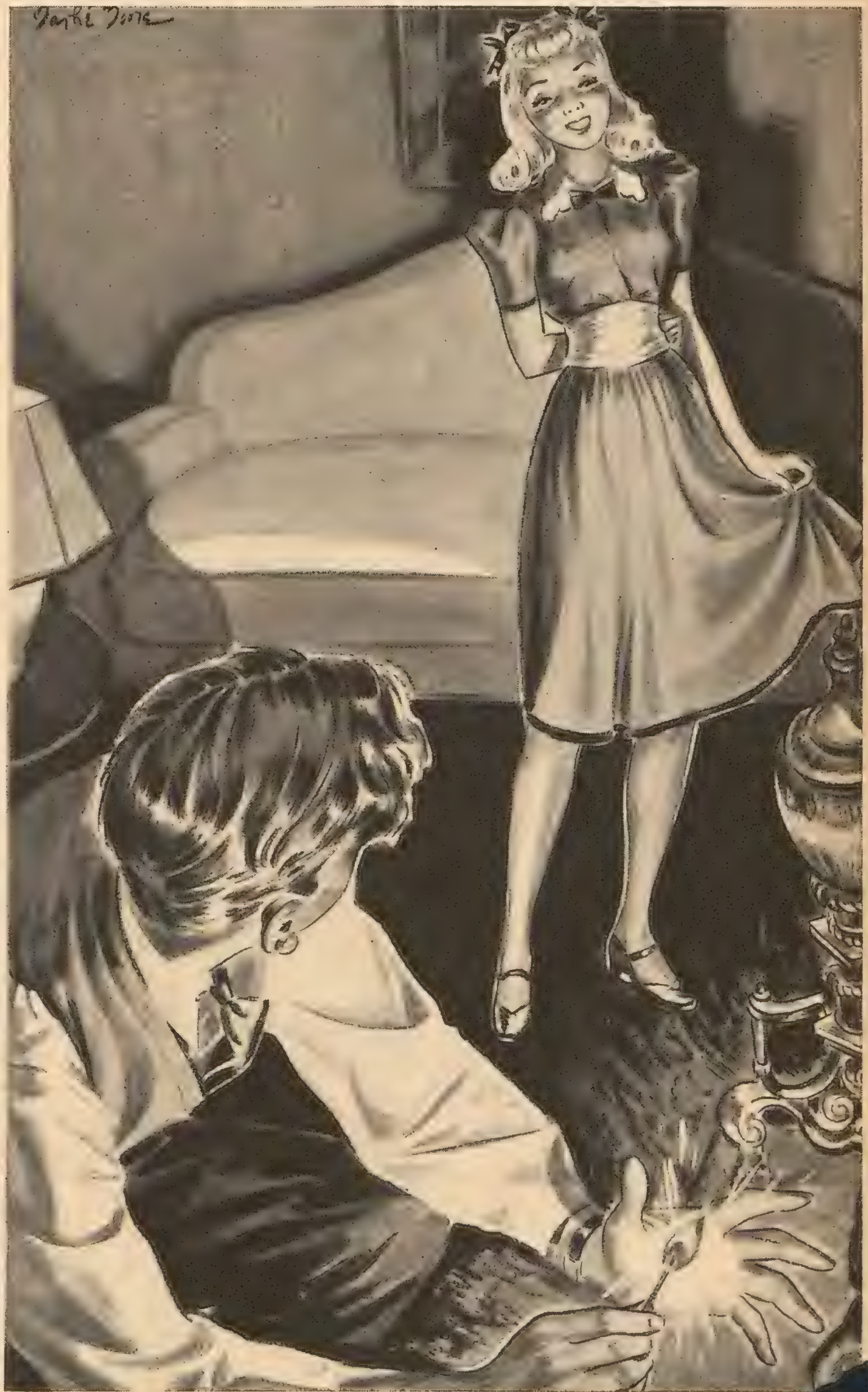
"Thanks oodles, Hazeldawn. Tell the postman about the mail—and bring me my laundry when it's ready."

The boy carried her bag and Dolly followed. They sat on the sofa in the living room, at home within five minutes.

Clarke Cresswell turned on the radio. "I'm beginning to think I own this place," he said. "Have you been here before?"

"This'll be the third time—if they take me in. I've been visiting around like this since father got sick last April, and I'm tired of it."

"Don't I understand!" the boy agreed darkly. "My parents were drowned in China when I was two, and I was shipped home by registered mail. I've been a guest ever since. But I'm not *visiting* the Appletons," Clarke went on; "I'm only here for dinner. They've got measles at my



"Let's light a fire," he suggested, and she agreed that a fire would be nice.

prep school, so I'm visiting my aunt, Miss Grace Terhune.”

The name made Dolly sit up. “Why, she's the assistant headmistress of my school!”

“Don't blame me.”

She wouldn't have blamed him for anything.

“Let's light a fire,” he suggested, and she agreed that a fire *would* be nice.

They sat before it and discussed what makes a girl popular and such matters until a maid called Dolly to the phone. It was Mrs. Appleton:

“I'm so sorry, Dolly. We've been delayed. We ran over a pig near Annapolis and we thought it was a man. It looked just like a man. . . . Have Evelyn cook supper for you and Clarke right away.”

Dolly looked at herself in the hall mirror before she went back into the library. She had never been happy in just this way before, and she wanted to see what she looked like. Returning to the fireside, she said, “Go on.”

“What were we talking about?” Clarke asked.

NEXT day there was an invitation to a Halloween party and a letter from her father:

> You're always regretting the lack of relatives. Well, now you've got one. Cousin Charlie Craig (uncle to you!) is on his way back home after ten years in Europe. His house is at 2008 St. Paul Street. Go call on him—he writes me that he'll be delighted either to put you up or dress you down while I'm away. He's peculiar, but I think you'll like him.

The news was interesting, but it was overshadowed by the more vivid presence in the city of Clarke Cresswell. Or rather his specter, for Dolly didn't see him again all that week. At last she inquired around school whether any of the girls had met him. Her eagerness was communicated to her friends. Overnight he became a sort of legend: “Has *any* one met Clarke Cresswell?”

When Saturday arrived, Dolly thumbed through the telephone book. In a moment the fact that an uncle was in town became the most important thing in the world. For Miss Grace Terhune, Clarke's aunt, lived only two doors away from him.

She had been considering a shopping trip to the five-and-ten, but now it was plain that her duty was to call on her uncle.

St. Paul Street was in the old residential section. On summer days the passer-by could glance through the tall windows at family portraits that had hung undisturbed for a hundred years.

But today the blinds on 2008 were drawn and there was such a long silence after Dolly rang the bell that she nearly gave up. Then the door opened a little way and a birdlike young woman cooed, “What is it?”

“I'm Dolly Haines. I came to see my Uncle Charlie.”

The tiny woman scrutinized her, and Dolly thought she was very pretty with her doll's hair and china-blue eyes. “Who sent you?” the woman asked.

“My father. He wanted me to call on Uncle Charlie because I've never met him and he thought I ought to.”

The woman hesitated. Then she said, “Well, I'll see. You come in.”

Dolly stepped into the hall and the door closed behind her. Inside it was very dim. Rectangles of cheesecloth indicated paintings on the wall, and the same material protected clocks, busts, lamps, and books.

“I didn't mean to call so soon,” said Dolly. “I know Uncle Charlie just got home.”

“How did you know?”

“Father told me.” Dolly was glad, in view of the woman's inhospitable attitude, that she had brought her father's letter. “This'll tell who I am.”

The woman took the letter and held it to a bulb of dim orange in the hall. Then she said, “Wait a minute, little girl, right where you are,” and flew up the long stairs. Then a door opened and closed above.

As she waited, Dolly's mind began to turn on the house two doors farther on. Her reverie was interrupted by a man coming downstairs. He was tall and handsome, with a blond hairline mustache; he held out a friendly hand and said, “Hello there! Bit dark, what?”

“Are you my Uncle Charlie?”

WHAT? No; name's Redfern—Major Redfern. Sorry to say Charlie's not up to much today. Touch of liver. . . . Do you live around here?”

“I used to live with father. But he got arthritis and had to go to New Mexico.” Dolly rambled on for a moment, even though she had still to be asked to sit down.

Major Redfern interrupted her suddenly: “You'll soon be a debutante, won't you?”

“Me? Oh, not me—not for a long time. But I know a lot of debutantes who went to my school last year.”

“Did they, now? Who? I have letters of introduction to some debutantes, but I seem to have mislaid them.”

Dolly began naming debutantes she knew. Major Redfern interrupted:

“Duckney? That'll be the daughter of L. P. Duckney, won't it? The one who's having a big party Monday night?”

“I suppose so. I sit behind her in church.”

He laid down the hat and stick he carried. “Forgot something upstairs,” he said.

“If Uncle Charlie is sick, tell him never mind,” Dolly called after him. “I can come another time.”

“No, no. Sit tight. He wants to see you.”

Presently the little woman fluttered down, Major Redfern after her. The woman was more friendly now; she introduced herself as Miss Willie Shugrue, adding, “Your uncle can't see you today, but he sent his love.”

“My father's been sick too, so I can sympathize.”

“I'm the trained nurse,” volunteered Miss Willie. “But I—”

Major Redfern interrupted abruptly: “I'll do the talking.” Then, to Dolly, “Always welcome here in Charlie's house, I know. Maybe you'd like to pay us a little visit.”

“I couldn't exactly leave these people I'm visiting right now,” Dolly said. “I'd be glad to come later, though.” Dolly felt that the call had run its course. “Good-by. Tell Uncle Charlie I hope he feels better tomorrow.”

“Well—I may see you in church tomorrow,” said the major. “What church do you go to, by the way?”

Dolly told him.

Once the door had closed, her uncle's household was far behind her. Did she dare ask Mrs. Appleton, she wondered, to invite Clarke to luncheon? Could a guest ask such a favor? If not, she would probably never see Clarke again, and at that dismal thought a wave of revolt swept over her. After all, Mrs. Appleton had been her mother's best friend. With her lips moving in rehearsal, she went slowly upstairs toward Mrs. Appleton's room.

Then, just outside the closed door, she stopped—her name had suddenly twisted through the keyhole.

“Dolly is here because she had no other place to go.”

“But I don't see why *we* have to be the ones, mother. Does her father expect her to visit all the rest of her life?”

“That doesn't sound like you, Lila.”

“Well, I can't help it. I'd *counted* on having these girls for a visit, and now Dolly's got the guest room. Don't tell *me* that charity begins at home!”

Dolly tiptoed to her room, packed her suitcase hurriedly, dashed off a note to Mrs. Appleton explaining that her Uncle Charlie wanted her to visit there for a week, and crept unobserved from the house.

IN the morning she walked to church with Major Redfern. She had passed a curious evening, with the major beating years of dust out of a bed and Miss Willie flitting about, not at all like the trained nurse who had taken care of her father last spring.

“Dashed unlucky about those letters of introduction,” said the major as they walked along. “Of course I came down to look after your Uncle Charlie, but I planned to have a bit of amusement, too. And now I can't find the things. I say, be a good fellow and introduce me to the thingumbob girl if we run into her.”

Dolly was glad to be of service. As the crowd rolled into church she spotted Angela in the vestibule and introduced the major. Angela, good-natured and full of her current importance, was more than charmed.

“How long will you be here, Major Redfern?”

"Couldn't say. Been taking care of Dolly's uncle and haven't had a chance to see the city. Seems a bit dead to an outsider, you know."

"You mustn't be an outsider. We take a certain pride in our hospitality."

During the service Dolly divided the congregation into quadrants and scanned each sector for the sight of a tall young form, but to no avail; so with regret she followed the major and Angela down the aisle.

"Of *course* you must come," the young lady was saying. "There's no time to send you a formal invitation, but I'll just write 'Monday evening' on my calling card and give it to you right now."

As they emerged into the sunshine it occurred to Dolly that in spite of being handsome the major had a sort of trigger face; if the nose pressed down only a little more it might touch his mouth and precipitate an explosion. He's a fast worker, she thought. Like Clarke: Clarke was a fast worker, too. But where was he? Back at school? She must know—right off.

Her impatience must have been apparent, for as they walked away the major said, "Not polite to leave any one so quickly. Really ought to consider manners, what?"

"I'm sorry."

"That's America," said the major tolerantly. "This little Duckney—she's the type, now. Not a brain in her head. Just an easy clink, that's all."

"What's a clink?" inquired Dolly.

"Eh?" He looked at her sharply. "Oh, that's just an expression."

Now they were approaching Miss Terhune's house. . . . But what was that upon the door—that rectangle of pink? She came close enough to read the one word: *Measles.*

The major must have seen the dismay in her face. "What's trouble?"

"I just forgot—I got to get something at the drugstore."

"Well, cheerio. By the way, I wouldn't mention your Uncle Charlie there. He doesn't want it known that he's ill."

IN the drugstore she telephoned Miss Terhune's house and asked for Clarke Cresswell.

"I saw that sign on your house—"

"I hoped nobody would."

"I'm staying with my uncle in the same row as you," she ran on hurriedly. "So I just called up."

"I'm not in bed; I loaf around and play the radio. Say, listen: have you got a funny skylight—like a box, sort of—on top of your house?"

"*Have* we? It's right in the ceiling outside my door."

"Well, after dinner, you come on out of your skylight and you'll see me in mine. You won't catch any measles."

"My uncle wouldn't like it," she said perversely. "And anyhow I've got to make a Halloween costume. Good-by."

Dolly walked home thoughtfully. As the door closed her into the gloomy front hall, the feeling of desertion came back. Meeting Miss Willie on her way upstairs, she said, "Is my uncle better? Couldn't I see him today?"

"Not today. He's not well enough."

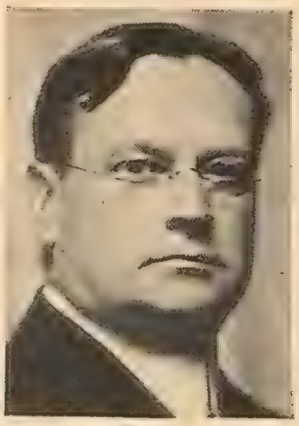
"He knows I'm here?"

"Yes; he wants you to make yourself at home."

After dinner she set to work on her costume while the major smoked and Miss Willie looked on.

"Where's your party going to be?" she asked Dolly.

QUESTIONS 20



1—He was a founder of the Progressive Party in 1912 and in the same year its nominee for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. He is the senior senator from his state, which he has represented in Congress since 1917 and which he previously served as governor. Although time has brought forth other leaders, he still supports isolation. This photo represents which Western senator?

2—Does an adult have more bones than a baby?

3—What is the difference between silver and pointed fox?

4—How are planes arranged when in echelon formation?

5—What is the term applied to that part of the atmosphere between the earth and the stratosphere?

6—How does a firth, or frith, differ from any other part of a seacoast?

7—What movie star is making news because she has made a comedy?

8—How many Presidents has the United States had?

9—What river flows by these cities: Vienna, Budapest, and Belgrade?

10—Who used the jawbone of an ass to slay a thousand men?

11—In what part of skiing is the telemark used?

12—What nations have seacoasts on the Baltic, not including Poland?

13—What mineral is called fool's gold?

14—When wool is sold by the grease pound, what condition is it in?

15—Who composed The St. Louis Blues?

16—What movie actor was famous for his role of chief of the Mack Sennett Keystone Kops?

17—How is Georgia pine valuable other than for lumber?

18—What characteristics of the Conestoga wagon fitted it for travel in soft soil and prairie country?

19—For what types of service does the United States award the Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal?

20—What artist's name is given to a society for the study and protection of birds?

(Answers will be found on page 52)

"Just around the corner."

"Some friends?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "A girl I've known all my life."

"Isn't that jolly!" said the major, turning to Miss Willie. "Dolly and I will both be stepping out tomorrow night. Beastly shame you have to stay home with Uncle Charlie."

Miss Willie didn't answer.

"What's the costume?"

"Sort of black thing with a mask, like a witch. We're going all around the neighborhood and howl—that sort of thing."

"Are these rich people?" asked Miss Willie.

"Stow it," the major said abruptly.

Looking up at him, Dolly decided that she didn't like him, after all. She didn't like him any better than she did Miss Willie. Why did Uncle Charlie keep such people around?

"Do you like your school?" asked Miss Willie quickly.

"Very much. And I've got oodles of English history to study."

Gathering her sewing, she went upstairs. As she passed Uncle Charlie's room she hesitated for a moment, tempted to open the door quietly and at least look in upon the sick man. She was convinced that he was being neglected, for Miss Willie seemed a poor sort of nurse.

But she passed on up to her third-floor room. There was the pillbox skylight, reached by a cute little ladder, and she wondered if Clarke were really waiting for her two roofs away.

ON impulse, she brushed her hair before the mirror, climbed the ladder, pushed open a slanting strip of glass, and scrambled to the roof. In the clear autumn air her sense of oppression lifted. She shivered, not from cold, but as if shaking from her what she left below.

On her right was a fire escape leading to an alley, and northward were four old-fashioned skylights projecting from the flat continuous roof. The second would be Miss Terhune's. Dolly's shoes sounded flat on the cemented pebbles as she walked toward it. Framed vividly by the intersecting planes of the parallelepiped, a face stared out at her and shouted, "Can you hear me?"

"Heavens, *yes!*" She stopped with her back against a chimney.

"I wondered if you could," Clarke said. "I've been yelling ever since I caught sight of you. And I've been sitting on this ladder for almost an hour. Where've you been?"

"I told you I wasn't coming."

"Oh, but that's just like a girl. Honest, though, I *did* think you weren't coming. I thought I'd come over and give you measles in revenge, and then we'd be quarantined together."

"You look quite dumb in there," Dolly said. "I don't want to be quarantined with you, the way you look."

"You look dumb out there. Which is funniest—you that can't come in, or me that can't come out?"

"The whole roof is kind of dumb, isn't it?"

"Well, why do you live in such a funny old town?"

She was about to say "I don't know" when the fact swept over her that she *didn't* know. Standing here beside a chimney on a prairie of roofs seemed as logical a location as any she had been in for months.

What Clarke said next was as good as though he had guessed her thoughts: "I was looking at a cloud, and then you stepped out of it."

It was almost too much. And Dolly couldn't say, "Open the skylight and let me come down and have your measles with you." All she could say was, "Good-by. Glad you're looking so well."

"Are you *going?*"

"I've got to get back."

"Oh, bunk! Your uncle won't mind. My aunt says she used to know him."

For an instant Dolly felt the urge to tell Clarke everything. But he was so beautiful there in his glass prison. She would not let her troubles come even that near to touching him, if she could help it.

DOLLY worked late at lessons, and was rather upset, deep in the evening, when Miss Willie flew up with some drugstore sandwiches and the information that her Uncle Charlie sent his love.

"Has he had the doctor?"

"Of course."

But somehow Dolly was far from reassured.

Next afternoon, after leaving her friends at school with staccato assurances that they would meet at the party, she pondered the advisability of wiring her father. On her way upstairs she heard Miss Willie's voice in the major's room:

"You had studs when we left."

"I have studs now, if I can find them. Cheer up! I can always borrow Uncle Charlie's."

Miss Willie laughed. It was an unpleasant laugh, both shrill and shrunken, like a bird so used to being scared that she never knew whether to start a song or not. Dolly, heartened by her familiar day at school, was once again tempted to try Uncle Charlie's door; but a sudden scuffle in the major's room sent her flying upstairs in a panic.

"What must I do?" she asked herself. "I can't tell anybody, because it's my uncle's house."

On her way downstairs some time later, she heard the major and Miss Willie bickering in the lower hall, and drew back in the shadows. But from the sudden fading of their voices she knew that they had heard her footsteps, so she continued on down.

The major wore a full-dress suit. His stick like a slung gun, the white gleam of his gloves, the thin string of his monocle—all these made Dolly sure he would be a success at Angela Duckney's that evening. And she resented it. She was sorry now that she had ever introduced him to the older girl.

"Ah, the future debutante," remarked the major gallantly. "May I drop you anywhere?"

"Oh, no. I'm just going around the corner."

THROUGHOUT the supper and the finding of old friends under black satin dominoes, Dolly was haunted by the image of the Englishman. She had never before known what it was to hate, for her father had thrown a protective screen about the motherless girl.

The Halloweeners, about to start outdoors for the real fun of the evening, stood in a group of two dozen, black-masked, clown-white with flour. Suddenly Dolly wiped the flour from her hand on a bare spot under John Hamilton's ear.

"Hey, quit!" he protested. "Or, if you *must* act your age, try it on the boy friend."

"What boy friend?" she asked John.

"Oh, you don't know? Well, everybody else in your school seems to know his name. Clarke Somebody."

"Clarke Cresswell? Why, how— Where is he?"

"Over there, lapping up ice cream."

A tough voice broke out suddenly over the soft young raillery: "All out, now—one by one. Just a formality, boys and girls."

"I think that man's a detective!" John whispered into Dolly's ear. "Something's been stolen, I bet."

She scarcely heard him. As they trooped toward the door she kept looking about for Clarke, hoping to spot him before the mask dropped over her face and obscured her vision. The edge of the mask was tipped at the door and the rough voice said, "O. K., little lady."

SHE was next to the last one out; the last was a girl clown-white with flour. On the front steps the host stood and whispered something to three men who kept their hands in their pockets. The party hesitated on the sidewalk.

"Go on, go on, children," directed the host suddenly. "What's happened doesn't concern you."

It was just at that moment that, from some person indistinguishable in the darkness, Dolly heard a trill of high birdish laughter.

Miss Willie! Which one of the masked faces was hers—and where, oh, where was Clarke? There! That tall one. She darted toward him and lifted her mask.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Well, where were *you* when the crown jewels disappeared? I thought sure you had them."

"I thought sure you had the measles."

"So did the doctor; but that was his mistake. He just thought if everybody in my school had measles I must have them too." In the light of a street lamp he bent to look at her. "You're shaking! What's the matter?"

A sob broke from Dolly. "I'm worried about Uncle Charlie. They won't let me see him."

"Who won't?"

"The friends that are staying with him." Even in her anxiety she forced herself to be no more specific.

"Anything I can do?"

They were tagging a little behind the others. Suddenly she said, "I think he's alone now. I want to see him. Will you duck the crowd and go with me?"

Uncle Charlie's front door was locked and Dolly had no key.

"I've *got* to see my uncle," she said. "Can't we climb up that fire escape in the alley? It goes right by his room."

Clarke inspected, then reported back: "It's ten feet off the ground. But we can go through my aunt's house and over the roof."

Miss Terhune's house was inky black, but when they came out on the roof cold autumn stars were showing.

"Now tell me what it's all about," Clarke demanded.

It was about her pride, but she could never tell him that. "Aren't the stars nice?" she said. "China eyes."

"Honestly, you're the funniest girl I ever knew! Once I thought you and I had a lot in common, but—"

"How'll we get down to Uncle Charlie's room?" Dolly interrupted.

"The fire escape, of course. We can get down, even if we can't get up."

The night was chilly, but Dolly felt warm. They backed down the iron skeleton, Clarke ahead so that if she slipped she would fall into his arms. On the second landing they faced a dark window.

"It's stuck," whispered Clarke. "I'll try from the top."

That worked, and she scrambled in.

"Can I come in?" Clarke whispered from the fire escape.

"Yes—and turn on the lights!"

The bed sprang into life. It was a great dust-covered heap of blankets and pillows piled a yard high.

There wasn't any Uncle Charlie, then, and never had been. Dolly knew it, plain as plain. "May I come back to your house?" she asked. "And stay all night at Miss Terhune's?"

"You know you can."

"Let's go," she said. "Now!"

"But what about your uncle?"

"I never want to hear of him again. And I don't want you to tell Miss Terhune anything!"

"All right, if you don't want me to. We'll just tell her you got locked out."

"Come on! Hurry!" Dolly had heard the sound of voices and footsteps in the lower hall.

MAJOR REDFERN usually tipped the taxi driver, but tonight he only had a brusque "Thanks very much" and a stray thought as to whether the driver would be liable to remember where he had picked up his fare.

For the major had seen a ghost at the exact moment when he had presented Angela Duckney's card at her ball. Even though seen obliquely and halfway across the room, the major had identified it immediately as that of one Hep J. Morrison, who was built on somewhat the same ruthless dimensions as himself. There was no room there for both of them, so the major withdrew precipitately, even neglecting to go down the receiving line.

But he felt sure, as he stood in front of the checkroom, that his business rival had not seen him.

"Yes, my hat. And a cape and a stick," he agreed mildly.

Let there be no ambiguity at this

point. The major was a bad man with high hopes, and the Baltimore venture had been among his hopes. But with Hep J. Morrison working the same town there were no more hopes.

Except, of course, the little girl! He considered the possibilities all the way home. Then, turning from the taxicab, he saw a small form on the stoop, shivering in a black domino and with a face so caked with flour that he hardly recognized it.

He opened the door, almost throwing Miss Willie inside. " Now what is it? Where've you been? "

" Look! " Out of her pocket she drew an emerald bracelet. Then from the top of her stocking she produced a platinum-and-diamond wrist watch. " Look at that! " she sang proudly.

" Where did you get this stuff? "

" At the party around the corner. I didn't touch anything else—honest! There wasn't another thing worth taking."

" Once a klep, always a klep," he said. " Look here. We're leaving right away. Hep Morrison was at the ball, so we'll have to try Atlanta. Where's Dolly? "

" She's still with the party. They have no idea who snitched the stuff."

He unwound his white scarf, folded it, and put it in his side pocket. " Soon as we're packed we'll go find that kid and then clear out. Is there anything to drink? "

" There's some gin up in 'Uncle Charlie's room.' "

With that the major and Miss Willie went upstairs.

DOLLY had left her bag behind in that awful house, and the fact haunted her at school next day. She was even more worried when, after her first class, she was summoned to Miss Terhune's study.

" Sit down, Dolly." The teacher leaned forward over her desk and said, " Tell me: Was there any trouble at your uncle's last night? My nephew won't tell me a thing."

" All I want to do is get my bag, Miss Terhune. I left it there, you know. Then I'm going back to the Appletons'. But I certainly appreciate your taking me in last night."

Miss Terhune shifted in her chair. " Dolly, a telegram has just come from your father. He is on his way to Baltimore. And until he arrives you'd better stay right with me. This afternoon I'll have Clarke go with you to get your bag. And if your uncle is there, tell him I'd like to see him."

The door of 2008 was open when they got there, and the front blinds were up. Dolly peered in cautiously. Then she turned to Clarke and said, " There's three men inside. Will you go in with me? "

They were jostled suddenly by an expressman who had been trundling a small truck in the street. " Who you looking for? " he demanded.

" I happen to have left a small suitcase here," said Dolly.

" Well, talk to the man that owns the place."

The children hesitated, but were

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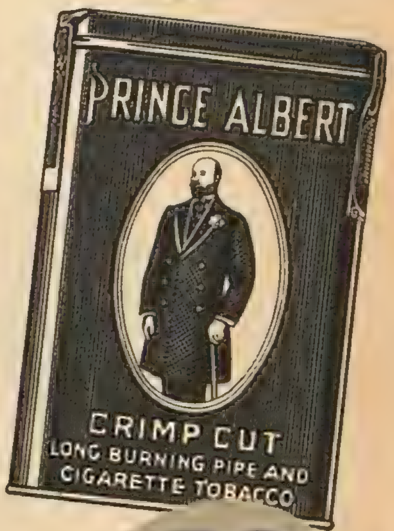
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swept almost literally into the hall ahead of the expressman and his trunk. Even before they were well inside, a man collared Clarke and marched him toward two other men within. The first was a quiet gray-haired man of fifty in the act of pulling a piece of cloth from a painting; the second was a grim-faced six-footer with a pad in his hand.

"That's not the pair," said the gray-haired man. "Why, these are just kids. What do you want here?"

"They might be working for the couple—" began the tall detective.

But the gray-haired man was looking at Dolly. "Open that other window," he said. She returned his gaze without fear, for he seemed like her own sort at last. And as the light came in he said, "You're Morton Haines' child."

"Are you Uncle Charlie?" Dolly demanded.

The man with the notebook was also surveying Dolly closely. In a low voice he said, "Be careful, Mr. Craig."

"It's all right," said Uncle Charlie. "This is my niece."

Dolly made one of those lightning decisions that sometimes got her in trouble, sometimes stood her in good stead. She would never say anything about what had occurred—never anything at all.

Catching the negative headshake by which she signaled this decision to Clarke, the detective frowned.

But Charlie Craig continued, "It's all right. I'd vouch for her anywhere, with her father's eyes and nose."

"Well, if you're sure, sir."

"Of course I'm sure. I know my kin." He turned to Dolly. "You might introduce your friend."

"This is Clarke Cresswell. He's a nephew of Miss Grace Terhune."

Mr. Craig turned to the detective. "That clinches it. I've known Miss Terhune since she was a foot high. You're my guest here, young lady. I wrote your father I'd be glad to put you up. Where are your things?"

"I brought my suitcase over," said Dolly, lying promptly.

He came close and took her hand. "I want to know you," he said.

SO that's that," the detective said to Mr. Craig. "The man is known as Dodo Gilbert, but he calls himself Lord Dana or George Whilomville or sometimes Major Redfern. And the woman named Birdie or Willie Lukas is an old hand at shoplifting."

"I haven't missed anything here so far. But I'm glad my niece didn't come into this house three days ago!"

They heard the phone ring and Dolly answering it.

"Just a minute," she said; "you want my uncle." She raised her voice: "Somebody wants you, Uncle Charlie." And then, "*What?* Oh, daddy! When did you get here?"

After she rang off, she gazed at the hall, glowing from newly opened windows. Clarke did not know what the new light in Dolly's eyes was, but it meant she was home at last.

THE END

FAME

Two-Minute Story

AFTER the band finished playing the national anthem, they led her to a special seat of honor. Because she was his mother, and old, they had put a chair in the shade for her, a little out in front of the standing crowd. They wanted to be sure that she could see well and hear the rest of the ceremony and the remaining speeches in comfort. It was very sweet and considerate of them, she thought. She was beginning to feel a little tired. There was nothing wrong with her hearing though, especially when they mentioned her boy's name and spoke of his gallantry and heroism. But it was a bit hard at those times to see him clearly, when foolish tears kept making his face a blur. She would have given anything not to be so silly and emotional. He would be so ashamed of her, dabbing at her eyes every few minutes and biting her lip.

She wanted so desperately to just sit there calmly and look up at him, standing so straight and tall and square-shouldered . . . to feast her eyes on him and saturate her heart and mind and soul with every dear familiar feature. It had been so long since she had seen him, standing like that, in that characteristic pose, smiling in his sweet natural way, with one hand thrust deep in his trousers pocket, one knee half bent, as if he were just about to break into a shuffle. (For one fleeting second she was afraid he actually might . . . up there with all those important people . . . the Governor and all! Then, like a sudden neuralgic pain, the realization came that there was no danger of that.) She smiled wanly as she remembered how, as a very young and foolish mother, she had tried to break him of that "slouchy posture," and how useless had been her efforts, as it clung tenaciously to his big gangling frame as naturally as the loose comfortable clothes he wore; how that very naturalness, honesty, and courage had in time endeared him to millions, and for which they were acclaiming him today.

If only she could go up there right now and put her arms around him . . . press her cheek against his . . . for just a moment. Not now. . . . They would just think she was a crazy old woman, completely out of her wits. . . . Later perhaps . . . when the park was empty and she was entirely alone. . . . Then, just for a little while, she could pretend . . . that it was actually her son . . . alive and laughing again . . . instead of just a bronze statue they had asked her to unveil.—*Beth Lockett Stewart.*

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Referee Friesell at this year's Army-Irish classic, and (right) halfback Hearn of Fordham touchdown-bound against N.Y.U. in 1938.

THERE'S NO KICKING IN FOOTBALL

A famed referee gives you a close-up of sportsmanship the spectator doesn't see

BY W. H. (Red) FRIESELL

as told to RICHARD McCANN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

WHEN Harvard and Princeton resumed gridiron relations a few seasons back after their bitter ten-year break-off, the referee who was assigned to the game renewing the traditional ivy-draped series was a bit fearful of a possible flare-up on the field of battle. Throughout the early part of the fray he lectured sternly to both teams about rough stuff and rough talk. After each down he would sermonize on sportsmanship, collegiate honor, the glory of fair play. He cautioned the players against this and against that and against the other thing. It was getting a little annoying to the players.

Finally, with Princeton in possession of the ball deep in Harvard territory, the Tiger quarterback called time and strode over to the referee.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Referee," he said, "but would it be all right if we scored a touchdown?"

The flabbergasted referee snorted, and then burst into relieved laughter as he realized that his fears of dirty work on the gridiron that afternoon were groundless. Hardly a rule, much less a nose, was broken on the field that day.

Now, I don't mean to be criticizing that official's worried wariness, but I learned long ago that fears of dirty work are never well founded. I have been officiating at collegiate football games for eighteen years and I have never yet seen a dirty play or a dirty player. I have seen hard football, and rough football, and tough football, and bitter football—but never dirty football. And I might remind you that I have been the referee at Army-Navy, Yale-Harvard, Army-Notre Dame, Navy-Notre Dame, Pittsburgh-Carnegie Tech, Pennsylvania-Cornell, Fordham-Alabama, Harvard-Dartmouth, and other such famous football feuds. But as I look back at all those players and all their plays, I must report that each was an all-American sportsman who played the game up to the hilt—but not down to the gutter.

No other sport lends itself more readily to angry outbursts than does football, with its violent bodily contacts, but no other sport can boast of a cleaner record of sportsmanship. If for no other reason than to avoid staggering penalties for foul plays, your football coach won't tolerate barroom tactics; the coach is the first to chase a roughhouse player. And on the few occasions when a player attempts to wrangle with an official, his teammates are the first to shut him up.

Good sportsmanship prevails on our gridirons—sand-lot, collegiate, professional—today. Why, I even encountered it in, of all places, the recreation yard at Sing Sing! I was officiating at a game between the Port Jervis Cops and the Sing Sing Black Sheep. One of the Sing Sing backs broke loose late in the first quarter and dashed seventy yards. As he crossed what I thought was the goal line, I blew the whistle, signifying a touchdown. He stopped dead, and then it was I saw that the Sing Sing field was laid out in professional style—the goal posts were on the goal line instead of on the final stripe in the end zone—and I had stopped the ball carrier ten yards short of his goal.

I rushed up, mumbling embarrassed apologies.

"Gee, I'm sorry, sorry, sorry," I said miserably. "I'm terribly sorry. I guess I just made a mistake."

He grinned and handed me the ball. "That's all right, kid," he said. "Forget it. We all made mistakes up here, too. We will make a touchdown on the next play." And they did! Every one of those boys played the game cleanly and honestly.

Of course all is not sweetness and light all the time on the field, and now and then there is a bit of feverish back talk from an angered player. But most of us officials know how to brush off the offenders. There was the time, for instance, when one of the players at a fashionable prep school forgot his bringing up and dashed up to the late "Tiny" Maxwell, the genial 350-pounder who was one of our leading officials.

"You're a robber and a thief!" the boy shouted.

Maxwell led him over to the side lines.

"Now," said Maxwell, "sit down here, son. You come from a good family and you represent a good school and I don't think your mother would want you associating with robbers."

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And then there was the Syracuse player who kept heckling the referee throughout the Penn State game a couple of years back. Late in the battle, the Orange's overanxious linemen became fractious at the post, and the head linesman was obliged to call several offside plays. As the referee was stepping off the last of these, the brash young man walked alongside him and snapped:

"Good work, old top. If you keep this up, you'll have us back on our own goal line."

"Not a bad idea," chirped the referee, "and I guess I'll start right now."

And he paced off twenty yards instead of five.

I've learned that one of the surest ways of maintaining peace on the field is by enforcing a strict silence on the players. I won't tolerate any talking on the field unless it is absolutely necessary. A sarcastic remark, an oath, a wisecrack can start a riot; briefly, a spoken word, a broken nose.

There might have been trouble in the Yale-Brown game of 1927 but for an alert referee. The year before, the Blues had been drubbed by Brown's famous Iron Men team (they played all major games of 1926 without a single substitution), and now they were gaining a measure of revenge. Crushing the Brown defenses, Yale had run up a 19-0 score and was driving relentlessly toward a fourth touchdown when the exhausted Brown eleven took time out and sank wearily on their pay dirt in the shadow of their goal posts. As they lay there, bruised and breathless, a young Yale player, arms akimbo, looked down upon them contemptuously and shouted:

"Say, will all the Iron Men present please raise their right hands?"

The referee caught the remark and flung himself into the breach as the tired Brown men began to struggle to their feet to do battle.

"Listen, young man," the referee growled. "If you're looking to make speeches and start arguments, go out for the debating team. We don't want any soapboxers out here on the field."

The Brown players guffawed gleefully, and the crisis was laughed off.

WHEN I say I want silence on the field, I don't mean that the players can't talk to me. I welcome them asking my advice or seeking a clarification of a ruling. It is surprising, by the way, how few of the players know all of the rules.

Joe Beinor, All-America tackle from Notre Dame, became quite angry at me during the Army-Irish game two years ago. He kept complaining that I was taking a yard away from Notre Dame on every Army play because I was not placing the ball where the man's knee touched the ground. I passed off his remarks for a while, but finally I turned to him and said, "Joe, are you too excited to be told something? Do you want to learn something?"

"Sure," Beinor said. "I'm willing to learn."

"Well," I said, "the ball is not placed where the ball carrier's knee touches the ground—it is placed in the relative position it was at the time his knee or any other part of his body, except his hands and feet, touched the turf. Understand?"

Beinor grinned. "I'm sorry. I didn't know that."

Of course it isn't reasonable to expect the players to know all the rules. It's a tough job, and no one realizes it more than we officials. We have to know, almost word for word, 82 pages of rules, 50 pages in the Manual of Football Officiating, and 200 knotty problems. How can a player remember all this and still find room under his helmet for the signals and formations and assignments of not only scores of his own team's plays but the opposing club's too?

THAT'S why officials today try to save their breath when it comes to blowing the whistle. I call the fouls that occur, but I prefer to prevent infractions of the rules by warning the players, rather than lie back and catch them in the act. The rules, for example, allow us to warn the players against quick shifts which put the backs illegally in motion; or to caution the defense against rushing and bumping into the kicker; or to advise the punter, who is booting from behind his goal line, to guard against stepping on or over the end-zone line.

Which reminds me of the Colgate-Syracuse game I refereed several years ago. Syracuse drove down to Colgate's two-yard line before reluctantly relinquishing possession. Colgate immediately sent its kicker back into the end zone to boot them out of trouble. As he dropped back to the last white line, I cautioned him, and he nodded understandingly. But, despite the warning, when the ball was snapped, the kicker took a step backward and his foot crossed the end line. I was obliged to declare a safety and two points for Syracuse.

As the Colgate stands thundered their displeasure, Barry Bausch, Colgate lineman, charged up to me and started protesting vehemently.

"Listen," I said. "You were up in the line, Barry, facing the other way. You didn't even see the play, and, furthermore, you have no kick coming."

Barry's grimy face broke into a broad grin. "I know, Mr. Referee. But I'm acting captain today and I've just got to make it look to Coach Kerr like I'm giving you hell!"

A favorite story of after-dinner speakers at football banquets is the one about the home-town referee who threw himself into a goal-line melee, shouting, "It's all right, it's all right, boys! It's our ball!"

But the speaker and all the listeners, if they are players or former players, know that it's just a story, because they have as much faith in us as Illinois had in old 77. You see, there's absolutely no kicking in football.

It's all punting.

THE END

THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

Friday nights became unlucky. Windows were smashed, acid sprayed, shops stink-bombed.

Dramatic, sinister, heart-warming! A saga of crime and courageous men

BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

It was soon apparent that the 1937 grand jury was leaking information about Clifford Clinton's moves for a clean-up. A trumpery charge of theft was aired against him; Joe Shaw's Spy Squad proved to have had a hand in it. Since the grand jury as a whole was immovable, Clinton and three fellow members went ahead and looked into organized graft. An honorary police badge, sardonically pinned on him by Mayor Shaw and Chief Davis, proved useful in getting prostitutes and gamblers to talk. At last he had so much evidence that the grand jury did move to investigate. But its Criminal Complaints Committee did nothing, and he learned that some of the committeemen were possibly affiliated with the very powers and interests he was fighting.

Mayor Shaw had rashly offered "any sincere committee" of citizens authority to make an investigation. At Clinton's instance, such a committee was formed. The Mayor hedged, but Clinton, as chairman, got the authorization out of him. Chief Davis burbled about recall proceedings—the mistake of his life, since Clinton had never heard of them. When the Mayor revoked his authorization, the committee, known as CIVIC, kept right on. With the help of an able lawyer, Arthur Brigham Rose, Clinton gathered important affidavits. Both men refused big offers to desist.

Some time before, Rheba Crawford, who was then assistant pastor of the Angelus Temple, had denounced the Spy Squad on the air. After a trip to Honolulu, she had changed her tune to praise of the Shaw administration. Clinton wondered why, and hoped to get her to tell the grand jury. As an approach to her, he called on David Hutton, Aimée Semple McPherson's former husband, and—for the first time—disclosed his full knowledge of the graft set-up and his plans concerning those involved in it. No one present knew that the Spy Squad had a dictograph installed in Hutton's house. One night later in the month a bomb rocked Clinton's home.

PART FIVE—THE FIGHT . . AND THE STAKES

CLIFFORD CLINTON was not at home when the bomb, which shook the neighborhood, wrecked the back part of his house on Los Feliz Boulevard. By a strange coincidence, he was making a tour of houses of prostitution. His wife and children were at home but in upstairs bedrooms. No one was injured. A neighbor saw a green car racing from the scene immediately after the explosion.

Clinton reached his home shortly afterward. Within two hours his phone rang. An unidentified voice said:

"Well, what do you think of that little puff-puff we gave you? Next time we'll lift the whole house."

To cap the incident, Clinton himself was blamed publicly for setting off the bomb as a "publicity stunt." This insinuation was made by an ex-employee of his, who added that he had "lost confidence" in Clinton and had left him because he "found him to be insincere." Clinton said he had fired the man.

Around this same time a member of CIVIC revealed to Clinton that he had received indirectly, through a client, an offer from a Los Angeles gambling czar of $1,000 a week to desert CIVIC and publicly say the same things—that he, too, had "lost confidence" in Clinton and had abandoned him because he found him "insincere."

The public cannot be duped forever. In Los Angeles, now, it began to wonder about the courageous little restaurant man who, despite vilification, intimidation, and danger to his and his family's lives, kept on charging that Los Angeles was viciously and subtly corrupt.

A speaker at a public dinner put it dryly. "Clifford Clinton," he observed, "may not have any evidence to place before the grand jury, but the grand jury is certainly doing its best not to hear it."

Conscious of this trend of public opinion, the grand jury at last capitulated. It authorized Clinton to bring his witnesses before it. And Clinton by now had impressive evidence. He brought before his fellow grand jurors a man who had once been associated with Charlie Crawford and who later had supplied Rheba Crawford with lists of gambling and vice joints run by the underworld czars who had succeeded Crawford. He told of an amazing tie between such czars and the Shaw administration, and Clinton offered to back that story with documentary evidence.

At the end of that first day of thunderous revelations, the man Clinton had brought before the grand jury was publicly ridiculed and assailed both by the representative of District Attorney Fitts' office who sat as adviser to the grand jury, and by the grand jury's foreman, John E. Bauer. The man, it was charged, was unbalanced, his testimony inadmissible.

CLINTON held his peace. He had more—much more—evidence to present. He intended to bring before the grand jury Andy Foley, a man whose name was freely bandied about in gambling circles and who was, reputedly, a close associate of Guy McAfee.

A deputy sheriff had been instructed to serve a subpoena on Rheba Crawford. He came back to report that he had been unable to find her. Clinton found her himself and served the subpoena.

His goal was clear enough now. He expected to establish a direct link between the gamblers and Joe Shaw, the Mayor's brother.

They stopped him. On the day Rheba Crawford and Andy Foley were to appear before the grand jury, they failed to do so. Their appearance, it seems, would have been futile in any event, for on that same day the grand jury refused to hear any more of Clinton's evidence.

One of the grand jurors, backed by five deputy district attorneys, said that Clinton was "trying to smear public officials and should himself be investigated."

Clinton carried the fight to court and produced some interesting affidavits. They charged that one of the grand jurors was related, through marriage, to Bob Gans, Los Angeles former "slot-machine king"; that another was the wife of an auditor employed by Gans; that a third, since becoming a grand juror, had received business from the city; that a fourth was connected with a city department; that a fifth had been a collector of campaign funds from the gambling interests during a previous administration.

Clinton presented, too, an affidavit which charged that the foreman of the grand jury, John E. Bauer, who was in the paint business, had—since the inception of the Shaw regime—received city contracts for paint totaling $25,000 a year, even though another firm had underbid Bauer by twenty-three cents a gallon.

Judge Emmett E. Wilson of Superior Court, before whom Clinton brought his fight, ruled that he was powerless to force the grand jury to hear Clinton's witnesses, but said that the grand jurors who, Clinton charged, were disqualified, either should answer those charges or, in his opinion, get off the grand jury.

Instead, they fought back. The man who had made the affidavit against Foreman Bauer was indicted for perjury and thrown into jail. Bauer was one of those who voted on his indictment. The perjury charge was tried, a jury disagreed, and the case later was dismissed.

Clifford E. Clinton, a good citizen who never knew when he was licked.

But the oath of a grand juror requires that he shall not sit in judgment upon any man if he, the grand juror, has a personal interest in the case. Bauer had done that. He was convicted of contempt of court and fined $100.

The man who originally had made the affidavit charging that Bauer had received business from the city, had sworn to it before a notary public, A. P. Angelillo by name. Angelillo was visited one night by Foreman Bauer, District Attorney Buron Fitts, and U. U. Blalock, the deputy assigned out of Fitts' office to the 1937 grand jury and others. At Angelillo's home there was a violent quarrel. A number of persons were hit by "divers instruments," and the notary—who had been merely an innocent bystander in Clinton's fight with the grand jury—went to the hospital.

In those stormy days Los Angeles saw the unique spectacle of a grand jury dropping its work to turn to an "investigation" of Clifford Clinton, Harry Ferguson, Earl Kelly, and John Bogue, its stubborn minority members.

Clinton had obtained an affidavit which charged that one of his fellow grand jurors, W. Arthur Taylor, had received $2,300 from a Los Angeles gambler—a campaign peace offering given on the condition that this gambler be permitted to operate without interference. The affidavit also hinted that this grand juror himself had plans for the opening of a gambling or bawdy house in the Central Avenue district.

It precipitated a scene in the grand-jury chambers. Taylor cursed Clinton and stormed at him: "If you bring this out into the open, I'll get you, if it's the last thing I do!"

A few days later Taylor died of a stroke. The majority of the grand jury, unaware then of what the quarrel had been about, openly accused Clinton, through a spokesman, of Taylor's "murder." For days after, Clinton saw in their eyes only withering contempt. He did not attempt to defend himself by laying the whole unsavory evidence of the dead man's deeds before them. But he found it an emotionally upsetting experience.

The rest of the term of the 1937 grand jury was devoted to an "investigation" of Clinton. The final report of that eminent body heaped further public abuse on him in a paragraph that read, verbatim:

"We ask for men of integrity and good reputation to give their services to us as a public and then seem to take a cannibalistic delight in tearing their good names to shreds to satiate the demands of a small group of sadistic politically-minded, hypocritical, self-styled crusaders."

THE majority report of the 1937 grand jury asserted that Los Angeles was truly the "white spot" Mayor Shaw claimed it to be, and said the jury had received no evidence of official corruption.

Clinton and his minority fellows submitted a report of their own. Judge Aggeler was dead. Another judge refused to accept the report. A third judge, Fletcher Bowron, did accept it.

In that report Clinton charged that local government was being harmfully influenced by an underworld political machine. He named some of the *dramatis personae* of the "Los Angeles racket drama." The names included those of Guy McAfee, Bob Gans, Sam Temple, Andy Foley, and a host of others.

Now, some one had to be wrong. Either the Shaw administration was clean and Clinton its traducer, or the Shaw machine was rotten and Clinton was a prophet without honor in his own county. Let's look at the facts:

These articles have stated that the Shaw administration and the underworld in Los Angeles County had a "take" of fifty million dollars a year. That figure was chosen arbitrarily but conservatively. Estimates are difficult, but the Better Business Bureau later was to set the figure for all rackets and schemes at four times that amount—$200,000,000.

The manner in which crooked officials, playing with a sinister underworld or acting on their own account, went in quest of big money deserves a bit of illustration.

In 1926, seven years before the Shaw administration climbed into the saddle, a group of politicians, labor leaders, and operators of wholesale dry-cleaning plants attempted to build a racket whereby to raise—and keep fixed—the prices charged for cleaning, pressing, and dyeing the clothing of Los Angeles citizens.

Intent upon running their racket efficiently, the little group was reported to have sent representatives to Chicago to talk with notorious "Bugs" Moran and to obtain formulas for the chemicals used by Chicago mobsters in the racket there.

The Los Angeles clique, over a period of some ten years, had only partial success. But it added up to a turbulent time. Late in 1931 the watchman of a "hold-out" cleaning establishment was killed when his employer's plant was bombed.

IN 1935-36, when this and other labor troubles were rife in Los Angeles, Mayor Shaw appointed Alfred Lushing, a Polish Jew (born Alfred Lushinski), on a committee to attempt mitigation of Los Angeles' labor troubles.

Lushing had come to Los Angeles in 1924 and had opened the Greater Broadway Furniture Company on South Broadway, only a block from Shaw's home. Through this neighborly association, they became friends. When Shaw became mayor, he appointed Alfred Lushing a commissioner on the Water and Power Commission which controls Los Angeles' $380,000,000 municipally owned water plant.

Then he appointed him to try to mediate the city's labor difficulties. Through this latter appointment, Lushing came into direct contact with those who were running the cleaning-and-dyeing racket.

There were about 2,000 retail dry-cleaning stores operating in Los Angeles. Each one handled an average of 150 units of work—that is, garments—a week. That makes a total of 300,000 units of work a week. These retail stores did not do the cleaning but sent it to one or another of a group of wholesale plants.

The wholesale plants charged a certain price to the retail-shop owner, who added his own profit. Thus the price was fixed.

Now, suppose the wholesale plant upped its price by twenty-five cents (meaning from fifty to seventy-five cents to the individual customer), and suppose an association of those wholesalers controlled the cleaning done in Los Angeles. With or without a pencil, you can see—as Alfred Lushing saw—that it meant a neat profit of $75,000 a week. Figure fifty working weeks to the year, and the annual profit would be $3,750,000.

Divide that among ten or twelve men, and you have what is known as a racket.

The racketeering plant owners and "labor leaders" and politicians

3 brickbats and 1 bouquet from last Christmas

BIG ED DEXTER'S 1938 gift shirts shrank to his little boy's size in one wash. "Gosh," said Ed, "why don't people give me Sanforized Arrows" The fabric of Arrow Shirts *won't shrink even 1%!*

LITTLE TED GARRETT sighed, "This shirt my sister sent fits my torso like a tent. Oh, Christmas, how I could use some Arrows!" Arrow Shirts are *Mitoga cut*, shaped the way a man is built.

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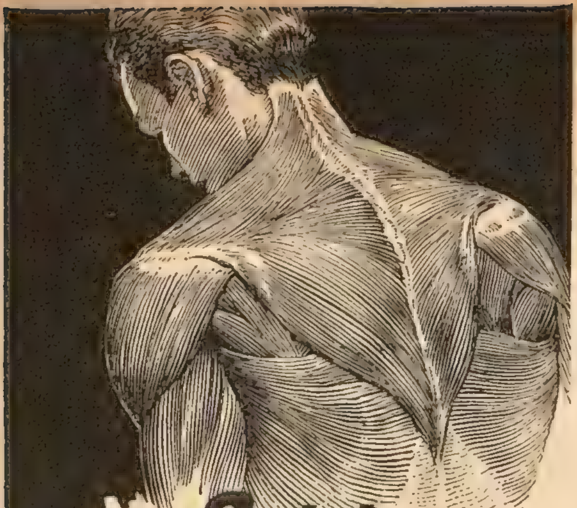

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(SEE PAGES 28 and 37)

formed a new "association." Lushing, prominent and respected by virtue of his place on the Water and Power Commission, became "co-ordinator" for the cleaners'-and-dyers' racket at a salary of $500 a month. Meanwhile he also drew his pay from the Shaw administration.

He became a front man, useful and powerful, for the racketeering association. It began to work on retail cleaners who refused to up their prices. Thugs would drive past a hold-out establishment, smash its window with a stone from a slingshot, and then hurl in a chemical so strong that the owner of the store, to get rid of the stench, would have to rip out floorboards and molding and, often, plaster walls.

Friday nights became unlucky in Los Angeles. On those nights the biggest numbers of garments were hung up in retail cleaning shops. And on those nights windows were smashed, acid sprayed on the public's clothes, shops stink-bombed, and general hell raised.

Alfred Lushing's "association" kept a number of thugs off the relief rolls. His chauffeur was a man named Max Yedwalski, said to have seen service in Chicago with Al Capone. It is only fair to add that Yedwalski—of whom more later—denied this.

When acid, stink bombs, window smashings, and threats of personal violence failed, Lushing walked into shops, introduced himself, and told the shop owners that they had better raise their prices to the "association" figure, and if they were stubborn he organized strikes and sent out pickets. He even sent out a state fire marshal to make inspections of "hold-out" shops.

ALL of this was done on the usual pretense of helping the worker. Shortly after Lushing became "co-ordinator," he actually went to Seattle and conferred with that town's labor czar—Dave Beck, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor's Teamsters' Union—concerning the type of contract Beck's union then employed.

Lushing's "association" forced the Los Angeles dyeing-and-cleaning shops to sign a contract. But his contract did not materially benefit the workers, while he and the "association" members split up a $3,750,000 jack pot. Later they were convicted of being racketeers. Lushing has appealed his case.

SO much for one of the key men in the Shaw administration. Let's look at the mayor's brother, Joseph.

All sorts of "legitimate graft" were at hand when the Shaw gang stepped into office. For eighteen years the taxpayers of Los Angeles had supported a $1,500,000 traffic-light monopoly whereby they paid almost double the New York price for their traffic lights, and the cost of installation was charged to the city as an additional item. Los Angeles' traffic lights, with their tinkling bells and waving semaphores, were bought to the exclusion of all competitive types as the "only guaranteed safeguard against color-blind drivers."

If you were a fair-haired boy of the Shaw administration, you could purchase an "indigent" railway ticket through a clerk in the County Charities Department for half price. They were one-way tickets, intended by the department to furnish the poor with cheap transportation to their homes; so, having arrived at your destination, it would be necessary for you to notify the clerk—a friend of Shaw administration officials—that you wanted to come home. He would wire you your cut-rate fare, stamped "County Charities Department."

The clerk sold huge blocks of these tickets, they were charged against the county, and the racket came to light only when the clerk and some of his funds vanished.

If you were driving in Los Angeles during the Shaw regime and had an accident, almost before you could get out to inspect the damage a tow car would arrive to haul your car away to a garage. The repair charge would be a little steep. The garage might well be one in which the Shaw administration or members of its Police Department had a financial interest.

If you wanted to erect a business structure in the Wilshire or Hollywood district, you had to hire certain contractors if you expected approval of your application for re-zoning. These contractors charged as much as $5,000 more than others for the job of putting up your building.

And so it went. Some of these rackets were handed down from previous administrations and maintained or perfected during the Shaw regime. But it was under the watchful gray eyes of Joe Shaw that corruption really reached a new high. Joe put men who would be useful to him in official positions, and the city's Civil Service Department became a

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gold mine of graft, while its Health Department was infested with questionable appointees. Thugs were made Health Department inspectors. Their only qualification was a knack with their fists.

Eloi Amar, Mayor Shaw's president of Los Angeles' $50,000,000 Harbor Commission, was convicted when one of his properties was found to be housing a gambling joint. He complained during his trial, "Hundreds of such places exist. I can't see why I am singled out."

Over the entrance of Joe Shaw's office (the Corner Pocket) in City Hall appeared the quotation: "He that Violates His Oath Profanes the Divinity of Faith Itself." Joe began to give "Faith" an awful kicking around. He saw that to build a machine he must control a supposedly sacred branch of the city's government, the Civil Service Commission. He did so. Thereby he could reward with juicy promotions those loyal chiselers who worked with the Shaw machine. He could peddle—for a fat personal profit—treasured positions in the city's Fire and Police departments. He could even transfer good men from positions of responsibility and replace them with men of his own choice. He shook up the Fire Department and transferred twenty high-ranking men.

The general manager and chief examiner for the Civil Service Commission when the Shaws came into power was a man named Glenn G. Gravatt. About six months after the Shaw machine took over, Gravatt was summoned to the secretarial office of Joe Shaw, who said to him:

"We've got a few friends who helped us in the campaign. I'd like to see them taken care of, placed high on the examination lists. What can be done about them?"

Gravatt didn't think anything could be.

"You'll do as I say," Joe Shaw told him, "or I'll kick you out of here."

"Well," conceded Gravatt, "it might be possible to make changes in the oral examination grades."

JOE SHAW nodded. He handed him a list of names of administration favorites. One of them later appeared before a Civil Service examiner. Here is the oral examination this man took:

"Where did you go on your vacation?"

"Up in the Sierras."

"How was the fishing up there?"

"Fine."

"That's all!"

The man received a grade of 100 on this examination.

Even with such easy sailing, many of Joe Shaw's favorites had trouble. They passed their oral exams with flying colors but flunked their written tests. So Joe Shaw next supplied them with advance copies of the Civil Service answers. Even then they flunked. In many cases he finally had to order Gravatt to erase the faulty answers and substitute correct ones.

The "Leader" both Dad and Son Cheer

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON! You see it everywhere—a young fellow rolling cigarettes from the same big red tin of Union Leader that his Dad fills a pipe from!

Dad's choice of Union Leader is based on 30 years of smoking, looking for just what Union Leader gives a man! The deep full flavor of hilltop Kentucky Burley! The heart-warming mellowness that does much to earn a smoker's life-long friendship!

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FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

Sometimes, in order to make the favored candidate come out in the exact position on the Civil Service list that had been ordered by Joe Shaw, the grades of other men—grades honestly achieved—were deliberately lowered.

Joe Shaw ordered Gravatt to take orders, in his absence, from William H. Cormack, who had been appointed president of the Civil Service Commission when the Shaws had come into power. A well liked, goodhearted fellow, Cormack was later to be the victim of a blind loyalty to crafty Joe Shaw. He, too, was to be convicted; he has since appealed his case.

One of the men who had worked for Mayor Frank L. Shaw during his 1933 campaign was Max Yedwalski. He was rewarded with a $125-a-month job as a " grease monkey " in the Water and Power Department garage.

Alfred Lushing became Yedwalski's patron saint. Yedwalski became Lushing's chauffeur and bodyguard. One day Commissioner Lushing walked into Civil Service Examiner Gravatt's office. He said Max had taken the examination for the post of an inspector with the city Health Department. And Max had got a bare passing mark of 77. Couldn't that grade be raised?

Gravatt said he had no power to act. The next day Joe Shaw came to him and ordered Max Yedwalski's examination mark improved. Still later Gravatt's boss, Cormack, appeared. " The Mayor's office is interested in this," he told Gravatt. " This fellow is a strong-arm man for Lushing and if any one wants any murders committed he will commit them. He'll beat up a man or commit burglary or anything else. He's the right man for those things."

Such talents—though Yedwalski may not really have had them—were not to be slighted under the Shaw administration. Yedwalski's examination mark was raised to a scholarly 90.3. He became an inspector for the city Health Department. This same Yedwalski came to Clinton offering " co-operation " and seeking to ingratiate himself.

WHEN, in 1937, Mayor Shaw ran for re-election, his brother Joe's grip on the Civil Service Commission was of great help. Campaign funds poured in, contributions from firemen who, in return, were privileged to have a look beforehand at the correct answers when they took examinations for more lucrative berths.

The " F. L. S. Club " was formed. The initials stood for " Friendship, Loyalty, Service." They also stood for " Frank L. Shaw." The club was organized by a Fire Department battalion chief who later admitted that he turned over to Joe Shaw $5,000 collected in contributions ranging from ten to twenty-five dollars.

In this huge job sale under the thumb of Joe Shaw, hundreds of jobs and promotions were sold for cash that later was estimated to total half a million dollars. Later, when Joe Shaw was haled before a grand jury, his stock answer to questions about these irregularities was: " I refuse to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate me."

Amen, brother!

For Joe Shaw had not been above doing a little personal peddling of city jobs, it appears. Evidence the grand jury later acquired indicated that one night he had gone out for a drive with a former policeman who had been kicked off the force for conduct unbecoming an officer.

Driving the car was a close friend of the Shaws, Police Lieutenant Peter Del Gado, who, it was charged, was a go-between for Joe Shaw when there were jobs or promotions for sale in the Police Department. Joe Shaw and the fired policeman talked while Del Gado drove.

After that talk the policeman was reinstated.

Del Gado later was indicted by a grand jury, put up $15,000 bail, skipped bond, left behind fifteen $1,000 bills to reimburse his bondsman, and fled to Mexico where, rumor has it, he negotiated for purchase of an $80,000 ranch. That certainly is a lot of money for a man to save on a cop's salary.

According to his application in the Police Department files, Del Gado was once the chauffeur of William Gibbs McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury. He became a

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motorcycle cop in Venice, California, which shortly thereafter was absorbed by the City of Los Angeles. He became a member of the Los Angeles Police Department automatically and, when the Shaw gang came into power, he rose to heights perhaps rivaled only by those fortunate enough to have started their careers on the Vice Squad.

This, then, was Los Angeles in the years of Our Lord 1933 to 1937—a fantastic land of golden opportunity in which the underworld raked toward its vest the blue chips of gambling and prostitution while the Mayor's brother, boss of an administration supported by that underworld, figuratively stood on the steps of City Hall auctioning off everything but his own underpants.

And if you didn't like it, he had a Spy Squad, headed by Captain Kynette, that would kick your teeth in.

For attempting to call attention to this situation, Clifford E. Clinton had been pushed around as no other decent citizen in the annals of modern times. His own grand jury had repudiated him and the end of 1937 found him —licked. The columns of most of the city's newspapers were closed to him except for ridicule. He no longer had any official position. Almost any other man would have gone back to whatever he had been doing before he got caught in the civic maelstrom.

Not Clinton! He bought radio time and went on the air four times daily. All the evidence that he and his fellow CIVIC members could dig up he now brought directly to the public.

The public just listened, wondered, and went on about its business. . . . And there you have the simple secret of the success of every baby-kissing crook in public office in America today. We don't shock easily. We resent any implication that we may be dupes.

Clinton continued to blast away. And more than one Los Angeles citizen muttered, "That crank!" and twisted the dial of his radio to some crooner.

And then it happened!

The incident that was to lay bare, in one tremendous explosion, the whole festering mass of corruption; that was to substantiate all the charges made by Clinton, charges which his enemies had called malicious gossip.

It happened on the morning of January 14, 1938. But the seeds of it had been sown some time before.

When Frank Shaw was running for mayor, one of his friends and stanchest supporters was a man named Harry Munson who—later testimony charged—collected "fistfuls" of $100 bills for Shaw's campaign from the gambling czars, Guy McAfee and Bob Gans. Later Munson was rewarded with the post of a police commissioner.

A man named Ralph Gray, a resident of Los Angeles for thirty years and a realtor, claimed later that he had been hired by Munson as a Shaw campaign worker and that Munson had promised to pay him $2,990 for his work. Munson, it seemed, had never paid him. A friend of Gray had offered to help him collect that debt. The friend was Harry Raymond who, you may recall, was one of the Vice Squad officers who had gone along—innocently, his friends claimed—on the Councilman Jacobson "raid."

Harry Raymond was a shrewd and capable detective. He knew the Police Department of Los Angeles up and down from personal experience; and he knew the politico-criminal setup from personal investigation. He had nerve and ability. He had starred in the arrest and conviction of three men, years before, who had planned to kidnap Mary Pickford; he was the man who rode in the decoy car in an attempt to capture William Edward Hickman, brutal murderer of little Marion Parker. Since leaving the Los Angeles Police Department he had held a variety of positions, including that of Chief of Police in one California town.

Gray and Raymond had gone, with their case against Munson, to a lawyer. He had rejected it as a politically hot potato, and Gray and Raymond had eventually wound up in the office of Arthur Brigham Rose—Clinton's attorney. Rose had taken it.

It was Gray and Raymond, in fact, who had suggested to Clinton that Rose might be a good lawyer to help him. Because of the fact that Rose was working for all three men, an im-

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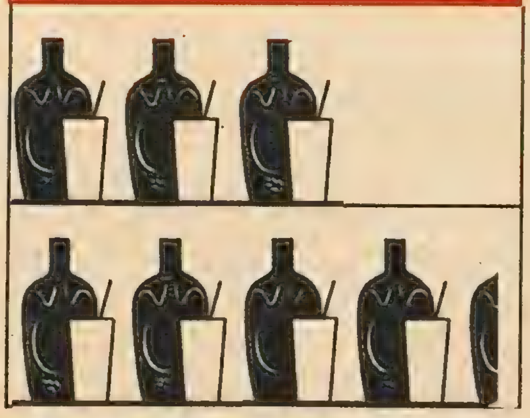

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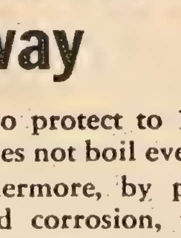

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pression—false—later arose that Raymond was an investigator for Clinton and the CIVIC group. Actually, as far as can be shown, Raymond was concerned only with getting Munson to pay Gray that $2,990.

One night, while Raymond was still helping Gray, he attended a conference at the Biltmore Hotel. At that conference was Kent Parrot who, to quote a Los Angeles newspaper, was "an attorney long linked with local political maneuvering." Sworn testimony indicated that Kent Parrot's companions at the conference were Guy McAfee and Bob Gans. Some sort of showdown took place there. Shortly afterward, Munson resigned from his post as a police commissioner.

But Gray, it seems, was no nearer to collecting his debt from Munson. Munson claimed he didn't have the money to pay; Gray and Raymond asserted he had.

Eventually it reached court. A public hearing was set for June 17, 1937, and Gray and Raymond expected to produce evidence of Munson's ability to pay his debt. The hearing was postponed when Munson filed a petition in bankruptcy. The whole case then was transferred to the United States court. A new date was set for a public hearing. That date—January 22, 1938—is important.

The situation amounted to this: Harry Raymond expected to go into open court on that date and establish that Munson had collected campaign money from gambling interests and the underworld for the election of Mayor Shaw. Further, he expected to link Joe Shaw, the Mayor's brother, directly to this whole unsavory business, prove him a party to the collection of underworld funds.

And Harry Raymond intended to subpoena some of the rulers of the invisible government. Among those he intended to bring into open court, put under oath, and—through Attorney Rose—interrogate, were Guy McAfee and Bob Gans.

The picayune business of a $2,990 private debt had taken on aspects of terrific concern to Los Angeles' invisible government, to a corrupt city administration, and to Joe Shaw, whose graft machine faced the klieg lights of public investigation.

What with Clinton attacking both underworld and administration on one front, and Raymond harassing it on another, those days were busy ones for Joe Shaw's Spy Squad, headed by Captain Earle E. Kynette.

This, then, was the tense situation. Came the day of January 14, 1938. The curtain rose, but the stage was not crowded. Let's see where everybody was.

CHIEF of Police James E. Davis was in Mexico City with the police pistol team. Mayor Shaw was in Washington, D. C. Joe Shaw, chauffeured by Del Gado, had gone to Mexico on a trip that will be discussed later.

But Harry Raymond was in Los Angeles. He stepped out of his house at about ten o'clock that morning and went to the garage that housed his automobile. In his pocket were two subpoenas—one for Guy McAfee, one for Bob Gans. Raymond got into his car. His foot pressed down on the starter button.

The explosion that followed did a number of things.

It demolished the garage.

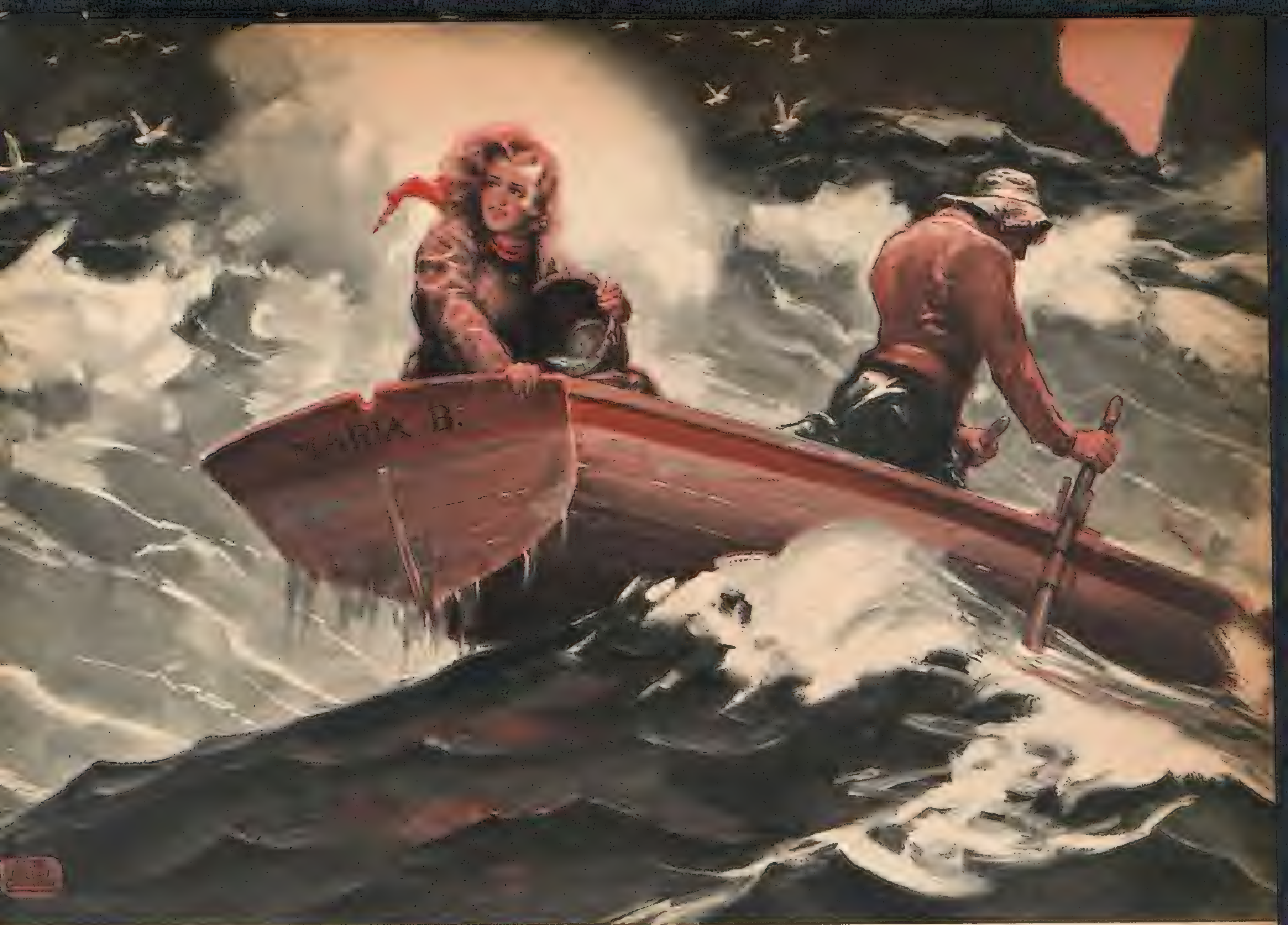
It shattered windows in the neighborhood.

It blasted the engine out of the car.

It ripped Harry Raymond's legs, fractured his right ankle and his left elbow, punctured his chest in two places, drove 150 fragments of glass and wood and metal into his body. As the helpless detective squirmed, bleeding, in the wreckage, the mystery was not so much *why* this cowardly attempt at assassination had been made, as *who* had made it.

And the answer to that question ripped—at long last—the lid from the steaming witch's caldron of corruption in the City of the Angels.

How the great West Coast city's good citizens were at last to rise in wrath, how "recall proceedings" were to oust Mayor Shaw and install Judge Fletcher Bowron, and whether that admirable civic housecleaning means—or doesn't—that the underworld's invisible government of Los Angeles is forever a thing of the past, you will see for yourself as this series is concluded next week.



Their craft had to meet the crest of the seas bow on.

Lovers AGAINST THE SEA

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

MARIA BONETTI sat in the Bonetti kitchen. In the oven an apple pie was baking, housed in the biggest of the Bonetti family's pie tins. It was wide, deep, high-crowned, laden with hearty toothsome richness. It was exactly the sort of pie a man would like.

From the front room, through the closed door, came the sound of a man's voice. Also, of a girl's voice. Whenever the man spoke, Maria Bonetti's strong plain face lighted; whenever the girl spoke, her face remained expressionless.

After a short period, Maria rose. With swift deft hands she opened the oven door, slid out the steaming golden-crusted pie and placed it on the kitchen table. She surveyed it with keen satisfaction. Its aroma filled the room—went stealing into other rooms.

Maria arranged her hair before the small kitchen mirror, smoothed her dress, and entered the front room.

Handsome curly-haired Gene Monzo greeted her from the depths of a cushioned chair. "Hi-yuh, Maria!" Her younger sister Rose smiled at her with the smile of a sister—and also the smile of a girl who was as beautiful as her name.

Gene Monzo looked toward the kitchen and inhaled expressively. "Don't I smell something pretty swell out there?"

"Maybe." Maria's voice was freighted with studied indifference.

"If it's what I think it is," said Gene, "I hope it tastes as good as the one last Saturday and the other times."

"How do you know you're going to get any?" demanded Maria, her eyes measuring his.

Gene waved a negligent hand. He grinned with a flash of white teeth. "O. K.! Probably you baked it for somebody else."

"I baked it for whoever I baked it for!" *(Continued on page 34)*

A stirring story of storm and danger, and awakening in the heart of a girl

BY TALBERT JOSSELYN

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

Style *supported by* V

THE style leadership of General Motors designers was never more plainly demonstrated than in the handsome new General Motors cars for 1940 now brightening our streets with their beauty.

Lines are sleek, bonnets are graceful, colors are in the gayest and smartest shades. Interiors are rich with fine fabrics and finish—each detail of appointment and decoration is executed with sure, deft taste.

But even more satisfying than the knowledge that you make a fine appearance in these cars is the knowing that you have made a fine buy in any one of them.

Larger, abler, more restfully comfortable, they sparkle with improvements devised by one of the leading technical groups of the whole world—the richly experienced group of General Motors engineers.

Thus you will find bigger, roomier, stronger bodies, improved Knee-Action, Safety *Plate* Glass in all window openings, easier handling controls.

In several of the GM lines you will find an entirely different, ultra-smart, ultra-equipped new model that clearly reveals General Motors authority and leadership in design.

Go see the new General Motors cars for 1940—and look also at their prices, which are plainly shown on a "plainview" price tag on the steering wheel. For *price is necessarily a component of value, in everything you buy*—and you will find that your GM dealer's method of pricing makes clearer than ever before the greater *value* in these automobiles.

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YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE—YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

ALUE
YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE.. AND YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE

Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value*.

Look at the "plainview" price tag on each car and you will likewise find every detail of the delivered price plainly shown.

It lists "PRICE OF CAR" which means the price the dealer charges you for the car itself including reimbursement for Federal Tax and his conditioning charge —"TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" which means a charge for transportation from the factory to you, based on rail rates—"OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" which means the dealer's charge for any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

Value is always relative, in anything you buy. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what it includes.

So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

In this way you can see for yourself what your money buys and the abundant measure of *value* in General Motors cars.

(Continued from page 31)

retorted Maria, with a toss of her head. "I like to bake pies. And there's lots of people that like to eat them."

"Me, for instance," said Gene Monzo. His handsome face was humorously intent upon hers. He indicated with his hands. "A piece of pie so big, see?" His hands bisected an imaginary pie. "Um-yum!"

"Well, we've got to be getting along to the movies if we're going," said the petite Rose briskly. She went into an adjoining room and returned with her hat and coat. She slipped into the coat, adjusting it over her shoulders, tightening it over her hips, half turning as she did so, like a model making a display. She put on her jaunty little hat, humming and tapping a foot the while—and the eyes of Gene Monzo were on her in shining admiration.

So were the eyes of her sister on her.

"Well, may see you after the show," said Gene to Maria. Again he smiled. "A piece of pie so big!" He indicated.

"There may be a piece left," said Maria.

The front door closed behind them. Maria Bonetti stood looking at it. Finally she turned, seated herself, and picked up a basket of sewing. Her pliant, powerful hands began to busy themselves.

SATURDAY evening. Out in the street, cars went their swift way. Below the Bonetti house on the hillside, the lights of the lower business section of Monterey gleamed in the January darkness. Beyond, snug behind the breakwater between Fisherman's Wharf on one side and the municipal wharf on the other, the fishing fleet rode at anchor, from the big eighty-foot purse-seiners capable of carrying a hundred and fifty tons of sardines in their holds, down to the smallest hook-and-line rock-cod boats. None of the fleet went out fishing Saturday nights. It was the night for relaxation . . . for movies . . . for young people.

Maria Bonetti, sewing, again saw handsome Gene Monzo's face before her. Gene fished with his uncle, in his uncle's thirty-foot rock-cod boat. He didn't like fishing, he'd often announced. But a man had to eat. Some day, with luck, he would get a swell job in town. He would work in a clothing store. A man of his build and appearance would look mighty fine in sports clothes summers, and in tweeds winters. He saw himself standing behind a counter . . . saw himself standing in the doorway, looking out upon the busy street. He saw himself living in a bright-painted bungalow . . .

Maria Bonetti dropped her hands into her lap. She saw herself in that bungalow, keeping house, baking, singing at her work.

She saw Gene Monzo's handsome face before her. And she also saw her sister Rose's face before her.

She picked up her sewing.

There were nine children in the Bonetti family—four boys and five girls. Three of the boys were older than she—grown men now—the oldest the fish captain of the Bonetti purse-seiner, one of the largest in the fleet. The other two fished with him. Two of the sisters were older than she, and both were married. Their husbands also fished in the Bonetti boat. Rose was a year younger and was just out of high school. All of the family were good-looking—the girls beautiful.

Except Maria.

Her needle plied faster.

She liked to sew. It made a person forget things . . . and yet, did it?

THE doorbell rang. The youngest brother, of grammar-school age and reading a cowboy thriller in the dining room, called to Maria, "I'll go answer it!" The Bonetti family was that way. It did things for one another; it thought the world of one another—except in the case of a young man.

"Oh, hello, Pete!" Maria heard her brother say.

Maria stiffened.

"Sure," said her brother in answer to a question. "She's home. Come on in."

A young man entered the front room. He was wide-shouldered, had a slightly rolling gait, and swung his legs in the manner of one who spent most of his life wearing fisherman's heavy rubber boots. Not by any stretch of the imagination could he have been called good-looking.

"Hello, Maria," he greeted.

"Hello," said Maria briefly.

He seated himself in a stiff-backed chair and looked at her out of mild gray eyes.

Simmering wrath went through Maria Bonetti. She grew taut. Once again realization of why Pete Serrato was here on another Saturday evening was hammering in her consciousness. All the other girls had boy friends. Who wanted homely, slow-spoken Pete Serrato around? But there was one place he seemed to think he could go—one girl he could call on—because no other young man would be calling there.

She worked her needle ruthlessly, her plain face set.

"It's mighty good to see you again," said Pete Serrato.

"It's good to see you," said Maria tonelessly.

She stopped sewing. Pete had lifted his head, was looking toward the kitchen and inhaling deeply. He had smelled the pie.

Maria flushed angrily. Who was he, to be smelling a pie that wasn't for him? Let him go get one where he was welcome, not come here and . . .

Pete left off inhaling. He made no comment.

For a moment grudging concession came to Maria. He hadn't been thickheaded enough to mention the pie; that was one thing.

He began to talk fishing, and in spite of herself Maria listened. She knew that he worked on Tony Celoni's boat, one of the purse-seiners, and report had it that he was the best man in the crew of twelve. Some said he was the only real fisherman aboard; the Celoni boat was noted for its swept-together crew and a slipshod handling that went hand in hand with hard fishing luck. At times she had seen him on board it, as on late afternoons she went out from the wharf, in the big Bonetti skiff with the rest of the crew, bound for the Bonetti boat and a night of fishing.

Suddenly she flared. Why couldn't it be Gene Monzo sitting there talking fishing, instead of this awkward gray-eyed youth? That would have been a thing happy beyond belief! She knew fishing. She knew the water—knew the bay and ocean. She could handle a light skiff as well as any man. When she was a little tyke, her father, seeing her tremendous interest in all things nautical, had had a light skiff made for her, had taught her to row and sail it. She still had that skiff, moored under Fisherman's Wharf. When things seemed to press too chokingly upon her, she would go down and get into it and find escape out on the blue heaving expanse of the bay.

Pete Serrato, in the stiff-backed chair in the Bonetti front room, talked slowly on: this boat's catch and that; this one losing half a net—two thousand dollars gone—and that one going aground and getting off; mammoth schools of sardines, acres in extent, their phosphorescent glow ghostly white in the inky darkness; the setting of the nets, the haul, the run back to Cannery Row with full holds and deckloads too.

Maria, watching the clock, grew more and more taut. If he stayed until Gene Monzo and Rose came back . . . If he . . .

He was on his feet. He was saying good night. He was gone.

MARIA BONETTI drew a sigh of relief. She went into the kitchen and looked at the pie. It was beautiful. She got out the pie knife, a plate, and a fork. She came back into the front room and sat sewing, listening.

The front door opened and Gene and Rose came in. Maria looked at him—his handsome features, his curly brown hair, his lively eyes.

"Hi-yuh, Maria!" said Gene, and his white teeth flashed. "Any of that pie left?"

"There may be," said Maria.

She went into the kitchen, and a moment later was saying from the dining room, "It's in here."

Half a pie was lying on a big china plate.

"Boy!" said Gene. "Ain't that something!" Swiftly he seated himself and took up his fork.

"Do you want some?" Maria asked Rose.

"No," said Rose. She had to think of her figure.

Rose sat down beside Gene. Maria took a seat across the table from him.

He ate with hearty swing of fork, commenting now and then. He finished, pushed the plate aside, and grinned at Maria. "Gee, Maria, that sure was a swell pie. I hope you don't forget how to make 'em!"

He shoved back his chair and got to his feet. "Well, I'll have to be hitting the hay. Good night!"

"Good night," said Maria.

He went into the front room, into the hall and out the door, and Rose accompanied him.

Maria Bonetti stood in the dining room, an empty plate in her hands.

It was around eight o'clock the following Saturday morning—a day with a gray sky and the wind blowing cold and hard out of the northwest, giving promise of oncoming storm. Outside the breakwater the bay was alive with whitecaps. Maria was doing the dishes; Rose was making the beds. The telephone rang, and Maria, being the nearest, answered it.

At first she couldn't understand what was being said, so swiftly did the words come. Then, with repetition, she got it. A rock-cod boat was in distress twenty miles to the south, off the mouth of Bixby Creek. Its motor had failed. It was anchored, but the anchor was dragging. It wasn't three hundred yards from the cliffs. The boat was the Roberto.

Maria stifled a scream. The Roberto! That was Gene's uncle's boat!

Gene and his uncle had gone out a couple days ago, bound for their favorite fishing grounds to the south. They hadn't reported in last night, but that hadn't meant anything, for rock-cod boats often stayed out a couple days if the fishing wasn't too good. Now . . .

"You sure it's the Roberto?" cried Maria.

"Yeah," said the speaker. "They can read its name through field glasses from the cliffs."

At this moment Rose entered the room. Her eyes held wide question. "What is it?"

Maria told in a word. Rose went into hysterics.

"Quiet!" commanded Maria. She spoke into the telephone: "Where you phoning from?"

"Fisherman's Wharf."

"We'll be right down."

They got into the Bonetti car and a moment later were at the wharf. To the group gathered there Maria flung questions and was given answers. Some one at the lonely gasoline station at Bixby Creek, just this side of the huge concrete bridge that carried the spectacular coast highway across the gorge—a highway that had been pinned between mountains and the sea—had heard a horn blowing around seven o'clock. Not an automobile horn. A horn coming from the sea. They'd looked down . . . had finally seen a boat a quarter mile out on the heaving waters . . . and with the aid of field glasses had made out two men, and the men were working their hand-driven foghorn, calling for help. The boat was slowly dragging anchor, was being driven toward the cliffs. . . .

A man joined the group on the wharf, coming from the building beside which they were standing. He said as he came: "They telephoned again from Bixby Creek. The Roberto's quit dragging her anchor. It's finally holding." A cheer went up. "But she's having trouble with her anchor rope at the bow—at the chocks. The sea's getting mighty bad. Through the glasses they can see the two of 'em wrapping sacking around the rope so it won't saw itself in two. It's a short rope and the strain on it is mighty heavy. They've hoisted a piece of cloth to the top of the stumpy mast, hoping a passing boat will see them."

He stopped; and it was as though a radio, broadcasting the details, had stopped.

The group stood visualizing the scene. "Sure," said one. "That's right! Some boat will see 'em and . . ."

Another interposed: "Nope. The sun'll be in a boat's eyes, looking east And the Roberto's still in the shadows of the cliffs. And they wouldn't hear the horn—the wind's northwest—blows the sound right away so's you couldn't hear it to seaward."

The group continued to visualize the scene. Not one but who didn't know that wild rugged region near Hurricane Point: mountains plunging down into the sea . . . breakers

Tonight I'm sure to make a hit!
My face will look well-groomed—feel fit.
For a thrifty shave that's easy—quick—
The Thin Gillette sure turns the trick!
Rigid inspection assures absolute uniformity
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thundering against cliffs . . . no beach, no sheltering coves . . . no boat within twenty miles.

A boat would have to go from Monterey—a purse-seiner carrying a small skiff that could be launched and rowed in to take the two men off. And quickly. If that anchor rope parted . . .

Some one said: "There aren't any big boats in the harbor. They haven't got back from fishing. They went north last night, fifty, sixty miles."

Another said: "Some are unloading fish at the fish hoppers of the canneries right now."

"Yeah," said a third; "and it'll take 'em an hour or two to unload."

A quick voice cut in: "There's one coming in now, just outside the breakwater!"

They looked, and saw the mast of an approaching seiner. They hastened to the end of the wharf as the seiner rounded the end of the breakwater.

IT'S Tony Celoni's boat," said one. The boat began to make its way toward its harbor buoy. The group on the wharf shouted, waved. Tony Celoni, at the wheel atop the cabin, peered at them, finally altered his course under the urgency of their cries, and brought the seiner alongside the wharf.

"What's the matter?" demanded the squat Tony.

He was told.

He stared at them for a long moment, then said: "Let some other boat go. We have been out two nights. No luck, no fish . . . and our fuel oil's all used up."

"But the other boats haven't come in yet, or are unloading!"

A girl's voice cut through—Maria Bonetti's:

"You'll go! You'll take on fuel oil right away."

Tony Celoni sputtered.

Her eyes bored into his. "I'm paying for the oil. Start taking it on!"

"Hey, now, wait a minute!" said Tony.

"Wait nothing!" said Maria. "There are two men . . ."

"O. K., O. K.," grumbled Tony.

Maria's face was white. "And I'm going with you!"

"So'm I!" said Rose Bonetti.

Maria regarded her sister. Started to speak . . . stopped. Then said: "All right. We're going back to the house for heavier clothes."

"No!" gasped Rose. "They might leave without us. I'm going just as I am."

"I'll bring you a coat," said Maria, and was gone.

At home, Maria Bonetti swiftly shifted into heavier clothes . . . picked up her heavy hip boots, and then, after a moment, discarded them for a pair of rubber-soled shoes. She caught up her slicker and sou'wester, grabbed Rose's coat in the hall.

She was back at the wharf. Her eyes swept over the seiner. Its big sardine skiff, long and heavy and wide, lay atop the net on the turntable aft. It would be too clumsy to handle close inshore in a sea that was getting rougher every minute. Then she nodded in satisfaction—they were hauling aboard a small skiff that had been moored under the wharf. That'd do it!

She studied this skiff, and then, on a sudden impulse that she couldn't wholly account for, was calling: "Wait! I'll be back in a minute!" She ran to the other side of the wharf, sped down the stairs to the lower landing, swarmed along a stringer. A small trim skiff lay moored to a piling by a padlocked rope. In less than no time she had a key out of her pocket . . . the skiff unmoored . . . was rowing out from under the wharf in a standing position, facing the bow, her supple body bending to the oars, sending them through the water in short powerful strokes.

The skiff came streaking alongside the seiner. "Haul this skiff aboard!" she called.

Then she saw Pete Serrato. He had just stepped to the rail and stood looking down at her.

"Hello, Maria!" he said.

"Hello!" said Maria. She tossed the end of the bow rope to him, then swung herself aboard the seiner. They hauled on the rope, leaned over and grasped the uptilted nose of the skiff, each to a gunwale, and slid the skiff on its keel up over the seiner's side.

Tony Celoni saw them from the top of the cabin. "Hey!" he cried. "What you doing there?"

"My skiff," said Maria. And added, "It might be needed."

THE first several miles were straight into the wind, northwest, slowing them down until they could round Point Pinos and head for the long run south.

They rounded it.

Time ceased to be. The shore heaved slowly by. One hour . . . two hours . . . three hours. The wind blew howlingly harder, colder. The sky was a driving gray rack; the sea was now a ragged world of lifting foam-topped combers.

Then, a mile away, from behind a jutting point there began to appear the white lines of a huge bridge that hung like a spider's web above the Bixby Creek gorge. This was it! Somewhere this side of that bridge . . . The seiner began to stand in toward the shore. All on board crowded the top of the cabin, straining their eyes to catch a glimpse.

Some one shouted, pointing: "There it is!"

They saw the Roberto, its signal of distress flying, riding the waves, appearing, disappearing, reappearing.

A cry went up from Rose Bonetti: "Gene! Gene! *Gene!*"

"He can't hear you," said Maria Bonetti, and her hands were gripping the rail so hard that the knuckles showed bone-white.

"I don't care!" said Rose. "Gene!"

The distance narrowed to half a mile—a third of a mile—with the seiner now at half speed.

"Why don't you go *faster?*" cried Rose.

Tony indicated white water breaking over rocks both to port and starboard. A quarter mile from the Roberto the seiner stopped. Down went the anchor. The motor was kept running.

"Aren't you going in any closer?" cried Rose.

"Think I want to lose a thirty-thousand-dollar boat?" exploded Tony.

He gave orders for the launching of the small skiff. It was lifted to the seiner's lee side. Two men at its bow rope and two at its stern rope began lowering it. One of the bow men was Pete Serrato, and he and his companion did their job smoothly; but the two others showed what a swept-together sort of crew Tony Celoni had. They lowered too hurriedly and the skiff's stern struck the water heavily. At the same time a great surge smashed the seiner into the skiff. The skiff tilted, and in an instant was half full of water.

The stern men hauled frantically on the rope. The eyebolt, set in old weathered wood, yanked out.

The skiff began to go under.

There was a wild scramble to the bow rope. Pete Serrato's voice came ringing: "No! Twist the skiff. Empty it!" He swung over the seiner's rail, grasping it with one hand, gripping and twisting the gunwale of the skiff with the other. He had partly succeeded when the shouting, crowding knot of men, heaving wildly, broke the rope. The skiff went down, lurched away.

There was an instant's silence—then execrations.

Then some one was saying: "The other skiff!"

And Maria Bonetti was saying with a taut, level voice: "My skiff, and I'll handle it!" She looked at Pete Serrato. "Will you go with me?"

Their eyes locked. "You bet!" said Pete Serrato.

PETE ran his eyes over the skiff; said, "Just a minute!" He sought among coiled rope on the seiner's deck, picked out the stoutest newest piece, thirty feet long and an inch and a half thick. He placed it in the skiff. "O. K.!" he said.

Bracing themselves against the rail, he and Maria lowered the skiff, watching the heave and surge, timing the drop. It struck lightly. Like a cat, Pete was over the rail and down in the skiff . . . Maria was in . . . Pete had the oars . . . Maria was in the stern seat, bailing bucket grasped in hand, and was calling back, "Get coffee and hot food ready!"

Like a wind-blown cork the skiff danced dizzily away.

Of that quarter-mile journey Maria Bonetti later had a jumbled recollection. A cold noonday sun shining tinnily through the cloud rack. Seas heaving the skiff and dropping it. A distant knot of onlookers standing atop a cliff. The gasoline station, the huge bridge, the towering mountains, all as of another world a million miles away. The Roberto, yawing up into sight. Two figures on her slowly growing clearer, nearer. One—the uncle—huddled in a sitting position behind the rear of the small half-cabin. The other—Gene Monzo — waving frantically . . . then hastening to the Roberto's bow and staring at the anchor rope straining in the chock, and returning to signal with greater violence.

In order not to be swamped, their peanut-shell-sized craft had to meet the crest of the seas bow on—and they were traveling with their stern to them. At exactly the right time, as each great surge began to lift behind them, Maria called to Pete Serrato: "Now!"

As on a dime, Pete spun the skiff. Up, up, up they went. Like going up the roof of a house, meeting the spume-driven ridgepole, teetering on it, sliding down the wet roof's far side. And on the right instant Pete whirled the skiff again and once more drove it toward their goal.

They were almost alongside. The uncle was on his feet, trying to smile, lifting a hand in greeting. Gene Monzo was shouting:

"What the hell's the matter with you? Come *on!* We . . ." He made ready to jump into the skiff the instant it came alongside.

Pete Serrato backed water. "Wait! We're coming aboard."

Pete swiftly stowed his oars. "Grab this painter!" He threw the end of the skiff's bow rope to Gene.

The skiff was alongside. Pete cast the coil of heavy rope on to the Roberto's deck . . . followed it. He snatched it up and ran toward the Roberto's bow. Maria was out of the skiff . . . had taken its bow rope from Gene, had let the skiff slide clear of the Roberto until it was beyond the Roberto's stern. Then she secured the skiff and raced toward Pete.

Pete lay stretched over the bow, reaching down. Swiftly he knotted one end of the new rope in a rolling hitch to the fiddle-taut anchor rope below the chock . . . tightened it . . . and leaped to his feet. He called to Maria, "Get me that piece of canvas!" indicating the distress signal at the masthead. Maria yanked it down. He laid it in the free chock, secured it, ran the new rope through it, and took a couple turns around the bitts.

"There!" he said, and he looked at Uncle Monzo. "A man don't want to lose his boat, does he?"

Old Uncle Monzo gripped Pete's hand and said one word: "*Grazia!*"

A wave, surging higher than any of the others, lifted the Roberto. The anchor rope, straining beyond endurance—the haul was almost straight up and down—gave a *crack-crack-crack!* and parted at the chock.

The Roberto fell away. Gene Monzo yelled.

"All right!" shouted Pete Serrato. He let the rope in his hands ease around the bitts and out through its chock. Ten, twenty feet he played out, then checked it, made it fast to the bitts. The Roberto rode securely, easily on the spliced anchor rope.

"I'm getting off!" cried Gene, starting toward the stern.

"We're all getting off," said Pete.

He hauled the skiff into reach by its rope, handed the rope to Maria, stepped into the skiff. He gave old Uncle Monzo a hand and seated him in the stern. He turned—but he was too late.

Gene Monzo had leaped into the skiff.

The skiff lurched wildly. Pete threw out a hand against the Roberto's side. It slipped—was caught between the two craft. He yanked it free, and its back was a crimson smear.

From the Roberto's deck, Maria gave a cry.

"I was clumsy!" said Pete. He thrust his hand into the water, shook it, and winced.

"Broken?" said Maria.

"Maybe a finger," said Pete.

Maria's voice lifted. "Gene, get into the stern with your uncle! Pete, get up into the bow!"

"But . . ." said Pete.

"The bow!" said Maria.

They did as they were told.

From the time she was a small girl,

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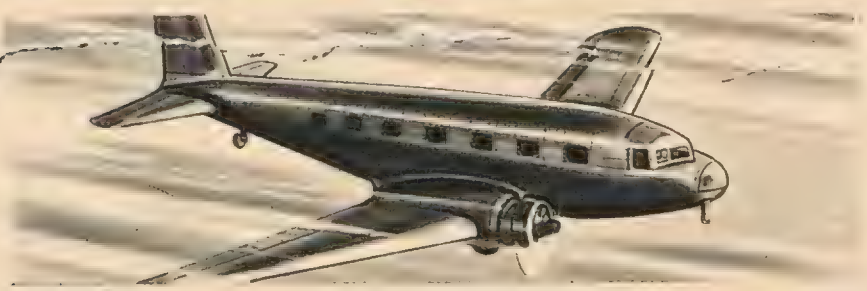

2. But for this vitally important 3% modern high speed motors and dependable planes would not be possible. Aviation would be back to the days of the free balloon.

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ANTI-FREEZE ABLE TO "TAKE IT"?

3. Highly refined, purified ethylene glycol is the base of "Prestone" anti-freeze. But *alone* ethylene glycol is *not* enough. *Vital* ingredients must be added that constitute but 3% of the product—"Prestone" anti-freeze.

4. Without this specially developed 3% the world's finest anti-freeze would never have been born. True, you may be able to get other anti-freezes made with varying amounts of ethylene glycol—BUT in "Prestone" anti-freeze you get the vital 3% that spells *absolute security!*

NEW LOW PRICE $2.65 PER GALLON

"PRESTONE"
ANTI-FREEZE

EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE
DOES NOT BOIL AWAY
PREVENTS RUST

Maria Bonetti had rowed that skiff, but never had she rowed it as she did now. She drove it at the oncoming surge. With the weight in it, it didn't respond. It met the surge, started to bury its nose under, then lifted, began twisting heavily away. With smashing force she straightened it . . . was over the surge's crest and down the far side. She met surge after surge—battled ahead.

Old Uncle Monzo and Gene Monzo sat hunched in the stern. Each time the skiff slued and straightened and mounted toward a crest and teetered wildly and slid down the far side, Gene Monzo gave a long-drawn gasping "A-ah!" Pete Serrato was crouched in the bow, eyes on the seas ahead, the bailing bucket in his left hand, his right hand over the gunwale and trailing in the water; and the water behind it showed red.

A leaden feeling was in Maria's arms. Her back was numb. With increasing difficulty she thrust the oars.

The biggest sea of all rose out of nowhere. They were in it. There was the smash of water. The skiff was awash . . . it staggered . . . lay broadside on.

Pete Serrato was bailing, using both hands on the bucket. But the next sea was coming.

Pete Serrato looked up at Maria Bonetti, and on his face flashed a smile.

A feeling flamed through Maria Bonetti the like of which she'd never known. She whipped her lithe body into a supreme twist and lifted the log of a skiff around . . . headed it through . . . over.

She drove on and on. . . .

They were at the seiner's side. Voices were roaring . . . ropes were being thrown. Men were leaning far over. They were being lifted up . . . up!

IT was almost dark when the seiner rounded the breakwater and came up to Fisherman's Wharf. They stepped ashore to a vociferous welcome. Maria struggled her way through—spied one of the Bonetti family's cars.

"I'm taking this car!" she said. "I'm getting Pete to the hospital."

X-rays there revealed two broken fingers. They were set; the back of Pete's hand was dressed.

They came out to the car; drove to the house where Pete rented a room. At the curb, Maria said, after a pause: "Well, may see you later."

"Yeah, maybe," said Pete Serrato. . . .

It was mid-evening. In the Bonetti kitchen Maria Bonetti was taking an apple pie from the oven. From the front room came voices—a man's and a girl's. After a moment she arranged her hair, smoothed her dress, entered the front room.

"Hi-yuh, Maria!" greeted Gene Monzo.

He was handsome, debonair, smiling. He looked toward the kitchen and inhaled expressively. "Save me a piece when we come back from the movies," said Gene. "This big!" he indicated.

"If there's any left," said Maria.

"Well, let's be going," said Rose Bonetti. She smiled at Maria—the smile of a sister, and of a girl as beautiful as her name.

The door closed behind them.

Maria Bonetti picked up her sewing basket. . . .

The doorbell rang. The younger Bonetti brother answered it. "Sure," came his voice. "She's home."

Pete Serrato stood before her in his Saturday-evening-calling clothes, his bandaged hand in a sling.

"Hello, Maria," he greeted.

"Hello," said Maria.

He sat down in the stiff-backed chair. She went on sewing. He lifted his head, looked toward the kitchen, and inhaled deeply. He made no comment.

Then Maria Bonetti went into the kitchen . . . a moment later called him into the dining room.

Pete Serrato saw a pie on a china plate. A whole pie, with a fork and napkin beside it. He looked at it . . . looked at her . . . said finally: "For me?"

Maria Bonetti came around the end of the table. She came close up to Pete Serrato. Her eyes were full upon his.

"For you," said Maria Bonetti. "Pete . . . everything is for you!"

THE END

"Hope there'll be one left for me!"
COPYR. 1939, McGRAW ELEC. CO.

SORRY SANTA . . . not much chance! For this is the gift-hit of the season—the new *Toastmaster** Junior Toast 'n Jam Set—only $8.50! What a smart combination, with its useful walnut tray, colorful Stangl pottery dishes for jam and marmalade, *and* the beautiful Junior non-automatic toaster (it toasts both sides at once and pops up the crispy slices at the touch of a finger). Just the gift you've been looking for. See it, wherever fine appliances are sold.

THE NEW 1940
TOASTMASTER
Jr. Toast 'n Jam Set

*"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trade mark of McGRAW ELECTRIC CO., Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

THE district attorney puts on a kitchen apron to enjoy broiled lobster. . . . Nothing sweet for the archbishop, but Martha Deane samples thirteen different desserts before choosing. . . . Guy Lombardo absorbs two pounds of onions in his bowl of soup. . . . Ben Bernie concludes *his* dinner lost in gourmet thoughts so profound that he absentmindedly dunks lighted cigar in finger bowl.

From my mention of well known names and dignitaries you probably think all this must have happened at some big city restaurant or night club. It didn't. The scene—at Whitman, Massachusetts—is a roadside eating place called the Toll House, whereto celebrities come trekking from all over, because it is one of the most remarkable taverns in the country. Nation-wide fame has rewarded the skill and imagination of the young married couple who run it. Annually they now feed more than a quarter of a million folk who hunt fine food.

Innkeepers Ruth and Kenneth Wakefield have made a Sinclair Lewis dream come true. His novel, Work of Art, pictured a perfect American hostelry ideally conducted in a homelike way amid rural surroundings. The Wakefields have accomplished this with outstanding success in the field of cuisine. . . . And they've had a glorious time. Two months a year they travel abroad, gathering new ideas about food and service. At their Toll House no two tables are laid alike; all are surprising with decorative wares from Europe, Asia, the Americas. Lacy Ecuadorian hats are used for table mats, and souvenir snatchers can take them home *if* they go out with them on their heads.

Ruth and Kenneth are practical as well as artistic. "Ken started courting me," says Ruth, "as soon as he tasted my potato salad." . . . A gondola ride in the moonlight was the first thing Ruth thought of when she and Ken went to Venice, but he said, "Not before supper. I can't feel romantic on an empty stomach."

What sentiment could be voiced more reasonably by a bridegroom in the restaurant business?

☆ From their experience the Wakefields gave me a number of suggestions that may help you if you're in the same line. . . . They relay their green vegetables, cooking fresh ones every ten minutes; bake pies and cakes twice a day, to cut just before serving; put new batches of biscuits in the oven every three minutes. . . . Their onion soup is expensive to make, using two pounds of onions per portion, but they guarantee it will soothe the most irate temper, and its popularity has already repaid full expenses for the Paris trip during which they discovered it. . . . Ruth keeps a large basket of toys at the Toll House, all kid customers being invited to pick out a prize if they eat their vegetables.

☆ This year, of all years, don't forget the World War's living dead in our veterans' hospitals. Many have been bereft by time of every relative. Their only Christmas greetings come from organizations. A personal card to any of them would mean a lot.

☆ Since no responsible person even dares make a guess as to how long the war will go on, this may be your last chance for nobody knows how many years to buy imported Christmas novelties at moderate prices. Here are some that don't cost too much—yet: . . . Dainty bubble-shaped after-dinner coffee cups from Finland, in eight colors (around $3.60 the half dozen). . . . String of tinkly sheep bells from the Holy Land, decorative and seasonable (under $4). . . . Satinwood salad fork and spoon, oddly carved, from the island of Bali (about $4). . . . Gay painted heart-shaped boxes from Persia, for candy or cigarettes (about $2.50). . . . Belgian milk pitchers of jasper ware, excellent as flower holders (around $2). . . . From our own Virgin Islands, five small jars of tropical jam packed in a sewing basket ($1.50). . . . Copenhagen dinner plates, oyster white with rust-red embellishment—swell enough for your most ambitious party (about $7.50 for a set of eight). . . . I quote approximate prices because they differ a little in various localities.

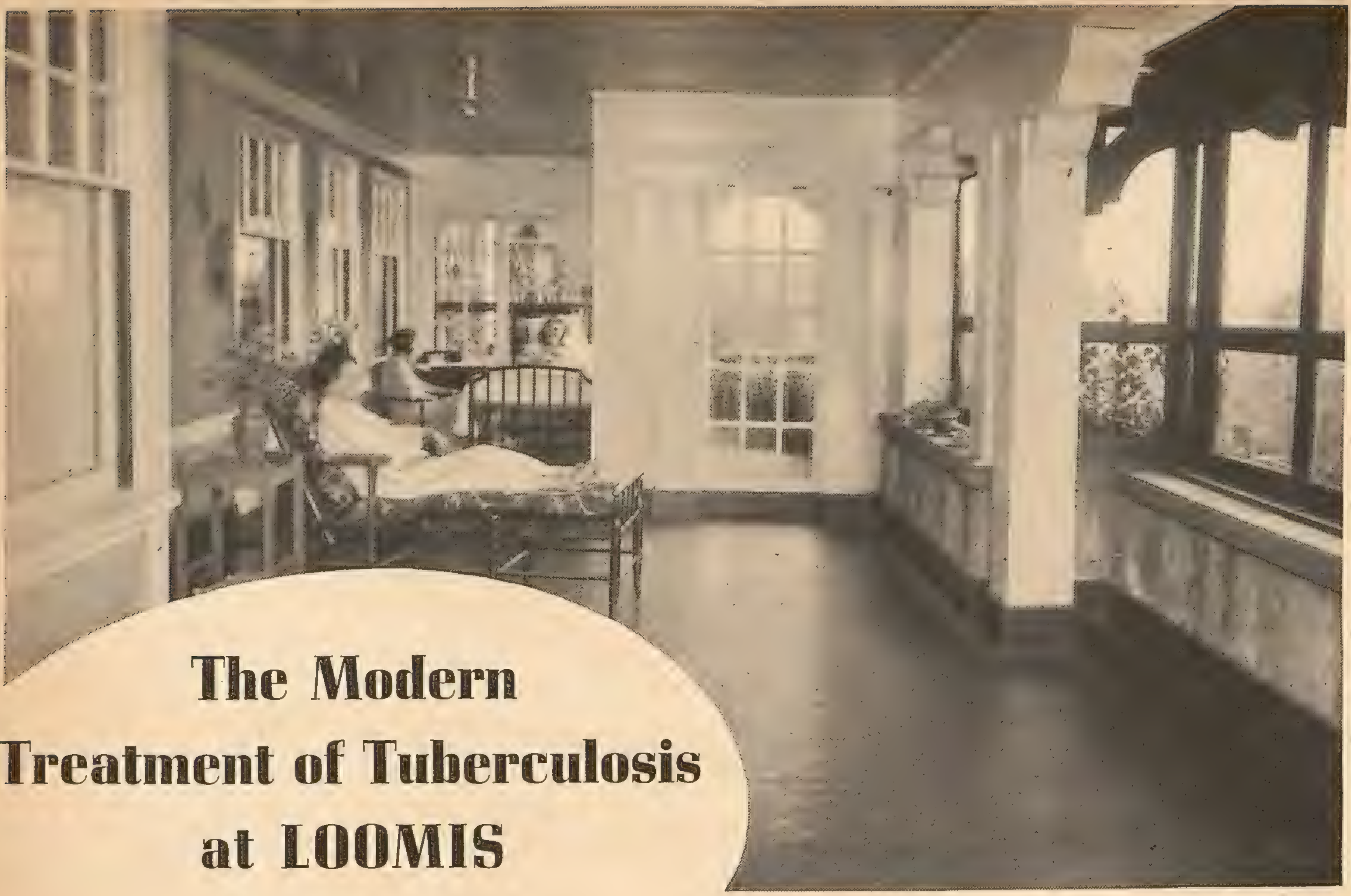
☆ Writes the wife of a United States war correspondent, with him in Europe now: "We serve no more cocktails in our bombproof. Guests get so brave they go out and sit on the sidewalk to jeer up at the raiders."

Over there, same as over here, liquor control continues to be a tough social problem for hostesses.

☆ Last week I recommended a turkey recipe that used up the white meat from the breast. For this week's recipe—*Old English Deviled Turkey*—use the drumsticks and wings. Prepare as follows: . . . Make a paste of ½ cup butter creamed with 2 teaspoons hot mustard, ½ teaspoon curry powder, salt, a few drops onion juice, and a few drops lemon juice. Skin legs and wings; coat with paste; sprinkle with bread crumbs. Brown well in pan under hot broiler. Serve with India chutney and crisp unbuttered toast. Chestnut purée on the side. Red wine—claret or burbundy—is the perfect beverage accompaniment.

COLIN ALLEN

"Let him go! Here comes one with two blondes!"



The Modern Treatment of Tuberculosis at LOOMIS

For seventy years, Loomis Sanatorium has been devoted to the treatment of tuberculosis. Now operated by Bernarr Macfadden, this institution is a demonstration of what intelligent care can do.

It is Bernarr Macfadden's belief that tuberculosis can be remedied by scientific dieting, that the bed rest treatment may be desirable for a short period but that overeating—the old "stuffing" procedure—is not good. Experience at Loomis has shown that simpler measures are far more effective than surgery in many cases.

Loomis is high in the Catskills near Liberty, New York. It offers effective treatment and a hopeful outlook to tuberculosis sufferers. A booklet showing life at Loomis is available on request.

John E. Mack

In the short time I have been here (9 weeks) my cough has almost entirely disappeared, my appetite has improved tremendously, I sleep very well and the nervous condition is completely gone.

I have added twelve pounds with the aid of your diets and systematic exercise, and feel as strong physically as I have ever felt in my whole life.

John E. Mack
914 Highland Avenue
Baltimore, Maryland

TESTIMONIAL LETTERS FROM PATIENTS OF LOOMIS SANATORIUM

Bertha A. Martin

Since my stay at Loomis Sanatorium, I have found a great improvement generally, with a steady increase of strength and appetite. The diets and systematic exercises make me feel like a brand new person.

Bertha A. Martin, R.N.
(Mrs. Sidney A. M. Martin)
23 Richmond Avenue
W. Barrington, R. I.

John L. Ross

On leaving Loomis, I am glad to say that, in even this short period, I have gained greatly in strength and body vigor. The many things I learned here will enable me to keep living in a hygienic way so that eventually I should completely whip my tuberculosis.

John L. Ross
911 W. County Road
Bessemere, Michigan

Louise C. Bell

Two months ago I arrived at Loomis weak, sick, very thin and terribly discouraged. A week later, I was put on an exclusive milk diet and now, today, two months after my arrival, I have gained 29 pounds, (I am on my feet and walk around everywhere.)

Louise C. Bell, R.N.
Summerville,
West Virginia

Joseph P. White

For five years I have had tuberculosis. One day I happened to read an article about Loomis so I decided to give it a trial. I began to feel better almost immediately. After using the Macfadden methods for a few weeks, I felt like a new man.

Joseph P. White
R 3, Greenfield, Indiana

Murray A. Sebastian

I suffered from tuberculosis, sinus, and stomach disorders when I was admitted to Loomis Sanatorium. Now I am ruddy, vigorous, free from the two last ailments, and my general condition is improving.

Murray Arthur Sebastian
703 South 5th Street
St. Peter, Minnesota

Helen E. Via

I am most happy over the decided improvement I've made in these five short weeks having gained eight pounds already. I can truthfully say that Loomis has helped bring me back on the road to health.

Helen E. Via
84 Ridgeway Street
Clifton Forge, Va.

Write for booklet giving complete information. No obligation, of course.

Loomis Sanatorium
Room 722—205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Left: George V. Denny, Jr., creator and chairman of the Town Meeting of the Air. Below: Two speakers from studio audiences during broadcasts.

HE MAKES DEMOCRACY THINK!

Success-story! Here's how radio's most remarkable ringmaster rose to fame

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

"MEN," wrote the great Thomas Babington Macaulay, "are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely."

More recently, another European author and statesman has given convincing proof—in reverse—of the truth of this statement by abolishing free discussion and deciding questions as wrongly as he could.

The history of the Old World is a succession of these losing struggles between believers in free speech and free discussion and practicers of despotism and dictatorship.

America was colonized by victims of those losing struggles, and America devised what could and should have been a permanently perfect vehicle for carrying free speech into action. America invented the town meeting.

In colonial times our forefathers trudged many a weary mile to "make a noise town-meeting days," and in the first Continental Congress, where "any delegate might have his say," they were simply invoking true and tried town-meeting government on a national scale.

But as the country grew bigger and busier these wise men's descendants lost the knack of free and open discussion; and, according to George V. Denny, Jr., a most unusual and exciting man, whom millions of Americans know as the moderator of America's Town Meeting of the Air, many of the ills from which we suffer stem directly from that fact.

"If our Town Halls had been operating twenty years ago," he asks, "would the present conflict between labor and industrial management have occurred in so disastrous a form? If we had been inoculated with the Town-Hall serum instead of the pressure-group virus, we might have avoided many of the tragic consequences of this situation."

Sounds sensible, doesn't it? So does this:

"If we persist in the practice of Republicans reading only Republican newspapers, listening only to Republican speeches on the radio, attending only Republican political rallies, and mixing socially only with those of congenial views, and if Democrats, Socialists, Communists, Laborites, Coughlinites, and Townsendites follow suit, we are sowing the seeds of the destruction of our democracy just as surely as if we did not possess political freedom."

It was with the serious purpose of counteracting this tendency that Denny created his Town Meeting of the Air, an unrehearsed, uncensored, unsponsored, nonprofit and nonpartisan program "reviving our native tradition of a free and unfettered exchange of opposing views."

The fact that it *is* entertaining and *is* popular—so amazingly so that it now has what is probably the largest network airing of the regular unsponsored programs—is a tribute not only to the soundness of George Denny's idea but to the soundness of the American people.

"The immediate genesis of the program," explains Mr. Denny, "occurred one evening after one of the President's fireside talks, when I learned that one of my neighbors would not listen to the President of the United States because he hated him. This shocked my sense of fair play and seemed to me to have a social significance thoroughly out of keeping with democratic principles."

It wasn't that the neighbor disagreed with the man in the White House. A good many people did that. Perhaps Denny himself was not able at all times to see eye to eye with him. The trouble was that this man wouldn't listen to *any one* with whom he disagreed. That was bad. Something had to be done about it.

"I knew that my friend read only newspapers and associated only with people who thought the way he did, and listened on the radio only to points of view that were wholly congenial and comfortable to him. I determined then to try to develop a radio program where he would have to listen to the other side in order to hear his own side presented."

Looked at another way, the Town Hall which George Denny has built in the air just outside the homes of each and every one of us is a nationalizing of a highly successful metropolitan institution with which he was already importantly connected and of which he is now the head—Town Hall in New York City.

Back in the supposedly gay '90s, six earnest New York women founded the League for Political Education, under the auspices of which appeared such eminent and diverse platform orators as Theodore Roosevelt, Henry George, Booker T. Washington, Jane Addams, Woodrow Wilson, Amy Lowell, and Rabindranath Tagore. And for more than four decades the League has continued to supply the needs of New York men and women who seek to broaden their vision and improve their minds.

MOST important event in its history, until Denny had his idea for the radio program was the building in 1921 of Town Hall, an imposing structure just off Times Square, which houses "the world's busiest auditorium."

Today in New York, Town Hall—Denny changed the name of the entire organization to that as soon as he came into power—stands for many things besides political education. It is, for example, an accepted center of the city's musical life. But it still adheres to two principles which have been vital to its success: any speaker on its platform can say anything, short of actual libel, on any side of any question; and any member of its audience may rise in his or her place and address to the speaker any question really pertinent.

"The sky's the limit" is the spirit of Town Hall. As one of Denny's friends puts it, this "son of conservative North Carolina has taken an institution of conservative New England and molded it into one of the most liberal and progressive movements of the day."

Let's see how he did it.

"The principles on which the program is based," he says, "are three. The first is conflict. The result is a contest about something that concerns us all. We try to avoid the old-fashioned debate technique as much as possible. In this way we try to direct the listener to think constructively about the problem rather than simply applaud the views which are naturally congenial to him. We cannot be sure that he won't do this. Nothing works perfectly. But at least he has heard both sides, and neither speaker has been permitted to make careless statements which he might have had he been on the platform alone. Then during the question period the listener is represented by 1,500 citizens like himself, any one of whom may ask a pertinent question. I think he feels a vicarious participation in the program all during the question period.

"Suspense is the second important ingredient of the program. Anything may happen at these meetings, and it often does—as the night one man called a speaker a liar and had to be put out of the hall. On another occasion a drunk got into the audience and after almost breaking up the meeting finally came out with a very intelligent question. On another occasion, just as we were about to get on the air, a man evidently slightly unbalanced rose to make a complaint against fraudulent commitments for insanity. We stopped him just in time.

Artists, Attention!

$1,800

cash prize Patriotic Cartoon Contest sponsored by Liberty and Town Hall

BEGINS NEXT WEEK

"Then the third ingredient, most essential of all, is fair play. If ever we attempted to 'load the dice' in favor of a conclusion one way or another, the days of our usefulness would be over."

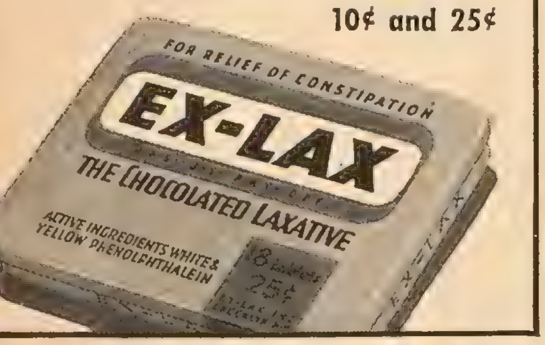
The first Town Meeting program, Memorial Day 1935, evidenced the plan's forthrightness in carrying out these principles. The subject was Which Way America—Fascism, Communism, Socialism, or Democracy? The speakers were Lawrence Dennis, A. J. Muste, Norman Thomas, and Raymond Moley. Since that first evening nearly five years ago, Denny's speakers have never pulled a punch. The fifth season opened as forthrightly as the first. The subject: How Can We Defend Democracy in America Now? The speakers: Harold Ickes and Hugh Johnson.

The studio audience hasn't pulled its punches, either. At first these

EX-LAX MOVIES
"Mr. Wright found out he was Wrong!"
MR. WRIGHT: Gee, Honey, this stuff is awful! Why do all laxatives taste so bad?
MRS. WRIGHT: All of them don't. Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate.
MR. WRIGHT: Ex-Lax? That's all right for you and Junior, but I need something stronger!
MRS. WRIGHT: No, you don't! Ex-Lax is as effective as any bad-tasting cathartic.
LATER
MR. WRIGHT: I sure am glad I took your advice. It's Ex-Lax for me from now on.
MRS. WRIGHT: Yes, with Ex-Lax in the medicine chest we don't need any other laxative!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢


FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS WHITE & YELLOW PHENOLPHTHALEIN
25¢

See

WOODSTOCK

TYPEWRITER

fifteen hundred participants—some of them rabid radicals, some rabid conservatives, almost all pronounced individualists—constituted Denny's chief problem. But Denny solved it: for a solid hour before the coast-to-coast broadcast he holds a "little town meeting," in which the most unmanageable orators, the drunks and cranks and slightly insane, are spotted and removed, if not from the room, at least from the possibility of catching the moderator's eye while the "big" town meeting is on the air.

Nowadays Denny has much less trouble with the hecklers. Occasionally an irate partisan who begins his question with "Do you believe that megalomaniacs like Hitler and Mussolini . . ." must be told, "We discuss ideas here, not personalities. Sorry." But the regulars know the rules—no personal questions, no personal remarks, no questions unrelated to the subject—and they usually abide by them.

DENNY is very tactful in his handling of the hecklers, because he realizes that they are a vital part of the appeal of the program. Often it is his quick wit which turns disaster into triumph.

"The high point was reached," according to one observer, "when a man in the back row charged bitterly that there was no free speech in the United States. The chairman invited him to say anything he pleased while he had a chance to be heard in all forty-eight states at once. The man sat down without another word."

It is a great feather in Denny's radio cap that he has been able, in these days of gagged microphones, to persuade the broadcasting people to enable him to make good on such an invitation. That his auditors outside the studio love the chance to get raw meat instead of mush is vouched for by the fact that eighty-three stations broadcast the program twenty-six times a year without pay, and the National Broadcasting Company has contracted for its continuance three years in advance.

Letters flow into Town Hall from such widely separated points as Riga, Latvia, and Kobe, Japan; from Alaska and the Argentine. They vary in style, these letters, from the professorial observation that "Town Meeting of the Air is in the very front rank of society's attack upon the problem of closing the gap between technological and social progress" to the youthful exultation, "Boy, oh boy, what a session the last one was!"

They vary also as to the special need which the program meets. "Way out here on this magnificent 4,500-acre ranch"—need we say this one is from California?—"we anxiously wait from one Thursday to another for your discussions." And this from an immigrant girl in New York City: "Being in this country only 2½ years, I am not only very much in want of such enlightenment but am also fervently interested in and

Christmas shopping's hard on her, too—
but she can tell you how to make it easier

THE girl on the other side of the counter certainly takes plenty of punishment at Christmastime, but she always manages to come through despite the extra hours and the nerve-wracking confusion.

Perhaps you've wondered how she ever does it. Well, we can give you one reason: She drinks coffee—not only at breakfast, but at lunch and dinner too.

For it's a scientific fact that coffee lifts you up when you are tired, actually gets at the physical cause of fatigue. It also helps the brain work faster, sharpens the senses, enlivens conversation...eases the strain on mind and nerves alike. That's why coffee is a wonderful drink for you at lunch and dinner.

And speaking of dinner, remember this: The pick-up you get from coffee lasts only two hours if you're like 97 out of 100 people.* So you can enjoy your coffee in the evening and be ready to sleep when your head hits the pillow.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE CALMS THE NERVES

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Coffee, for centuries, has been the mainstay of men working under pressure—firemen, seamen, Red Cross workers. They drink coffee to relieve the nervous strain, for better mental and physical coordination. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE IS FATTENING

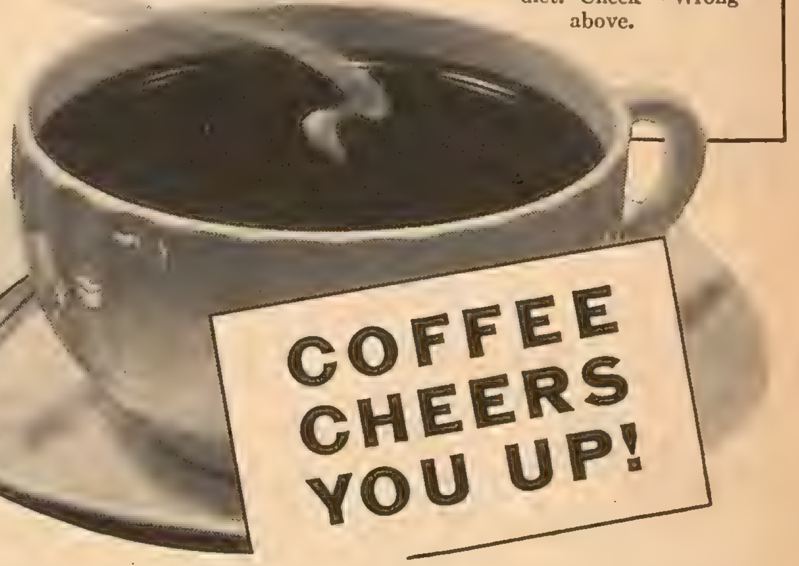
Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

Coffee adds practically no calories to the diet, but it *does* help promote metabolism. Therefore, coffee is a definite help in a reducing diet. Check "Wrong" above.

CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING TO GIVE THEM?

CHEER UP!—What you need is another cup of coffee!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough—a heaping tablespoonful to each cup



Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world

BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

enthusiastic about American ideals."

The anger of regular listeners who are called away from their radios Thursday nights at 9.30 E. S. T. is at times unbounded. A country doctor in Florida was beside himself because he had to leave a discussion of the youth problem to go out and deliver a baby!

Three out of every four letters Denny gets—and he gets thousands—enclose dimes for stenographic reports of the program. Many send larger sums just for the good of the cause. "Next year," wrote one man, "we intend to organize here and follow closely each Town Meeting and, if necessary, raise funds to send you. Nineteen forty will be a mighty important year for Town Meetings."

"A kind of patriotic enthusiasm appears to be developing for the Town Hall idea," is Denny's modest comment on these phenomena.

THE truth is that a good deal of the success of the Town Meeting is due to the fact that he is a master showman. He didn't invent heckling, but he is the first man to organize it and sell it as headline entertainment. America's Town Meeting of the Air is always good theater, and a kind of theater listeners can find nowhere else on their dials.

The radio audience is still talking of the night Mrs. Eugene Meyer went to the mat with Mrs. Roosevelt over the New Deal, the night Heywood Broun and Julian Mason almost came to blows on the Town Hall platform, the night Ickes and Gannett spoke their minds about the freedom of the press.

Nobody knows when something even more exciting is going to happen on the Town Meeting hour, and everybody knows that something exciting will happen anyway—and so some ten million addicts tune in each week.

Everybody connected with the Thursday broadcast lives in this state of anticipated excitement. The attendant who arranges the chairs on the stage, the operator who adjusts the microphones, the announcer fumbling his script, the doormen fumbling their tickets, the policemen on the sidewalks to keep back the crowds, the speakers on the stage, and the auditors—already heated to the boiling point by an hour's debate—reflect in face and attitude the incipient drama of the moment.

"And at the center of the disturbance," observes one who knows him well, "stands Ringmaster Denny. His blue eyes snap behind silver-rimmed glasses; his high forehead is brilliant under the Town Hall stage lights; his widely curved mouth is ready to shape words that still retain the suavity of the South but that can check a speaker running past his time. None so big a wig that he can take advantage of Denny's stop watch. Denny doesn't know how to pay false reverence to 'big' names."

Washington, North Carolina, a metropolis of seven thousand souls, grew this man. Chapel Hill, lovely home of the University of North Carolina, educated him. Mary Traill Yellott, lovely daughter of Chapel Hill, married him. Mildred Nelson, George Vernon III, and Mary Virginia, three lovely children, the last two twins, blessed the union. And they all live together in a little not-too-crooked house in the lovely suburban town of Scarsdale. In short, all is lovely with the Dennys.

But it wasn't always that way. As a boy, George helped pay his way raising tobacco and cotton on his uncle's farm in eastern North Carolina and helping to cut a railroad right of way around Mount Mitchell. In college, he managed a boarding-house for students, sold suits of clothes on commission.

In his sophomore year a new "prof" came to Chapel Hill to start a department of dramatic art. His name was Frederick H. Koch, and he was to have a large influence in shaping the careers of three brilliant youths: playwright Paul Green, novelist Thomas Wolfe, and Moderator George Denny. When Koch formed his now famous student acting troupe, the Carolina Playmakers, Denny became company manager at fifty dollars a month.

Mary Traill Yellott, who had come to Chapel Hill from Bel Air, Maryland, was Koch's student secretary, also a leading lady of the Playmakers. She and George were cast as lovers in one of the troupe's first productions—and have never stepped out of their parts. Mildred Nelson Denny, their first child, drew a silver spoon as the first baby born to father and mother Playmakers.

GEORGE, as an actor, did rather well in New York, but the plays he was in didn't. (The only exception was his friend Paul Green's Pulitzer Prize winner, In Abraham's Bosom.) He soon realized that being an artistic success didn't put any nourishment in Mildred Nelson's silver spoon, so he got himself a job in a lecture bureau. This led to his present success.

Columbia University was looking for a man with lecture-bureau experience to manage the extension work of its Institute of Arts and Sciences. Denny got the job, and did it so well that his fame rolled all the way down to Times Square and into the offices of the League for Political Education.

Robert Erskine Ely, director of the League since the turn of the century, was looking for an able young man to assist him. Ely gave Denny a trial; after nine years, in 1937, he gave him his own job. Since then Mr. Ely, nearing eighty, has been director emeritus, and Mr. Denny, turning forty, has been director.

His business day begins when he grabs the eight-something train out of Scarsdale. One of his trusted assistants sits with him and takes up the first problems of the day. From nine thirty to eleven, he huddles with department heads. At eleven, he presides at the morning lecture and the fifteen-minute question period which follows. Between twelve thirty and one, more huddles, followed by lunch, which is also a huddle.

Then the real work of the day begins: conferences with lecturers and lecture managers; conferences on the radio program of the week; long-distance telephone conferences, lining up speakers. At five thirty come the short-course lectures for those who can't attend the morning ones, and in the evening come the concerts and, on Thursdays, the broadcasts.

"Thursdays," one of Denny's lieutenants confessed, "are hectic days. So, for that matter, are all other days. During the season there's no five-o'clock quitting time. You go home when your work is finished—and get a kick out of it, too. And at home Mr. Denny continues to work."

The business of selecting speakers for the Thursday-night programs is probably Denny's most important job. Subjects come easily to his news-conscious mind. To find the men and women who will make those subjects live for millions of unseen auditors is another question. He cannot simply fall back on big names. Town Meetings are no respecters of fronts. Hot wires, that's what he must get—and he has gotten some hot ones. To name a few: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Wendell L. Willkie, Harold L. Ickes, Frank Knox, Dorothy Thompson, William Lyon Phelps, Hugh S. Johnson, Norman Thomas, Stanley Reed, Fiorello LaGuardia, Maury Maverick, John Gunther, Robert Jackson, Frances Perkins, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Jan Masaryk, Burton K. Wheeler, Pearl Buck, Carl Sandburg.

Politicians he must have; but politicians, as such, are a washout. One night he put on two nationally known senators. They came to the platform loaded with the usual political hokum. The Town Meeting audience regurgitated nationally. The damning mail nearly sank the Hall.

BUT Denny hasn't given up on the politicians. Before the 1940 Presidential election, he hopes that the "patriotic enthusiasm" for the Town Hall idea will have made both candidates for the Presidency feel obliged to appear on the same platform before the same microphone to discuss the same issues before a nation-wide audience of America's Town Meeting of the Air.

It may not happen this time, but it will ultimately, he is sure. He says that "citizens will demand that *all* candidates for public office appear on Town Hall platforms the same night and before the same audience and submit to questions. Roughly, 80 per cent of the voters are divided between the two major parties. The remaining 20 per cent can be swayed from one party to another. It is this group that has the balance of power. We'll educate them so that political parties will have to produce candidates to appeal to them. That means the end of pressure groups, of sickening political campaigns, of the dangers of dictatorship."

Denny is in deadly earnest about this dictator menace. He believes he has the one method of keeping it out of our American hair. "The Town Hall idea is the mortal foe of dictatorship," he says. "Let's use it now."

That others agree with him is evidenced every time the postman visits the Hall. "Your movement and your program have made more progress toward a really enlightened citizenry than any other factor in recent years." "In our opinion, you are doing the greatest work toward maintaining the liberties of the American people." "It is my belief that this Town Hall of the Air is the most promising movement for the preservation of democracy." "It is the way out for democracy."

MORE than fourteen hundred miniature Town Meetings—listening and discussion groups—have been formed all over the world by Denny fans. They range from the three hundred students who gather in Maxwell Auditorium at Syracuse University, where Town Meeting listening and discussion rates scholastic credit toward a degree, to the entire population of a town in New Hampshire, who turn out every Thursday night in a gathering presided over by the Board of Selectmen. In between are Town Meeting groups in churches, schools, clubs, fraternities, granges, lumber and mining camps, penitentiaries, and on ships at sea.

"We men who follow the sea," writes the master of an oil freighter, "are very interested in your discussions, especially when relating to matters of international importance. It is a good thing to hear the other fellow, especially when his convictions are opposed to your own."

Well, that's the whole idea, isn't it, Mr. Denny? But, so your friends say, you are not and never will be content. As one of them puts it:

"George longs passionately for order in everything. He loathes war and loves music, because the one is chaos, the other perfect order. He finds this desired quality in beautiful dancing and confesses that his suppressed ambition is to be able to step like Fred Astaire. He loses his temper once in a while; worries over his receding hairline and is a fool for hair tonic. He has picked up a sinus infection and so can't smoke or drink. He has doctor's orders to eat in peace. But through it all, and in spite of all, he keeps on working."

Which is all very well, in its way. But there are millions of us Town Meetingers who will forgive you, George Denny, if you take time off once in a while to look out for yourself. We'll need you in these years ahead, when education by stimulation and democracy by discussion will be more important than ever before. We'll need you to make America think!

THE END

"Today," *reports writer* **JOHN LARDNER** "more and more of my guests are choosing Wine"

Like his famous father before him, John Lardner writes with a deep understanding of the American scene. Millions chuckle over his brilliant daily newspaper column, "From the Press Box." Widely traveled, a noted bon vivant, John Lardner is frequently host to well-known, active Americans

"Busy, active people need to relax and to enjoy themselves. And they want to be moderate about it"

"When I set out beverages these days, I notice a growing number of my guests choose wine," writes well-known host John Lardner. "Maybe that's because wine goes best with the leisurely, genial kind of evenings so many people now prefer."

It's a discovery people the country over are making. Today they find more and more of their guests prefer wine. Perhaps, as John Lardner suggests, that's *because* wine is a beverage of moderation!

Hosts and hostesses notice, too, that both men and women share this preference. At afternoon parties, wives in growing numbers would rather enjoy just a small glass of glowing amber Muscatel or delicious Tokay.

With the main course at dinner so many hostesses now bring to table a fine flavored Claret or delicate, pale-amber Chablis—to be served in medium size glasses and sipped slowly . . . savored for that special goodness which wine adds to tempting food.

Or in the evening, they offer guests simple refreshments, and set out a tray of small glasses, to be filled with mellow, ruddy Port.

Next time you invite guests . . . why don't you try serving wine? That's the advice of many a well known host today. Like John Lardner, you'll find more and more of your guests now *prefer* it.

All you need to know to serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with desserts or with refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

A "sweet" wine you'll enjoy is rich red Port, full-bodied, fragrant, of fruity flavor. Serve in small glasses, alone or with small cakes.

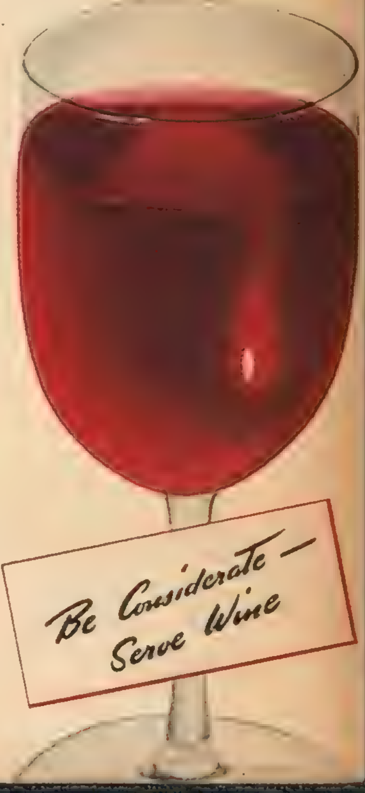
A popular white "table" wine is Chablis (say it "Shab-lee"), especially light, delicate and dry of flavor. Usual serving is half the size of a water goblet.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD



The Latest BROADWAY Gags

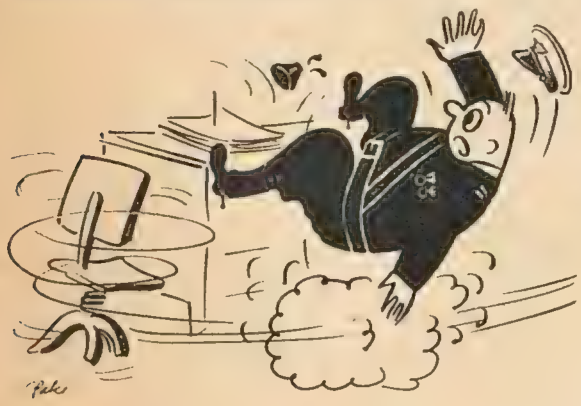
BY HARRY HERSHFIELD

Noted Raconteur and Compiler of Contemporary Humor

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FEARING he would be drafted if America was drawn into the war, a frightened gent rushed into the War Department, claiming exemption. He insisted that his hearing was bad. In the spirit of the premature situation, the attending officer decided to examine him. He stood about fifty feet away from the worried one and cried, "*Ooshkywooshkee!*" Thereupon the panicky gent explained, "I can't hear what you're saying—it sounds just like '*Ooshkywooshkee.*'" He is now tuning air-raid sirens for the army.

"I'll say he was under fire in the last war—he had three swivel chairs shot out from under him."



When President Coolidge was asked why he didn't strike back at a mud-slinging politician, he replied, "I refuse to engage in a certain type of contest with a skunk."

A good slogan for America at this time: "Business going on as usual during altercation."

Goering in his speech said, "England may control the oceans, but Germany is master of the Baltic Sea." That statement reminding us of the husband locking himself in the clothes wardrobe and yelling to his militant wife, "I won't come out—I'll show you who's boss around here!"

"She is so 'Continental-minded' that she prefers European static on her radio to good American broadcasts."

"To the war communiqués we say this: 'Even if the truth sounds like a lie, don't tell it.'"

GOOD, BAD, OR INDIFFERENT

"The world's troubles come from nations wanting their places in the sun—some forgetting that they are already crazy with the heat."

"After Hitler is destroyed, he will still go down in history as the outstanding character of our era—because of his unmatched 'nuisance value.' Waterloo will always be remembered for the defeat of Napoleon, not the victory for Wellington."

One of our government agents said, "Our national drive on crime has the criminals worried." To which a critic replied, "How does one arrive at knowing when criminals are worried? If the law is so close that it can see the expressions on their faces, then why the delay?"

Another federal agent spoke up: "The big rats are the easiest to wipe out. Records show that, when a big rat is cornered, it is nothing more than a mouse with mumps."

"The Republic of France reminded America that it was Bastille Day. Which breaks us even—in 1917 the French didn't remember who Lafayette was until we started in cheering for him."

"The Reich says 'overeating is unpatriotic.' Take Goering—there's a chunk of treason, brother."

A pretty good commentary on our present status: A fellow went to a neighborhood tailor to have a suit made. Every day he was told the suit would be finished the next day—and in that way a month passed before it was finally completed. The irritated customer spoke his mind: "It took only six days to make the world, and it took you a month to make that suit." The tailor led him to the window and, pointing, answered, "Take a look at the phooey world and then take a good look at this suit."

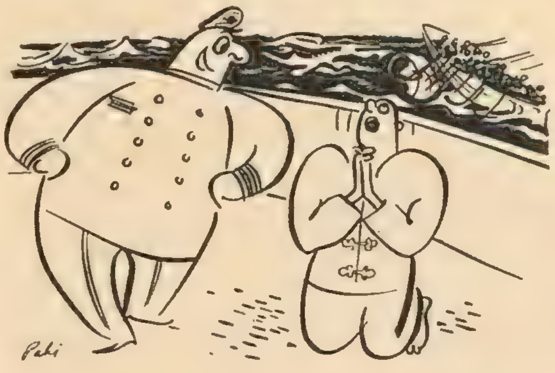
President Hutchins of the University of Chicago was asked if Communism was taught in his school of learning, and he shot back with: "We've got to teach the students Communism—or they're liable to go out and vote the Communist ticket."

Benny Leonard, retired lightweight champion, is telling this one on his monologue tour. Trapped on the roof of a cottage during a flood was a young boy. A rescuer, to encourage the child to hang on, cried, "I've got a lollipop for you!" Just then a derby hat skimmed by on the surface of the water. Again the good Samaritan yelled to the boy: "After I save you I'll buy you a bicycle!" Back came the derby hat, swishing by on the water. The puzzled rescuer was soon enlightened when the boy shouted, "That's my pop, mister—he's going to keep on mowing our lawn if it kills him."

"The real reason President Roosevelt hurried Thanksgiving Day by a week: He knows we can hardly wait to express our thankfulness that we live in America."

MOPPING UP

A teacher at Heidelberg said to the students: "Name a great and learned man whose name starts with G-O-E." Up jumped a student and cried, "Goering!" "No," retorted the teacher. "I said a great man." Up came another student, saying, "Goebbels!" "Wrong," replied the tutor. "I said a learned man—my, my, how soon you have all forgotten Goethe!"



Some of the yet neutral nations are in the position of the cruise boat way out to sea. A terrific storm came up. On to the pitching deck rushed the captain and yelled, "Who can pray?" "I can," boasted a passenger. "Well, you'd better start right in, then," said the skipper. "We're one life preserver short."

"Stocks have been going high in Wall Street—now must America go to war to give them a reason for it?"

"The King of Italy, when he thinks of Mussolini, also thinks of that trick love song: 'Everybody has some one, darling—I only have you.'"

"For years Russia and Germany have been making more noise *agreeing* than anybody else fighting."

"Communism and Nazism. They say marriages are made in heaven—but I believe in giving credit where credit is due."

"England is fighting for Poland. France is fighting for England, etc.

"Kipling's line covers it beautifully: 'I'm dying for some one who's dying for some one else.'"

"And yet we are all supposed to be brothers. Blood is thicker than water—and relatives are always punching each other on the nose to prove it."

THE END

RIGHT TURN TO DANGER!

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

BY FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

THE cavern had been created, in the beginning, when the old-timers of the Palmetto had taken out the ore where the vein thickened to a great rich pocket. On this side toward the entrance the roof had fallen long after the workings were abandoned, leaving the mass of broken granite upon which Mary was standing. She was looking down into the cave, and its floor sloped upward until it disappeared in the shadows. She saw several timbers which supported the ceiling, and some twenty feet ahead of her a pool of spring water gleamed in the yellow light.

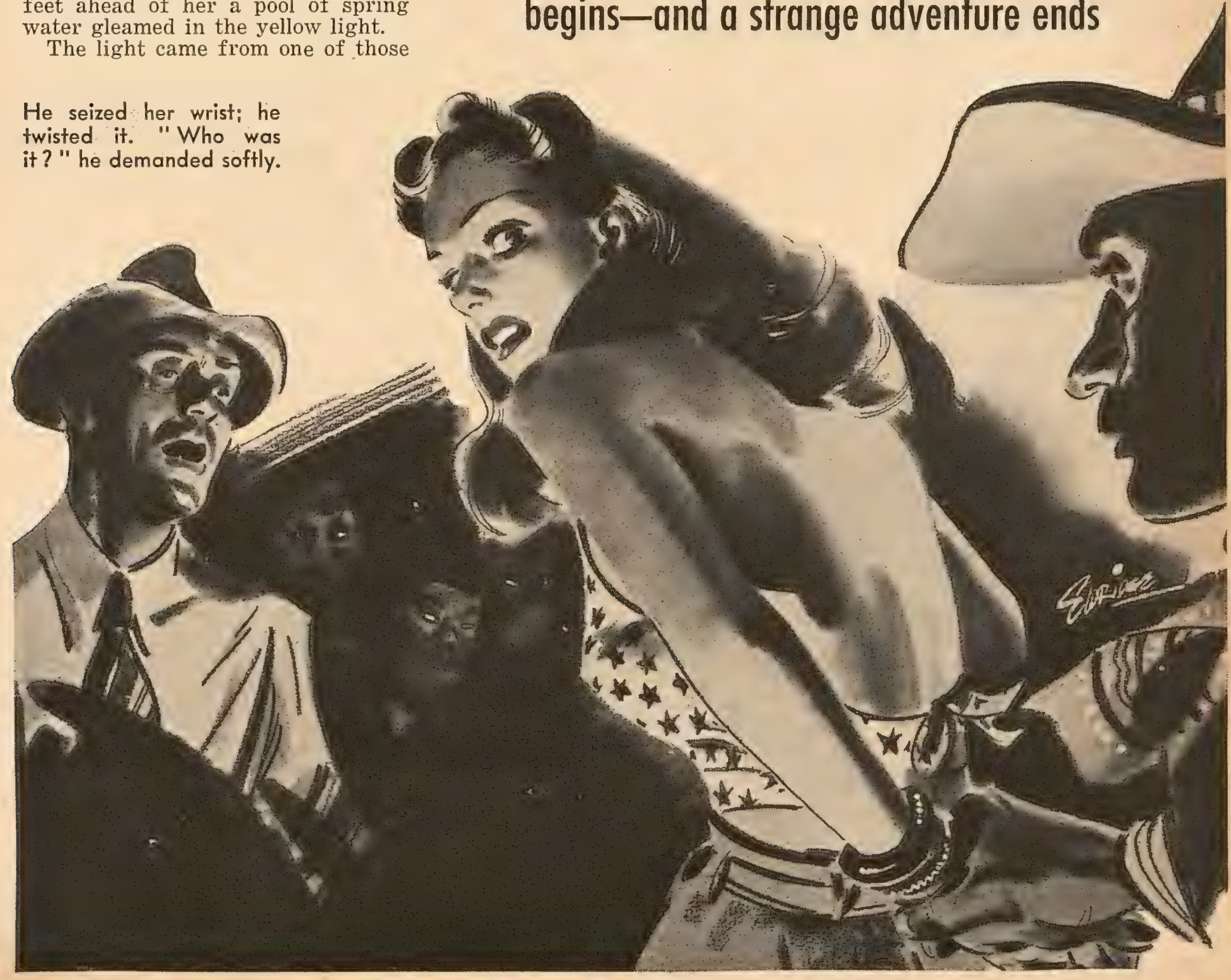
The light came from one of those ordinary old-fashioned globe lanterns which are still in use in every barnyard throughout the country. The very commonplaceness of that lantern made every other object seem the more bizarre.

And, without any such contrast, they were so strange—this little group of men ranged in a semicircle before the girl who stared down upon them, the spot where they were gathered, and the articles which were strewn around them—that for the time being she had forgotten the dangers which lay behind her. The cavern had been furnished, after a fashion. There were eight bunks which had been built from old mine timbers, and over every one of these there was a little tent to keep off the drops of water which were pattering from the granite roof. The tents were made of bamboo matting, and the brown mats were marked with Oriental ideographs painted in vermilion. There were three pottery jars, jars of pale green with webs of wickerwork enclosing them; there were several rolls of dunnage, wrapped in the same brown matting as the tents that sheltered the bunks; and there was a rude little shrine in a niche of the rock wall, with slips of red prayer paper pinned to a hewn plank and eight joss sticks spiraling thin smoke threads. Their sparks made the dull red specks which Mary had seen.

The men were squatting on the edges of the beds: eight Chinese. They were clad in coarsely cut jumper jackets and loose trousers, and some

Mystery clears, peril fades, romance begins—and a strange adventure ends

He seized her wrist; he twisted it. "Who was it?" he demanded softly.



of these were still stained with the gray dust of the Southwestern desert. Their yellow-brown faces were all turned toward the girl in the sandals and torn slacks, returning her stare with united and silent wonder. Their eyes glittered in the lantern light.

As she stood there gazing down upon them, one of them spoke—a thin little man with a shock of black hair. He did not move his head; his face remained without expression. The man on the next bunk answered. And Mary heard a third voice which she remembered well. It came from behind her, and before she turned she knew whom she was about to see.

It was James Bennet. He was standing just below the top of the heap of fallen rock; his teeth showed in a white row as he smiled down at her. He said:

"Look who's here!"

There was a clatter of sliding rock fragments, and Joe's five-gallon hat topped the summit of the rocks. His body followed, twisting with catlike smoothness as he bent beneath the overhanging roof. He was holding his flat automatic in his hand.

JOE said, "She couldn't come here alone, you know." His pale eyes were opaque and cold. "Not alone," he repeated quietly. And he added, "I heard something back there. I thought it was those bats."

He made the distance to Mary's side in half a dozen swift strides. He shoved the gun into his pocket and seized her wrist; he twisted it until she screamed. "Who was it?" he demanded softly.

Bennet said, "He hasn't started yet. You'd better tell him before he begins to get rough."

The Chinese were talking now—a singsong undernote that floated away through the deep shadows. Their eyes were jet slits in the lantern light. There was not a trace of feeling in the semicircle of yellow faces—nothing beyond a curious intentness.

The change came so quickly that Mary was not conscious of the situation's passing until the new one had taken its place.

She was aware of a sudden shifting in that semicircle of oblique eyes. They were not regarding her any longer. They were looking beyond her, and the saffron faces had lost their impassivity; the murmur of voices had swelled to a lilting clamor. She realized that Joe had sprung away from her, that Bennet had whirled and was staring into the darkness where the great pile of fallen rock rose toward the ceiling. She became conscious of a new voice. It was a familiar voice, level, calm; and the words were familiar, too.

"As you are!" It was there that the familiarity ceased. "We've got two shotguns on each of you."

Then she managed to force her limbs to function, and turned toward the place from which the voice came.

It was the little man with the sharp, swarthy face. His cap was shoved back so that the visor was where the crown should have been, revealing a mop of black hair. His automatic in his hand, he was coming down the slope, out of the shadows into the lantern light. She noticed then that he was chewing gum, and one of his eyes was blacked. He said:

"I told you boys they'd take it lying down. This kind always dog it."

Mary caught sight of two sawed-off shotguns, and the men behind them were like shadows in the gloom. She had a glimpse of Jeff as he came toward her, and immediately after that she was sinking down beneath a great weariness and feeling his arms go around her.

MARY said, "So his name is Thompson and he's an immigration inspector. And you blacked his eye."

"And right afterward he kicked me," Jeff told him. "It was foul fighting. I'd have done the same to him if I'd had the chance. No telling how it would have come out if the others hadn't piled in on top of us just then. They got there in time to quiet things down before your boy friends arrived. That's why Thompson turned off the light in the trailer—so that those crooks wouldn't see my camp. They used the other road, you see—the one that takes off across the creek. You remember that?"

"My head," Mary said wearily, "is going round and round. I think you'd better begin at the beginning."

He had made a huge campfire a little way from the trailer, and Mary had been sitting beside it for the better part of an hour while Thompson and his officers got their prisoners into the truck which Bennet and Joe had driven up the mountain.

Now the fire was beginning to die and Jeff had brought a large bed roll from the trailer. He was lying on his back, with his head pillowed on this, and she was basking in the warmth of the flames beside him.

"It started last winter," he went on, "while I was away getting my grubstake. That Mesa Cotton Lands, Incorporated, was making money right from the jump. This part of the country is going nuts on cotton nowadays, and Bennet was selling stock fast enough to satisfy any crook. But he's like all the rest of his breed. So he started smuggling Chinamen across the line. It's an old racket and the immigration officers have information pretty well organized. So, by the time spring came along, the authorities knew that somebody was carrying Chinks over in this particular section, and they put Thompson on the job. He nosed around, and finally located one of the ring's hide-outs at the old Palmetto Mine. You see, the smugglers bring the Chinamen over the desert, and they have to conceal them at stations where there is water, then take them on to the next hiding place, and so on until they land them in some big city where they won't be noticed."

He got slowly to his feet and kicked the dying brands together until the flames leaped up once more; then he subsided beside her and continued:

"Thompson was pretty sure that there was a bunch of Orientals in the mine and that they were to be moved tonight. He got his crowd together and they came up the hill. They were expecting to go into the tunnel and to stow themselves away there until the smugglers came along. They left their cars below and they made the climb afoot, and when they saw the light in my trailer they thought they'd run on to the crooks. But after Thompson got a look at the inside of the trailer he knew that some one else had come here. So they began hunting for us, and they had to be mighty quiet about it, because the men they were really after might appear at any minute. And that's how things happened to go the way they did. That other thing — the murder — it was just coincidence. Like my lending my car to the man they killed."

"I wonder," Mary asked, "why did they kill him?"

"Well," Jeff answered slowly—and it seemed to Mary that his voice held a strong undernote of satisfaction—"you're going to find out before you're shut of the whole affair. Because, you know, you're going to stay here until the case is over. You'll be a star witness. And now"—he rose again—"it's time you go to bed."

He helped her to her feet and she limped away from the firelight to the trailer. As she was about to enter it, she turned to say:

"I saw the headlights of that truck when they started to climb the hill. Remember, when we were on the dump and you made me hurry? I saw it then, but I forgot it."

"The breaks," he reminded her, "were coming pretty fast just then. And they weren't going our way, either. No wonder you forgot it. Good night."

IT took her a long time to go to sleep. There was a great deal to think over, and, curiously enough, her thoughts were not dwelling entirely upon the swift sequence of events which had overtaken her after she left the service station at Desert Center. They turned to the things which he had told her early in the evening.

There was a good deal in that recital of bold hopes and modern adventure which appealed to her. She had forgotten the dissatisfaction which had been troubling her during the past few weeks while she was traversing the paved highways. Now she had found what she was seeking. And it was to her liking.

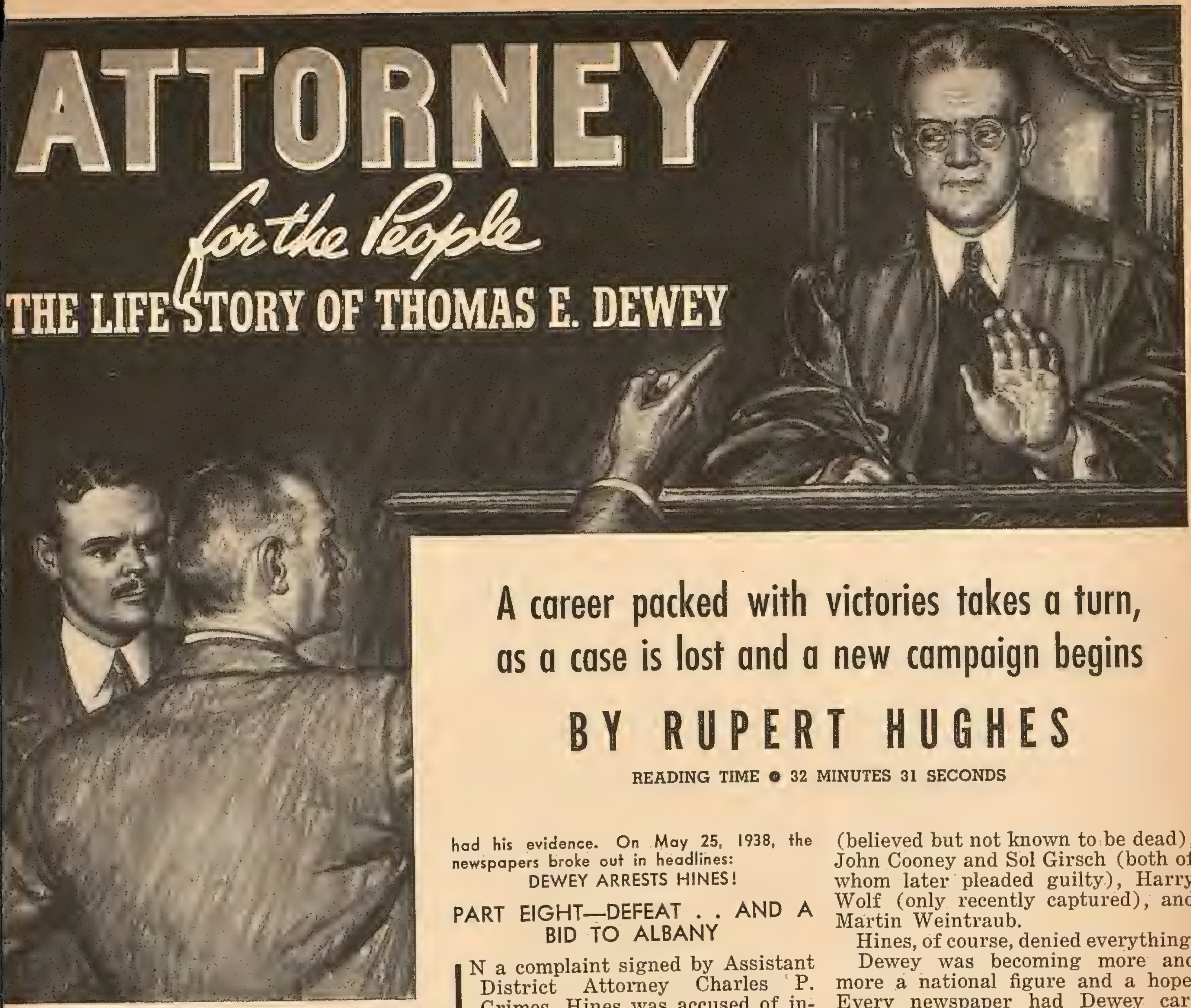
She remembered the note which had crept into Jeff's voice when he reminded her that she would have to stay in the country. Her thoughts wandered on to the Red Rock Ranch where she was going tomorrow. It wasn't far from here. She would see more of this project of his. She would see more of him—

It was about that time that she dropped off to sleep.

THE END

ATTORNEY *for the People*

THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY



A career packed with victories takes a turn, as a case is lost and a new campaign begins

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

Stryker continued to bellow: "I move for a mistrial and the withdrawal of a juror!"

After a campaign during which he opened the eyes of the people to the close tie-up between certain politicians and the underworld, Thomas Dewey was triumphantly elected District Attorney of New York County—to the astonishment of the Tammany machine. He reorganized the office to increase efficiency, and before long his staff was keeping four—then five—grand juries busy.

Dewey successfully prosecuted Richard Whitney, former Stock Exchange president, on a charge of grand larceny, made quick work of several other cases, then turned again to the policy racket, an enterprise of the late Dutch Schultz, which he had been investigating since 1935. This racket, he knew, was protected by powerful politicians, and he was bent on gathering enough evidence to bring them to justice. An indictment had already been handed up against five of the racket's leaders—Pompez, Ison, Schoenhaus, Weinberg, and Dixie Davis, the late Schultz' lawyer. Most of these men were in hiding.

Finally a mysterious person, tempted by the $5,000 reward on Davis' head, told Dewey where he could be found. He was arrested. So was Weinberg, and Schoenhaus surrendered. They all talked, and at last Dewey had his evidence. On May 25, 1938, the newspapers broke out in headlines:

DEWEY ARRESTS HINES!

PART EIGHT—DEFEAT . . AND A BID TO ALBANY

IN a complaint signed by Assistant District Attorney Charles P. Grimes, Hines was accused of influencing and intimidating judges and law-enforcement officers so that racketeers could operate unmolested.

Going to Dewey's office, Hines surrendered. His bail was fixed at $20,000, a striking contrast to the high bail imposed on Dixie Davis.

According to William Fulton in the Chicago Tribune: "As a reward for his help in 1932, and his services on election days since, Hines has enjoyed the unofficial post of chief patronage dispenser of the Roosevelt administration in New York. The bulk of the federal pay roll here owes its jobs to Hines. When Hines was arraigned, his counsel asked low bail on the grounds that President Roosevelt had praised Hines for his humanitarianism. Hines often visited Roosevelt at Albany when he was Governor, and has been the President's guest at the White House on several occasions."

The indictment, returned the day after Hines' arrest, charged that he was an actual member of the Schultz mob and had received a weekly stipend for his services. Included in the Hines indictment were nine defendants: Hines, Davis, George Weinberg, Harry Schoenhaus, "Bo" Weinberg (believed but not known to be dead), John Cooney and Sol Girsch (both of whom later pleaded guilty), Harry Wolf (only recently captured), and Martin Weintraub.

Hines, of course, denied everything.

Dewey was becoming more and more a national figure and a hope. Every newspaper had Dewey cartoons.

Meanwhile the staff handling the Hines case was enlarged. One of the chief trial assistants of the Homicide Bureau, Herman McCarthy, and the administrative assistant Frank S. Hogan were added, with Livingston Goddard, who had been working on the case under Grimes for almost two years. Many witnesses were placed under guard, for the air bristled with terror of murder.

In this air filled with storm, Luciano, having been rebuffed by the Court of Appeals, briefly reminded the public of himself by appealing to the Supreme Court of the United States. But the court was not in session and the decision could not be rendered for many months.

The papers were packed with every kind of story, mostly sheer speculation, because Dewey's office was working quietly according to its custom and little news could be gleaned.

Naturally, Hines and his lawyer, Lloyd Paul Stryker, used every known device to shake off prosecution. Stryker asked for a change of venue so that Hines might have a "fair trial." He petitioned also for a severance

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from the other defendants, and for a bill of particulars. Grimes opposed all Stryker's moves and the plea for change of venue was denied.

The staff was questioning or investigating in all directions. Herman McCarthy brought in Hines' sons and their bank accounts before the grand jury, and questioned two of Dodge's former aides. Gelb was busy tracking down non-accomplice corroboration. Hogan reached out to the state prisons for information, and gently questioned the widow of Schultz several times. McCarthy questioned two powerful Tammany leaders. One of these was the former chief sachem, John F. Curry.

ON July 11, 1938, Hines and Davis were brought before Justice Pecora. Both pleaded not guilty. Their trial was set for August 15. But Dewey came to clash with Judge Pecora when the latter sustained eight items in Hines' motions and ordered Dewey to give a bill of particulars as to just what judges Hines had tried "to influence, intimidate, or bribe." Dewey was so determined not to reveal this part of his case that he moved for a reargument of the motion and secured a modification of the order.

George Weinberg and Harry Schoenhaus broke, pleaded guilty, and consented to turn state's evidence. Dixie Davis finally consented to plead guilty and help by giving information privately. But he refused to testify in court. Since, he said, he would not be allowed to live if he squealed.

He was jolted out of this position by an eruption of news that also jarred Dewey and his office and the public.

The New York Mirror came out with a front-page story declaring that Dixie Davis was a frequent visitor at the apartment of Hope Dare. A big storm was raised about such coddling of a prisoner and his inamorata.

Dewey is eager always to give his associates full credit for all they do, but he takes on himself all the blame for any mistakes. So now he took the abuse and kept silence.

The truth was that Davis had been allowed to go to Hope Dare's apartment exactly eight times in three months. He had met her there with her mother and his guards, and had changed his clothes in the presence of the guards, who naturally never let so wily a prisoner out of their sight. Even the few visits were news to Dewey and he ordered them discontinued.

The newspapers speculated that these visits were permitted because Davis had promised to turn state's evidence. These stories shocked Davis, and he asked to see Dewey.

The two lawyers had not met since they were on opposite sides as counsel in the prosecution of Miro six years before. Dewey remarked on the long time since their last meeting; asked after his prisoner's throat for which Davis was receiving medical treatment; told him he was foolish not to turn state's evidence and dissociate himself from the underworld code.

Davis promised to think it over.

He returned to the Tombs, and received there a message from his sister. A character known to them both had accosted her on the street and muttered a warning that if Dixie talked he died, in prison or out.

Feeling doomed, Davis sent for Grimes and said: "Nobody will believe me, whatever I do. I might as well go all the way. I'll testify in court."

When Dixie Davis came into court, Pecora accepted his plea of guilty, but scolded Dewey for allowing Davis to visit Hope Dare. Dewey said nothing in self-defense. However, at Dewey's request, Pecora dropped the bail of $75,000 and paroled Davis in Dewey's custody. Davis was rushed to a hiding place, and kept hidden and heavily guarded, in company with George Weinberg and Schoenhaus.

Complying with Judge Pecora's insistence that Dewey give a bill of particulars as to the judges and other officials he had accused Hines of influencing, Dewey reluctantly named ex-District Attorney Dodge, Magistrate Hulon Capshaw, and Magistrate Francis J. Erwin, recently deceased.

Capshaw was at once relieved of his duties by the chief magistrate and removal charges are now pending. Dodge, who was now in private practice, characterized Dewey's charges as "an outrageous and malicious assault upon my office. During my term as District Attorney more than 7,000 prosecutions were conducted."

Dewey said he regretted dragging Erwin from his tomb; but Schultz and many others were equally dead, and the whole trial was almost a drama in the graveyard.

All this while Dewey was looming increasingly as the Republican candidate for successor to Governor Lehman. The Democrats were so afraid of his popularity they cast about for an opponent and could find none but Governor Lehman. But he had his heart set on the United States Senate.

More and more Republicans declared the convention would stampede to Dewey. Even Hines' lawyer, Stryker, in a court argument when Dewey was not present, demanded that he state whether or not he would accept the nomination for Governor.

Dewey's assistant, Charles P. Grimes, who was present, said that politics was not before the Court. Yet it was, for now Judge Pecora's name was put forward as a candidate for Governor to offset Dewey. And Pecora had long been a loyal Tammany man.

It was a strange situation: a prosecutor and a judge as potential nominees of rival political parties, and the man on trial the most powerful leader in the judge's party. Judge Pecora was in a difficult position. But so was Dewey. So was Hines.

While the Hines trial was being readied to the last detail, other branches of Dewey's staff were busily at work in their fields.

The enormous growth of the taxicab industry with its group wars had attracted the inevitable seekers for illicit money, and the Rackets Bureau indicted in June, 1938, a large mob that had created a taxicab monopoly.

Dewey arrested the first state legislator to be indicted for bribery in New York in a generation. Assemblyman Edward S. Moran, Jr., of Brooklyn, was taken up on two indictments including four felony counts charging him with selling his influence to two taxicab companies for $20,000 in cash and $16,000 in monthly payments of $500 each. The assemblyman pleaded not guilty and was released on $10,000 bail.

An important politician, the State Motor Vehicle Commissioner, Charles Harnett, who had held the post for fourteen years, quietly went before the grand jury. He waived immunity and spread out his books. But the jury was not satisfied by his explanation of a certain sum of $67,000 suspiciously accounted for on the books of one of the large taxicab companies. The case did not come to public knowledge for many months.

MEANWHILE the Indictment Bureau was investigating charges against another public official, State Senator Julius S. Berg, who was chairman of the Senate Motor Vehicle Committee. The grand jury had already heard evidence against him on seventeen charges for grand larceny in connection with World's Fair concessions and liquor licenses. Berg was invited to give his side of the case to the District Attorney's office. He went to the hospital for a brief rest. He had borrowed $40,000 ten days before. Returning to his office, he secured a pistol and killed himself.

The still unpunished assassination of William Snyder had not been forgotten. On November 3, 1937, the day after election, Morris Goldis had been indicted. Now a new indictment was handed up by the grand jury in which his brother Wolfie, Max Silverman, and Samuel Schorr were joined with him in the charge of murder. The Goldis brothers offered to plead guilty to first-degree manslaughter. Silverman and Schorr pleaded not guilty and were held for trial.

The efficiency of Dewey's office was tested next in a clash with the famous criminal lawyer, Samuel S. Leibowitz, who had never in his long practice had a client convicted of first-degree murder. This perfect record was broken when Dewey's office secured death sentences for Salvatore Gati, Leibowitz' client, and Charles Sberna, who were found guilty of first-degree murder for killing Patrolman John Wilson.

Dewey gives credit for those convictions to Assistant District Attorney Jacob J. Rosenblum, to whose skill Dewey entrusted most of his homicide problems. This was the Homicide Bureau's tenth consecutive victory in capital cases. The capture of the murderers had been a piece of detective work that surpassed most fictional stories. It involved the finding of a smudge of hot sealing wax on the sleeve of a coat, then a cleaner's tag, then a house-to-house search for a man with a burned hand.

Dewey's eighty assistants were trying cases every court day in fourteen courts, conducting investigations before five grand juries, carrying appeals in all the appellate courts of New York and the Supreme Court of the United States simultaneously, and at the same time doing what they could in behalf of misguided offenders and victims.

When the Hines trial opened, the only codefendant left with Hines was Martin Weintraub. Of the other seven, Davis, Weinberg, and Schoenhaus had turned state's witnesses; one was believed dead; and three were not yet captured. Dewey moved a severance of Weintraub's case, since it would take only a day or two. Judge Pecora granted the motion.

Hines was now alone.

In a day and a half the jury was selected, and on August 17 Dewey began his long opening address. He spoke simply, without eloquence or denunciation. Stryker's address was in a flowery vein.

Stryker charged that when Davis turned state's evidence, he "contrived, proposed, and fomented the lowest conspiracy that has ever been concocted in this jurisdiction" to implicate an innocent man "who has lived in this community with his family all his life." Stryker assured the jury that Dewey's witnesses would testify to "the blackest lies that you will ever hear from this time on to the date of your several deaths."

DEWEY'S first witness was Wilfred Brunder, born in the British West Indies, who described his part in the policy racket and how it worked.

Suddenly Stryker attacked Dewey's whole plan of procedure by claiming Dewey must prove the existence of a conspiracy involving Hines before he could bring in any other testimony.

This was startling doctrine, since the normal way to prove a conspiracy would be to build up the evidence by testimony and let the conspiracy gradually appear. The legality of such procedure had been unquestioned, and it was fully sustained later. But Judge Pecora would not listen to Dewey's arguments and demanded instant proof of conspiracy.

Dewey demurred but wasted no time in plainly futile argument. He called George Weinberg to the stand. Weinberg testified that he had met Hines at a previously arranged conference in Dutch Schultz' apartment where Schultz told Hines that he must have the right kind of protection; he could strong-arm the bankers but he couldn't protect his men from the law; he wanted no more police drives and he wanted things arranged in the Magistrates' Courts. Weinberg testified that Hines said he didn't control the whole Police Department, but he could handle the Sixth Division in Harlem and take care of the Magis-

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Which are the only cough drops containing Vitamin A? (CAROTENE)
ANSWER

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COUGH DROPS
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trates' Courts. Schultz might with discretion use his name.

Weinberg also testified that Schultz then paid Hines $1,000 and instructed Weinberg to pay him $500 every week, and "any other reasonable amounts up to $1,000." Which he did up to June, 1935, when, on account of hard times, Schultz cut the salary in half, with Hines' consent. Weinberg told of Hines' constant activity in keeping arrests down and having persistently annoying policemen transferred and reduced.

This was certainly tying Hines into the case, and Weinberg pointed him out where he sat in the courtroom.

Ten days after the trial began, the testimony had already filled 2,402 pages. The whole record filled 4,600 pages. Manifestly this million of words cannot be even summarized here.

Judge Pecora sustained many of Stryker's numerous objections and often added a lecture to Dewey. Conference after conference was called by the judge on questions of law. The whole trial bristled with tension.

Curry, the former Tammany chieftain, testified about Hines' frequent requests for transfers of policemen. Max D. Steuer, legal adviser for Tammany, testified that Hines had asked him to act as counsel for Dutch Schultz in his income-tax troubles. James D. C. Murray, well known criminal lawyer, confirmed Davis' testimony that he (Davis) had warned Hines not to permit Dodge to appoint Dewey as Special Prosecutor. The Democratic County leader of Troy, an old friend of Hines, testified Hines had phoned him repeatedly and asked him to stop Troy police from "kicking Dutch Schultz around."

During the trial's progress the New York Times announced in headlines that the Republican chiefs had decided to draft Dewey whether the trial was finished or not; and that Lehman had refused to run again.

On September 7, the seventeenth day of the trial, Dewey rested his case. As defense counsel always does, Stryker moved for a dismissal of all charges as not proved. Normally this formality ends in the judge's prompt denial, and the defense moves up its witnesses. But in this instance Judge Pecora's attitude was doubtful at first and Stryker was stimulated to make a hard fight for his motion. Dewey fought back with a vigor that astonished the spectators and the nation looking on through the newspapers.

Stryker supported his motion for dismissal by violent denunciation of Dewey's witnesses, and decried the conspiracy element of the case as both weak and outlawed, since the racket had died with Dutch Schultz. Dewey interposed that Hines had taken money as late as October, 1936, a year after Dutch Schultz died.

Judge Pecora stated that he also found weaknesses in Dewey's case as to the nature of the conspiracy and whether or not it had been outlawed by the statute of limitations. Dewey rebelled at this so hotly that Pecora said: "You must not assume I am playing the role of devil's advocate."

Dewey got ready with speed a twenty-six-page brief opposing dismissal, and on September 8 Justice Pecora ruled that the case should go on. This merely postponed a fatal ending.

A young attorney, Lyon Boston, took the stand to refute by indirection the charge that District Attorney Dodge had been under Hines' control and had done what he could to discourage the investigation of policy and other rackets by the "runaway grand jury" which had finally brought about Dewey's appointment.

When Boston had completed his loyal tribute to his former chief, Stryker presented him to Dewey for cross-examination. Promptly Dewey had Boston admitting that he had secured his post by reason of his father's position as a prominent lawyer, and that he had been put in charge of a most difficult investigation, though he had had no experience whatsoever with criminals—"except," Boston admitted, "as a child detective during the war." He was about twelve years old then.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 17

1—Senator Hiram Johnson of California.
2—A baby has more bones than an adult because the vertebral column is formed in parts which later grow together.
3—Silver fox is a natural animal; pointed fox has the silver hairs applied by hand to a black pelt.
4—The units are in parallel lines but each somewhat to the right or left of the one in the rear.
5—Troposphere.
6—It is a narrow arm of the sea, between high banks or rocks, or the opening of a river into the sea.
7—Greta Garbo, whose latest movie is a comedy, Ninotchka.
8—Thirty-two.
9—The Danube.
10—Samson (Judges 15:14-16).
11—It is a type of ski turn.
12—Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Russia, and Finland.
13—Pyrite.
14—In natural condition, with grease and other impurities still in it.
15—William C. Handy.
16—Ford Sterling.
17—As a source of turpentine.
18—Broad wheels for the soil and a cover for the sun.
19—The cross is awarded for heroism in military operations against an enemy; the medal, for service in a position of responsibility in time of war.
20—

John J. Audubon

This sounded so ridiculous that Pecora intervened to ask if Dewey were trying to prove Boston incompetent. To which Dewey answered:

"I want to show that this man was assigned to do the utterly impossible, all alone, and was deliberately so assigned by his superior."

He went on to show that Boston was the lowest paid and least experienced man on Dodge's staff.

Finally, as Boston's testimony toppled before Dewey's burrowing questions, he confessed that Hines' name had crept into the runaway grand jury's minutes as a result of the testimony of a reporter, Arthur Mefford.

"But," Boston persisted, "I felt that it was incompetent."

To crush that statement Dewey

asked him if as responsible a man as the Commissioner of Markets, William Fellowes Morgan, had not discussed the subject at length before the grand jury.

"I don't recall that," said Boston.

He was destroyed by now, but Dewey had only one more question to ask him. Boston had said that the reason for the split between Dodge and the runaway grand jury was that the jury wanted to indict Hines, and Dodge would not permit it. This was in his direct examination by Stryker. Boston explained that there was nothing in the testimony against Hines except some hearsay testimony by another newspaperman, Martin Mooney.

Dewey knew that this was not true, since Commissioner of Markets Morgan, Police Commissioner Valentine, and a number of others had made statements about Hines' connection with other rackets. Therefore, to disprove Boston's testimony that the runaway grand jury had no excuse to run away, Dewey asked about Morgan's testimony. When Boston said he did not remember, Dewey asked the question which was to become famous and fatal: "Don't you remember any testimony about Hines and the poultry racket there by him?"

While Boston hesitated, Stryker's assistant nudged his chief and gave him a look that sent Stryker into the air with a loud shout: "I demand a mistrial! Your Honor! Your Honor! I demand a mistrial."

Dewey answered, "The subject was opened by the defense." He referred to Stryker's instruction to Boston, on direct examination, to tell the entire story of the runaway grand jury in his own words. And Boston had done so, claiming that the jury "ran away" because they wished to indict Hines on the testimony of a newspaperman only. This, according to Dewey, opened the way to challenging Boston's credibility by showing that many others had testified about Hines before that grand jury. Anticipating the objections that would automatically be made by Stryker, Dewey had actually prepared and held in readiness a brief showing many legal precedents for his question. But he did not then get a chance to submit it, for Stryker continued to bellow:

"I move for a mistrial and the withdrawal of a juror!"

Finally Pecora turned to Dewey: "There was no such subject opened up, and I think you should not refer to it in any way, shape, or form."

Knowing how well fortified he was by the authorities cited in his brief, Dewey said very quietly: "I shall be glad to discuss it at the bench."

But Pecora ended the argument by saying he would adjourn court, take the matter under advisement, and make his pronouncement Monday.

It was now 2.20 P. M. Saturday, and the abrupt break in the case created a furor.

On Sunday Dewey sent to Pecora's house a twenty-page brief pointing out that the question was legitimate. Stryker had a brief of his own all ready to submit on Monday morning.

When that came, Pecora again adjourned court until 2 P. M. For two hours Dewey and Stryker argued questions of law in his chambers. In the afternoon he reopened court and, instead of making a simple ruling on the question, delivered a two-hour essay on law and justice. He closed by ordering a juror withdrawn and granting the motion for a mistrial.

After a juror left the box, the clerk of the court asked Dewey an unexpected question: "Do you wish to concur in the mistrial, Mr. Dewey?"

Dewey answered: "I certainly do not. I am of the firm opinion that the question asked was correct and proper, as are the chiefs of my Appeals Bureau and my Indictment Bureau, Felix Benvenga and Stanley Fuld. Unfortunately, however, the people of the State of New York have no appeal from this or any other of the decisions in this case."

Few rulings in American legal history have created so violent a shock or such widespread debate among professional men as well as among the laity. The public is always impatient with the technicalities of bench and bar. It had only recently been encouraged to believe that at last a man named Dewey had found a way to cope with criminals. The public now had its new hopes shattered and it was in general disappointed by the decision.

Hines was still under bail and subject to a second trial; but he went forth a free man.

When Dewey walked down the courtroom steps, a few of the spectators booed. He and his disconsolate staff trudged back to the office, brooding over the loss of their enormous labors and hopes. After an absence in his inner office just long enough to hang up his hat and his disappointment, Dewey rejoined his men and, grinning, said:

"Don't worry, boys. There'll be another trial, and we'll win it!"

DEWEY made no public comment on the devastating decision. He has never publicly criticized any adverse ruling by a judge. He says he has too much respect for the bench. All that he announced was: "Make no mistake about it. Hines will be brought to justice. I will move for a new trial at the earliest possible date. It will be the same identical indictment."

He did ask for another judge, and carried the matter straight to Pecora, requesting him to yield jurisdiction and let the General Sessions Court also take over the sentencing of Davis, Weinberg, and Schoenhaus.

Pecora signed the order for the transfer of the trial, but kept to himself the sentencing of Davis, Weinberg, and Schoenhaus. Dewey moved immediately before Judge Charles C. Nott, Jr., for the second trial on November 14, and he asked for a special panel of 500 members.

A post-card poll taken in Buffalo had been reported on September 3 as giving Dewey a majority over all Republican candidates for Governor

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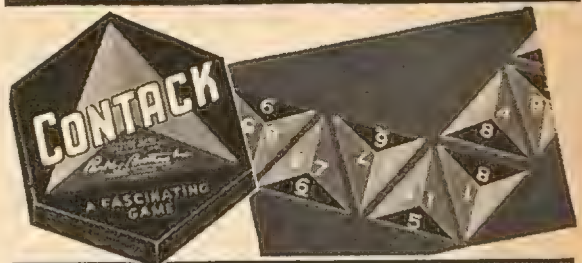

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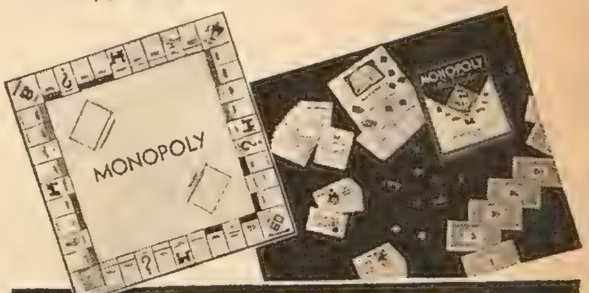

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(SEE PAGES 28 and 37)

and 14 per cent of the Democratic votes. The next day the New York Sunday Enquirer's headlines went even beyond the governorship:

Dewey's Presidential Boom Growing. Feeling for New York's Prosecutor Sweeping the Country.

Jimmy Hines still inspired loyalty, and in the primary on September 21 won from his district a vote of complete confidence by an increased majority in an uncontested election. He was also chosen, as usual, to lead the delegation from his district at the Democratic State Convention.

GOVERNOR LEHMAN had already announced for the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of Senator Copeland. Senator Wagner, who was very popular with the public, was being urged to take the nomination for Governor; but the Senate was very popular with him. There was talk of forcing Lehman to succeed himself for four years more; but, as a matter of political history, Dewey was positively informed, the day before he accepted the Republican nomination, that Lehman would retire to private life rather than run again for the governorship.

The Republican State Convention opened September 28, just sixteen days after the Hines mistrial. It convened at Saratoga and listened the next day to a nineteen-plank platform which condemned the alliance between the underworld and politics, and the use of federal relief funds for Democratic political purposes. Inevitably it condemned the Democratic administrations, both state and national, and bewailed the shortcomings and fargoings of the New Deal.

The platform was the shortest on record, and immediately after its adoption, Judge William F. Bleakley, Republican candidate for Governor in 1936, made a ringing speech nominating a candidate for Governor.

The conclusion of this oration was the name of Thomas E. Dewey, and according to a veteran reporter, George Van Slyke of the New York Sun, "the convention broke into one of the wildest demonstrations ever witnessed in a political convention. It was not like the orthodox demonstration of such conventions with rival candidates trying to outdo each other. This was unanimous.

"The half dozen seconding speeches were barely heard. The bands kept going and the delegates refused to take their seats. The Republicans hadn't known any hour like this for twenty years. They had their man named; they had a new deal in politics; and they had a new leader."

No other candidate was even proposed, and at 12.12 noon on September 29, 1938, Dewey's nomination was made unanimous by acclamation.

Once he was in it, Dewey gave his heart to the next task before him.

He took the one twenty train north, with three secretaries, two typewriters, and two assistants, and worked on his acceptance speech all the way to Saratoga, which he reached at night. The convention was in session; but the moment he appeared and took a seat on the platform, bedlam was restored. It reigned for five minutes. Then he was introduced as "the next Governor of New York."

In his acceptance speech, in addition to discussing relief and other state issues, he referred to the task he was surrendering and the temptation to play safe and stick to it. "But I should have been shirking the bigger job, the harder fight. Crime is wider than one county. A single District Attorney is like a deep-sea diver fighting an octopus, one arm at a time. . . . Crime is the product of remote causes, of social pressure and political cynicism. . . . Politics has been made the biggest racket of them all. The science of representative government should be—it must become—the most honorable profession. For politics is the lifeblood of democracy."

He praised the record of "our party—the party of Theodore Roosevelt and Charles E. Hughes. . . . Without meaning to be so, any Democratic governor is perforce the good-will advertising, the window dressing, for what is, in part at least, a corrupt machine."

The next day, at Rochester, the Democratic convention waited in gloomy confusion until Postmaster General Farley strode in smiling at 9.45 A. M. and announced:

"The Governor will run again!"

The appropriate uproar followed. President Franklin D. Roosevelt sent a telegram and gave his support to the entire ticket as "ensuring the continuation of liberal government in my own state." He praised Lehman for his "personal sacrifice."

LEHMAN'S acceptance speech was almost entirely devoted to an attack on Dewey for accepting the Republican nomination. He said:

"I did not believe that Mr. Dewey would abandon, almost before it started, that important work for which he was chosen by the people less than a year ago and for the consummation of which he accepted an obligation to the people."

Lehman conveniently forgot the Hines trial was set for November 14, and that Dewey had arranged to try it without regard to the result of the election.

Yet Lehman's' charge that Dewey was quitting an unfinished job struck at his Achilles' heel as a candidate for the governorship. Many of his most ardent admirers took an active or a passive part in the campaign to keep him in New York County.

In his battle for the office of District Attorney, Dewey had been fighting corruption and little else in one county and one city. He had had the support of LaGuardia, who had implored him to run. He had been backed by the American Labor Party. In his battle for the governorship he would have to fight most reluctantly a Governor of most excellent reputation; a wealthy man who did not need and did not seek dirty political money; a man who had the enthusiastic support of political labor—yet had left many ugly evils to flourish.

Furthermore, Dewey was now a threat to the national Democratic Party and its grip on the state that had the most electoral votes of all the states. President Roosevelt and all his forces, liberal, radical, and political, entered the war against him with grim determination to throw him back over the walls.

Dewey's former teammate, LaGuardia, joined with the opposition, silently at first, then openly.

The American Labor Party, which had put Dewey's name on its ballot for District Attorney, met on October 3 and nominated Lehman with wild acclaim. The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. both endorsed him, and the International Longshoremen's Association of the A. F. of L., with 50,000 members, threw its support to him. Thus deserted by many of his former supporters, Dewey had on his hands a fight indeed.

Three months before the Republican convention it had become clear to Dewey that he might be drafted for the governorship, irrespective of the Hines case. In the event he was called to lead the campaign, he had felt it imperative that there should be deep and thorough research into state issues, and that the campaign should be confined to them. He had always based his public utterances on accumulated facts. He wanted research available on the issues which he would draw.

With the Democrats in control of all state departments and their files practically inaccessible to a Republican candidate, he had persuaded the Republican State Committee to appropriate "the best $15,000 they ever spent" in getting up a research bureau selected by Dewey. He had explained that, of course, if he were not nominated, the information would be as invaluable to whoever did run.

Then he had plunged into the Hines case. After his nomination one of his first thoughts was to pick up the loose threads of the research bureau, outline the issues, and have further research made along those lines.

THE major issues he selected and emphasized as most vital were six. Lehman never answered the first three of them; on the other three he accused Dewey of being "misinformed and ignorant," though in action after the election he tacitly confessed Dewey's accuracy.

The six issues, as Dewey saw them, were:

1. The political corruption of Democratic machines in Albany, Buffalo, and New York City.
2. Lehman's poor record on civil service.
3. The breakdown of unemployment insurance.
4. The breakdown of public-utility regulation.
5. Neglect of proper housing.
6. Chaos in the budget.

For his campaign manager he selected James O. Moore, a Buffalo lawyer, with Oswald D. Heck, Speaker of the State Assembly, as upstate manager, and Roger W. Straus as manager for New York City.

On the very day he formally opened his campaign, October 10, 1938, the Supreme Court of the United States not only upheld the constitutionality of the "Dewey law" of joinder indictments, but refused the appeal and put the final quietus on the struggles for freedom of Lucky Luciano, Betillo, Wahrman, Pennochio, Frederico, and Liguori, whom Dewey had begun to investigate more than three years before.

In his first Monday evening radio talk Dewey took up the national problem of unemployment insurance and the State Unemployment Insurance Act, which had been in force since April, 1935. He praised the high promise of the act and then examined the performance.

With specific case after case Dewey piled up the story of confusion. More than 122,000 claims had been delayed, he said. After $73,500,000 had been boastfully distributed, there were still 20,000 cases in arrears and 48,000 in dispute—so many indeed that even the applications were cut in two.

"Unemployment insurance," he said, "has become a sound and necessary part of social progress and of the self-confidence of our people. With financially sound operation and efficiency of administration, it can be made a broader base for human security and happiness. Badly administered, it is an obstacle to social progress and a deception of the people."

Dewey's speech made a deep impression throughout the state. The Republican Party began to shake off its apathy and take on a feeling of confidence. They realized it was going to be a fighting campaign.

ON October 17, in his second Monday radio talk, he took up the bad record of the administration in the matter of low-cost housing:

"Tonight let us recall the story of Elizabeth Horan and her brother Joe, who lived in four tiny airless rooms on the fourth floor of an old tenement house near New York City's Harlem, for which they had to pay more than they could afford, since there aren't enough good homes to go round."

He described the awful death of the Horans when the tenement went up in flames. Then he said:

"Death by fire is in reality the least of the threats under which almost a third of the population of New York City must live. In such houses the tuberculosis death rate has been 129 per cent higher than elsewhere in the city. Death from spinal meningitis has been 119 per cent higher than in the rest of the city. The general death rate is 93 per cent higher.

"When a man is District Attorney he sees these things himself, at first hand. In the courtroom he sees literally thousands of men and women who will find in prison more decent healthy living quarters than they ever knew in their own homes. The futility of the patchwork methods of the past becomes overwhelmingly clear to those who live with this problem. The urgent demand is for action.

"After six long years of the present administration the State of New York has not contributed to the construction of a single low-rent dwelling."

He told of what the federal government had done. "While Albany slept, Washington acted." Yet it only meant an increase in centralized bureaucracy; and it meant that New York taxpayers would send $176,000,000 to Washington for housing and "be lucky to get back sixty millions of it for use in the state."

He saw one hope of improvement. The Constitutional Convention, largely controlled by Republicans, had proposed a housing amendment written by Senator Bontecou, candidate for Lieutenant Governor. If this were passed at the November election, "$300,000,000 would be put to work in New York State for low-cost housing on a sound financial basis."

WHILE he was making this speech Governor Lehman was the house guest of President Roosevelt at Hyde Park. They had split over Roosevelt's attack on the Supreme Court, but they patched up their quarrel in the face of the danger of Dewey. The administration was bringing all its big guns to bear on him. Another Hyde Park guest, Harry Hopkins, gave an interview there, claiming a Democratic victory in New York and adding:

"And that means that Sir Galahad will stay home."

The national interest in the campaign was shown by the comment of a Detroit Free Press editorial on Hopkins' gibe:

"In all the history of corrupt machine politics in America there has probably never been uttered a more calloused and cynical comment than that of Harry Hopkins. It is comparable to Boss Tweed's boasting question, 'What are you going to do about it?'

"That the American people are at heart opposed to graft and corruption is well attested by the manner in which Thomas Dewey caught the public imagination by his crusades against the racketeers in New York. He made life safe for workingmen against union exploiters; he freed small merchants from the terrors of extortion; he cleaned the foul political stable of Tammany Hall."

The campaign goes on, the indefatigable Dewey carrying his attacks farther and farther into the enemy's camp. Read next week of the bomb he exploded under the rulers of Albany; of the President's reference to him in a "fireside chat"; of the election and why it turned out as it did. What were the amazing developments in the second Hines trial?

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KRAFT DINNER
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THE SPECIAL MACARONI AND THE GRATED CHEESE
A MEAL FOR 4.

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BOY! What a slick knife! Chromium plated blade, stainless steel frame... Swell for your chain!
That razor steel blade makes a hit with me...It's the knife I've always wanted!
Goodbye broken fingernails! Blade slides in and out, using only one hand!
I go for the Christy Sport Knife because it takes so little room in my pocket!
Handiest knife I ever saw. Blade locks easily at 3 lengths—really 3 blades in one!
I'm giving half-a-dozen for Christmas...It's a grand gift! No foolin'!
Christy
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GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

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For enclosed $1.00, please send me a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied with the knife, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) Offer good in U.S.A. only.

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GRANDSTAND STUFF

Liberty's Short Short

BY RICHARD HOFFMANN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ANCILL was way back in the baggage room with his grip, snatching an unlighted cigarette out of his mouth every time he heard a sound, then putting it back again. No. 17 was due, but she hadn't whistled down at Poorwater crossing yet when Sheriff Lorney came in.

"You better rest in my jail till they're ready to try you," he said. "Come on."

Ancill looked as if the sheriff were going to spread-eagle him on the desert and leave him there. "I'll stand trial, but I gotta be safe," he said. "They might lynch me."

"Not outa *my* jail," Lorney said.

Then the door was full of the three Padgett boys and a couple of their friends behind them.

"You can't have him," Lorney said. "Stand outa the way."

Corker Padgett took a lazy step forward, saying, "Now listen, sheriff. We—" He sprang like a boxer, bumping Ancill aside, and jammed Lorney into the corner, where he got the sheriff's elbows locked behind him. "Take it gentle, sheriff," he said. "This is nothin' against you. We all voted for you, and will again."

"Gives you no right to take a prisoner from me," Lorney told them. "Turn me loose."

"This is special," Fyfe said. He patted the sheriff's shoulder kindly as he moved to take Ancill.

From the door somebody said, "Put 'em up—all of you. Turn my dad loose, Corker, so he can get 'em up too." They looked around and they saw young Tod Lorney there—a gangly, gray-eyed youngster holding two guns on them.

"Up—*up*, I said," Tod told them, pushing the guns a little. You could feel it when everybody saw the guns were cocked and Tod wasn't in his usual easygoing frame of mind. They put their hands all the way up, except the sheriff. He took a quick step, and Tod let blast with a bullet into the splintered floor just ahead of his toe. "Stay still, Pop," he said. "None o' this would've happened if you'd made me a deputy like I asked you nearly a hundred times. I'm takin' Ancill where he'll be safe till the trial. You can't keep him in that jail—with no deputies, and Padgetts after him. If you move again, I'll wing you."

"Do you want the hell whaled out of you?" Lorney said, acting as if the two guns had nothing to do with his not moving. "My jail's the place for my prisoners. You're interferin' with an officer; you're violatin' the law. You give me one o' those guns before you get into the trouble I'll help make for you."

"I'm savin' you trouble, Pop," Tod said. "I'm keepin' Padgetts from spoilin' your record for never losin' a prisoner outa your jail."

Fyfe stirred. "Listen, Tod," he said. "How'd you feel if somebody come to town and married your sister and got a-hold of her property, and then you found out he had this wife all the time in Des Moines and he was turnin' all the stuff into cash, set to skin out and leave your sister with nothin' but debts and a name spoilt and maybe— How *would* you feel?"

"Bad," said Tod, "if I knew it was all so. But you fellas *don't* know it. I'm takin' Ancill out on No. 17. She's late, ain't she?" he asked of his father.

Lorney's eyes had cold blazes in them. "Son, I order you to hand over my prisoner."

No. 17 gave her lonely whistle for Poorwater crossing, and very quietly Tod said, "Ancill, get your grip. The baggage car'll come about opposite here. You get in it. If Cal says anything to you, tell him I'm comin' along in a second."

Ancill came to stand beside Tod, pale as paper.

In the stillness Corker Padgett said ominously, "He'll get away from you. He's slick and shifty, and you're nothin' but a kid' t's seen too many pictures. Hand him over to your dad now, and we'll swear not to lay a hand on him till he's in a cell."

Tod said, "You ain't goin' to have a chance to lay a hand on him at all. Y'see, I was brought up by an old-time peace officer but I think like a new-time peace officer, and I'm tryin' to prove there's room for both of 'em round here."

No. 17 cut off her exhaust and began to clank outside, and Tod stepped a little out of the doorway. The head car, half baggage, half smoker, stopped opposite, the wide baggage doors open so you could see out the other side.

Tod said, "Are they unloadin' anything?"

Ancill looked and said, "No."

Tod said, "O. K., then. Hop in. I'll be there in a second."

Ancill threw his grip into the baggage car and scrambled up over the high threshold on his belly. When the wheels began to roll, Tod stuck the left-hand gun in his belt, stepped out, and slammed the door after him. The hasp outside clapped into place and the hook of the padlock pinned it. Fyfe threw himself against the wall on the station side, beating the planks. Sheriff Lorney walked to the door and stood waiting for it to be opened.

It was opened quickly, but the last coach of No. 17 was clear. Fyfe yelled, "Come on! We can get to Muir ahead of 'em in the car."

"Look!" said Corker, pointing up the track. Out of the tall weeds on the other side, Tod got slowly to his feet—one flat hand feeling his jaw, the other fist tight and shaking after No. 17. There was a jumble of contemptuous oaths. They ran for their car, tumbled into it, and charged away. Sheriff Lorney watched Tod walk toward him.

"I'm sorry I did it like this, Pop," he said.

"Get in the car," Lorney said. "You're under arrest. I got to phone Muir to get a posse ready. I s'pose that suits you now."

"There's no hurry," Tod said, as he smiled and took his father's arm. "They got a long ride to Muir. I want to show you somethin'."

Lorney let himself be led to the place where Tod had risen from the weeds. Ancill lay there like a blown-over scarecrow, the blood trickling from one corner of his mouth. Tod said, "Thought it'd be easier to get him safe in the jail if them Padgetts was outa town. We can be ready for 'em by the time they get back."

Lorney knelt down and turned Ancill over on his back. "Busted his jaw, didn't you? You want to be careful about hittin' so hard: don't want to spoil your hands."

"I'll remember that, Pop," Tod said. "Shall we load him in the bus?"

"You get his legs," Lorney said. He tried to keep his eyes down so Tod couldn't see the laughter behind their grimness, and Tod pretended he didn't see it.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

Torch-and-Tomahawk Days

Hollywood turns to tales of redskins and pioneer perils in two new films of our adventurous past

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 39 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Henry Fonda and his film wife Claudette Colbert in the technicolored Drums Along the Mohawk.

★ ★ ★ DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Henry Fonda, John Carradine, Eddie Collins, Doris Bowdon, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Shields, Jessie Ralph, Roger Imhoff, Francis Ford, Kay Linaker, Russell Simpson, Spencer Charters, Robert Lowery. Screen play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien, based on the novel by Walter D. Edmonds. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 103 minutes.

THE first redskins bite the dust in technicolor. Just before the second World War got off to its lame start, Hollywood had decided to go super-Western and then Revolutionary.

Not in a way to worry Congressman Martin Dies but back to the year 1776 or thereabouts, to depict our hardy colonial progenitors. This, for instance, is a panorama of pioneer perils through New York State's fertile valley of the Mohawk when the British were fighting a losing struggle to hold the territory — and using none too scrupulous tactics to egg on bad redskins to pillage and burn.

There is really no story at all, save the tribulations of a husky buckskin hero and his city-bred bride who venture into the wilderness, have all their worldly possessions destroyed by Indians, lose their first baby, get jobs with a rich widow, and struggle on to their measure of happiness, although there always is a lurking savage with tomahawk and flaming arrow to make life a bit precarious.

Suspense depends upon attacks on a stockaded settlement and chases through virgin forests.

Henry Fonda is here an earnest, serious young pioneer. Claudette Colbert is less successful as the young—and continuously distraught — wife. Best of the performances is Edna May Oliver as a sharp-tongued 1776 widow who boxes the ears of murderous Mohawks.

All this is frequently lovely of background and just as frequently very bloody of foreground. More historical panorama than drama.

VITAL STATISTICS: Utah plays the Mohawk Valley. The movies had to have primitive country sans auto signs and electric wires. A tent city was constructed at the top of 11,000-foot Cedar Mountain, forty miles from Cedar City. There was 200,000 feet of lumber hauled up; company of 300, including 70 actors, along with two 2,500-gallon water tanks; generators for electric power and special heating equipment installed at the camp site. The camp was in use for a month. A crop of corn was transported intact a hundred miles for some shots. Likewise a crop of wheat. The natives used as extras were mostly descendants of Brigham Young and his followers. . . . Most serious accident: Claudette Colbert went home for a holiday and forgot to turn off the tap in her bathroom. . . . The Fox casting department hunted high and low for Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagas, Cayugas, Senecas—in brief, for authentic Five Nations; found two Iroquois. And one of 'em was too short. . . . Henry Fonda was on home territory doing the hero. Fonda, New York, in the Mohawk Valley, is named after one of his ancestors. The Fondas settled there in the 1600s. And Douw Fonda, a character in Walter Edmonds' novel, was Henry's great-great-great-great-grandfather who was scalped by the Indians. Speaking of hair, after the last scenes were shot, Fonda darted to the studio barbershop. Hadn't had a trim since December, 1938, when he started letting his hair grow for Young Mr. Lincoln. That's sustained hirsute adornment!

★ ★½ ALLEGHENY UPRISING

THE PLAYERS: Claire Trevor, John Wayne, George Sanders, Brian Donlevy, Wilfrid Lawson, Robert Barrat, John F. Hamilton, Moroni Olsen, Chill Wills, Ian Wolfe, Eddie Quillan, Wallis Clarke, Monte Montague, Olaf Hytten, Clay Clement. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson, based on Neil Swanson's novel, The First Rebel. Directed by William A. Seiter. Produced by RKO Radio. Running time, 82 minutes.

HERE is another and earlier torch-and-tomahawk interlude preceding the Revolution—exact date 1759—when the inhabitants of the Conococheague Valley in Pennsylvania staged a little pre-release rebellion of their own against the authority of England. Cause: Unscrupulous traders selling fire water and weapons to the Shawnees and Delawares under the unobserving eyes of the English. The settlers were prompted to stop it and stand up for their rights by a hardy young pioneer, who is pursued not only by redcoats and redskins but by the wild untamed daughter of a Scotch innkeeper. Guess who gets him? This is full of melodramatic plot, with murderous traders, stupid British officers, and earnest pioneers at violent odds.

None of the proceedings seem very real; the Indians are none too convincing. This particular era always has been a hard period of history to make convincing on stage or screen. Those were the days when dandified officers in His Majesty's service wore wigs and valentine uniforms, the army moved on dress parade with massed drums through the primeval wilderness, overdressed, overloaded, and pretty baffled about it all. It was musical comedy colliding with reality—and the result always has been difficult to make convincing drama.

John Wayne is the lad in buckskins and high courage; Claire Trevor the gal in breeches and impetuosity.

VITAL STATISTICS: Wilfrid Lawson, who does the heroine's innkeeping dad, was the cockney father of the English-made Pygmalion.

Brought from England for this role. . . . Claire Trevor wears just one costume all through the film: ankle-length buckskin breeches, a blouse of homespun linen, buckskin moccasins. Coiffure: hair drawn back, tied with a black cord at the nape of the neck. And did Claire love it! It eliminated the usual movie heroine's hour or so of preparation every morning. Against that ease she had to learn to smoke a corncob pipe, drive a hay wagon. . . . The Allegheny Valley locations were shot near Sherwood Lake. . . . Will Hays lives near by in the San Fernando Valley, invited the cast to use his pool and shady grounds in off moments. . . . Two thousand yellow-pine logs, otherwise sixty truckloads, were used to build the stockade and log cabins. Note the tree stumps. There were phonies, placed about the stockade, shaped to appear as if cut by a hand ax, covered with bark, painted the right shade. Another location, showing a creek, was made in the Malibu mountains, close by a set laid out as a tropical jungle, being used by a Paramount unit making Typhoon. The two locations were two hundred years and a few feet apart. . . . Thirty-nine distinct operations were necessary to load and fire the long "squirrel guns" used in 1760 and in Allegheny Uprising; 200 such rifles had to be handmade for the picture. The only existing ones are in museums. . . . John Wayne, then Duke Morrison, U. S. C. football star, did his first acting for John Ford, maker of Drums Along the Mohawk. Then he drifted to the Fox property department. One day, carrying a big leather armchair over his head, he collided with Director Raoul Walsh. And Walsh gave him another acting chance!

★ ★ KID NIGHTINGALE

THE PLAYERS: John Payne, Jane Wyman, Walter Catlett, Ed Brophy, Charles D. Brown, Max Hoffman, John Ridgely, Harry Burns, William Haade, Helen Troy, Winifred Harris, Lee Phelps, Frankie Van. Screen play by Charles Belden and Raymond Schrock, based on a story by Lee Katz. Directed by George Amy. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 57 minutes.

THIS comes close to being a burlesque Golden Boy. Remember him, torn between his fighting gloves and his violin? Here a canny prizefight promoter exploits a young chap who wants to be an opera singer; takes the lad through the hinterland knocking out set-ups. Each time the referee counts ten, Kid Nightingale's own orchestra, seated back of his ring corner, comes into action and the boy does an aria from Carmen or Listen to the Mocking Bird. In no time at all he's such a headline publicity figure that he is matched with the heavyweight champion.

There's the usual girl who believes in the Kid, and there are comedy promoters and their followers, all the entourage of the cauliflower-ear industry.

John Payne is fair enough as the song-and-sock man. Super-blonde Jane Wyman is Hollywood's idea of a sweet trusting heroine.

VITAL STATISTICS: After trying to get two actors who looked alike to play the comic wrestler hired to masquerade as a famous opera singer and the real opera star himself, the studio gave it up and let Harry Burns do both. Warner make-up chief Perc Westmore believes folks look older in the afternoon, so Burns did the aria wrestler after lunch, the grunt-and-groan wrencher in the morning. . . . Mushy Callahan, ex-pug who graduated to the Warner property department, trained John Payne. John fought here at 180. It was Mushy, too, who built up Wayne Morris for Kid Galahad. Payne didn't get a mar in all the fighting for the camera, but one of his opponents, Bill Haade, broke a finger, and another, Eddie Hogan, sprung a thumb. They both agreed that Payne was a hardheaded young man. . . . John and his wife, Anne Shirley, have an agreement never to be photographed together in at-home stuff. Hurts popularity or something. When Payne first started, he tried wrestling, was a bouncer for a Sixty-fifth Street resort in New York, managed a poolroom, wrote stories for the pulps, was a waiter, a scene painter, and a chauffeur. Got a start as an actor, understudied Reginald Gardiner in At Home Abroad with Beatrice Lillie. Then Hollywood. . . . Ben Turpin is the leader of the prizefighter's arena orchestra, in case you want to know.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

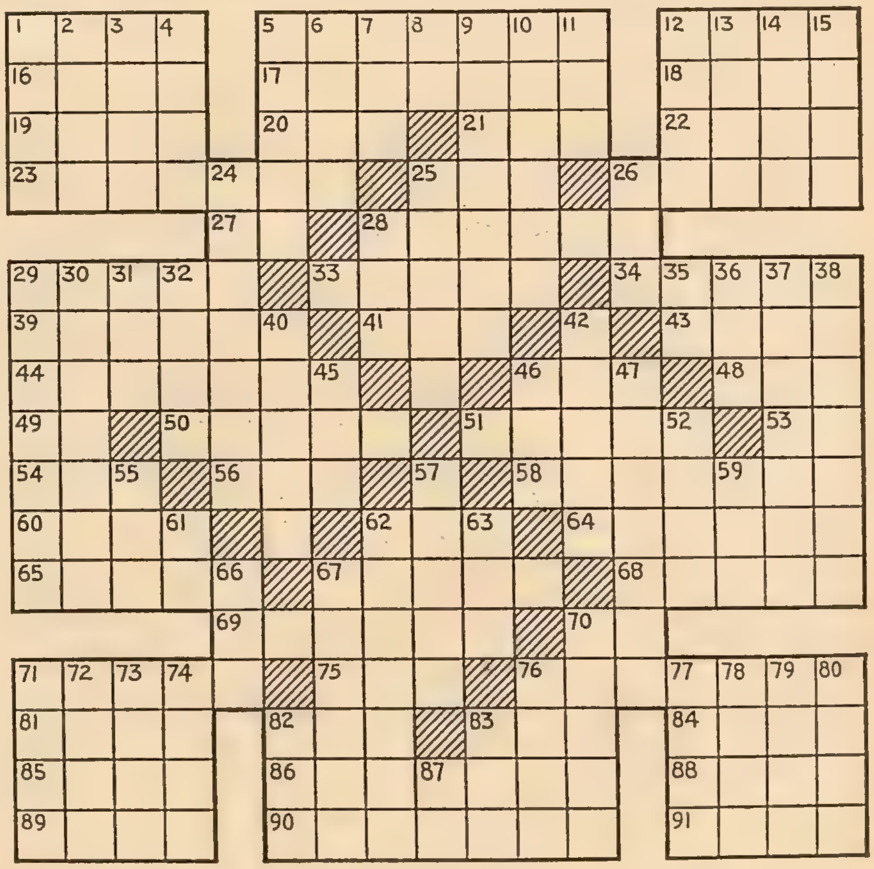
★★★★—Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings.

★★★½—Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World.

CROSSWORDS

By LEE PASQUIN



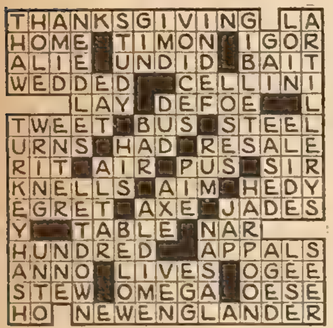
HORIZONTAL

1 Dark
5 Fatty
12 Measure of duration
16 Yawn
17 Kind of banana
18 Particle
19 Plane surface
20 Individual
21 Aged
22 Fairy
23 Body of a tooth
25 Wing
26 More docile
27 Pronoun
28 An ascription of praise
29 Title of respect
33 Loose
34 Pivotal
39 Hostility
41 Reward
43 Part of a church
44 Relates
46 Dandy
48 Wooden pin
49 Prefix: not
50 Retains
51 Committeeman
53 Egyptian god
54 At present
56 Period of time
58 Pertaining to number
60 Girl's name
62 Cut off
64 Render tractable
65 Spanish title of courtesy
67 Mortal
68 Ancient Venetian magistrate (pl.)
69 A manifestation or embodiment
70 Exist
71 Small fish
75 Human beings
76 Communication
81 Possess
82 Title of baronet or knight
83 Ever (poet.)
84 Melody
85 Ireland
86 Metrical foot of three syllables
88 Kind of tree (pl.)
89 Take out
90 Biblical character
91 Contrary current

VERTICAL

1 Ejaculation
2 Naked
3 Unfastened
4 Trim and clean
5 Solitary
6 Inhabitant of a European country
7 Frosting
8 Parent (abbr.)
9 Science pertaining to the ear
10 Recompense
11 Terminus
12 Kind of cloth
13 Also
14 Greater in number
15 Mohammedan prince
24 Confined
25 A plant division
26 Put a half sole on
28 Opening
29 Soldiers on warships
30 Flower
31 Plunge into liquid
32 Nervous condition; frenzy
35 Upon
36 To polish glass, gems, metal, etc.
37 An equal portion
38 Feasts
40 Take feloniously
42 Public meeting place
45 Gain sight of
46 Pleasure
47 Hair dressing (pl.)
52 City in Nevada
55 Gain
57 A Norse god
59 Fragment of cloth
61 Perform
62 Pertaining to the side
63 Nominal value
66 Rodent
67 Extreme dearth
70 Passenger's sleeping quarters
71 Outbuilding
72 Female horse
73 Wicked
74 Unaspirated consonant
76 High tableland
77 Free from danger
78 Dry
79 Encircle
80 Gentle
82 Sorrowful
83 Kind of fish
87 Jumbled type

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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Last week's answer

Ninth Week and Final Late-Entry Offer

$2,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

WORDS Within Words

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APP'LD FOR

Don't Miss This Last Chance to Enter!

THIS is the next to last week of the Words Within Words game. If you have been intending to complete a set of diagrams and file them as your claim to a share in the $2,000 prize fund, act now. There is little time left, but still enough for you to complete a winning entry if you set about the task without delay.

Begin by reading the brief Rules carefully. They explain how to fill in the horizontal words and how to compute your score. Except for the clarification that plural forms of words are permissible, you can be guided by the limitations of Rule 3 in building in your horizontals. Simply use the words in the main section of your dictionary under A to Z inclusive. Do not refer to special tables, lists, etc., in the appendix.

Rule 4 outlines the method of scoring beyond misunderstanding. However, you will find the sample diagram included with late-entry reprints an aid in checking your scoring if necessary.

In connection with the offer of late-entry material at the right, we cannot undertake to honor requests for this material postmarked after midnight, December 5. Because of the influx of contest entries normally arriving, requests postmarked later might be subject to delay in handling. Therefore get your request in promptly.

THE RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters; the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnalls New unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i. e., if T appears in the key word three times, it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the slanted lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

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TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS LAST LATE-ENTRY OFFER!

If you are just entering, write to the address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing, for reprints of the first eight contest diagrams, including a completely worked-out sample. Please note the time limit on this offer given in the column at the left.

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DIAGRAM No. 9. Total ....

"NINE YEARS AFTER THE CHAIN GANG"

ALBANY, GA. — When you print such tripe as the escaped convict's Nine Years After the Chain Gang (October 7 Liberty) it makes folks lose faith in your accuracy and fairness.

Your editorials are so superb and patriotic and helpful that it's a great pity to see a yen for the sensational discount everything that appears in your magazine.

The Burns man seems to think the State of Georgia "has it in for him," though the state officials simply did their sworn duty in bringing him back to complete his term.

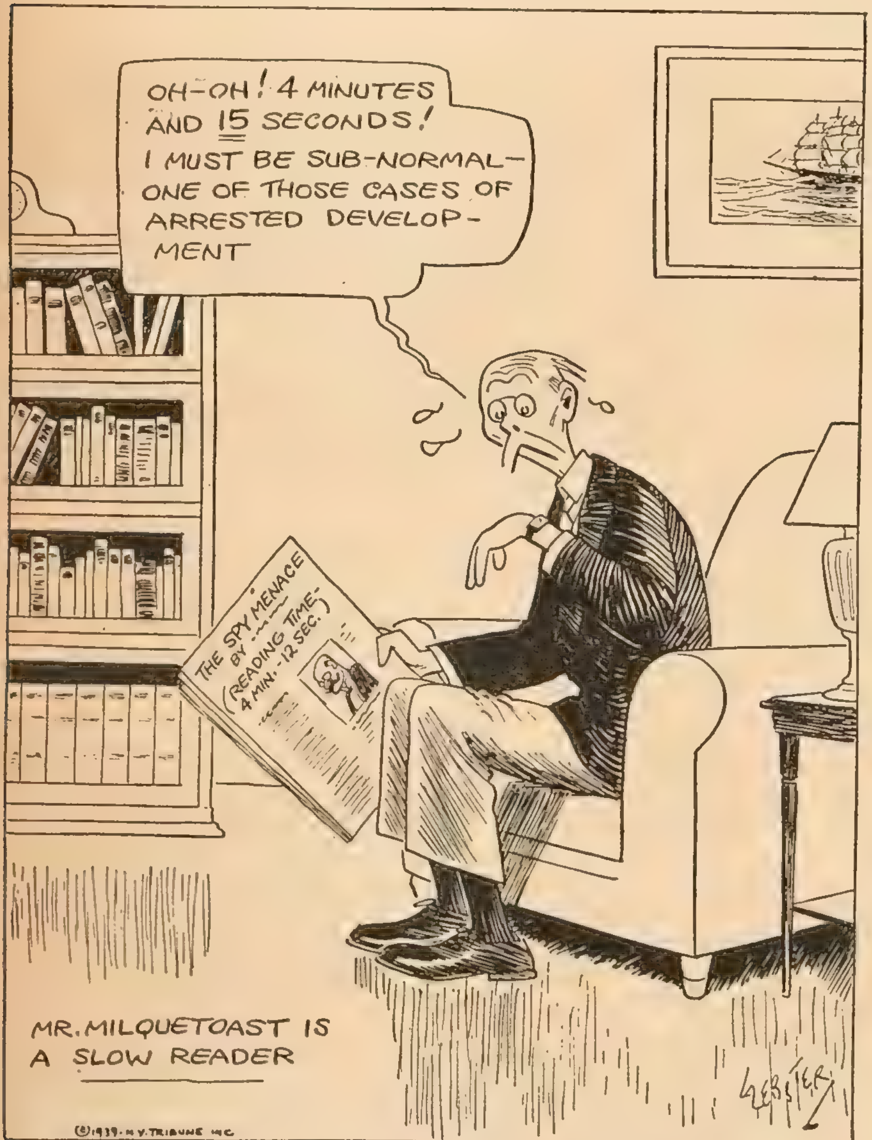
He was convicted of crime; he escaped. Georgia didn't want him back, was glad to get rid of him; but it is the duty of the state officials to uphold the law. That is all there is to the matter of extradition. Just as Georgia doesn't want Galogly back, would like for him to stay in Texas; but there is such a thing in this country as law and order, and officials who do their duty.

Before publication of his article, if Liberty desired the truth, it would have been so easy to check this statement by Burns:

"I have always thought that I was treated unjustly by Georgia. I had an agreement with that state. I was to go back, pay the state the money they had expended in the search for me, and, in return for the money paid and the fact that I had proved myself a responsible citizen for seven years, I was to be given a pardon in ninety days. Georgia didn't keep its word. Georgia kept the money, and Georgia kept me too."

Could Liberty possibly believe that this state, any state, would or could or did make any such agreement? So easy to ask Burns the name of the man he traded with, and the name of the man he paid the money to. He couldn't trade with a state without trading with somebody. He is discreetly silent as to the persons who traded with him and didn't keep their word, and yet Liberty publishes this libel upon the whole state without a word as to who—if anybody — undertook to represent the state in any such absurd agreement.—*R. L. Simmons.*

P.S. If New Jersey will promise to keep them, Governor Rivers might be willing to send that state 500 more convicts just as "innocent" as Burns. It's an idea!


OH-OH! 4 MINUTES AND 15 SECONDS! I MUST BE SUB-NORMAL—ONE OF THOSE CASES OF ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT
THE SPY MENACE BY — (READING TIME 4 MIN. 12 SEC.)
MR. MILQUETOAST IS A SLOW READER
WEBSTER
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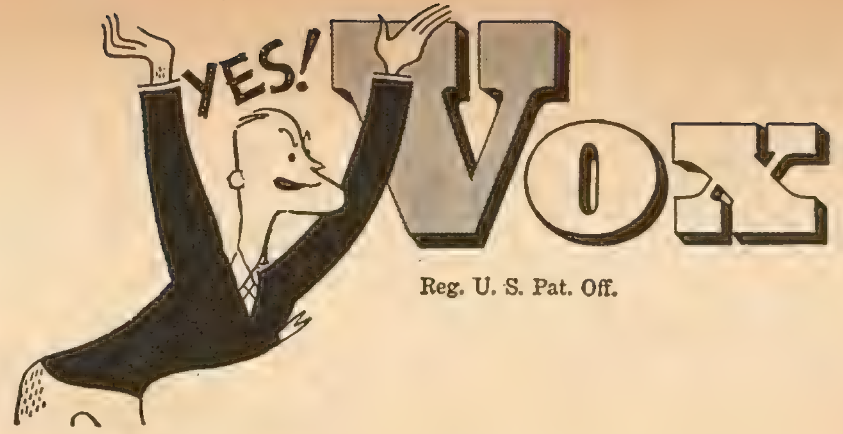


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PRAYERS AND BIG GUNS

AUBURN, KY.—I met a little ragged thirteen-year-old boy on the road. There was a look in his eyes that made me want to help him in his trouble, whatever it was. So I smiled encouragingly.

He said: "I found a book named Liberty. It had a piece in it about a man named Charles Burkhart, in California, who was in an airplane wreck, and he prayed to God, and God saved him. My daddy had t.b. I prayed to God to cure him, but daddy died, and mother has to work awful hard. But my sister—she's fifteen — helps her to take care of our little brother and sister."

Then the serious child added: "I guess those big guns and war bombs make so much noise God can't hear prayers any more."

We wonder!—*Martha Vancleave.*

HYPERBOLE, SIR!

GOLDSBORO, N. C.—Referring to Frederick L. Collins' description of Frederick T. Hansen in "Old Whiskers" and the Gunmen (October 28 Liberty): If Hansen's wrist is the size of the average man's thigh, there is only one man in the world that Hansen resembles—his name is Popeye the Sailor.

I have never seen a man whose wrists were greater than twelve inches around and the average man's thigh is about twenty-two inches.—*B. A. Larkin.*

DR. CHIDESTER DID WARN AGAINST IODINE

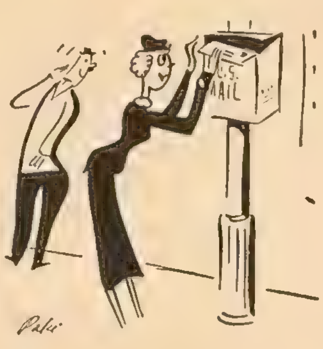
NEWARK VALLEY, N. Y.—The objection of R. M. Williams (October 28 Vox Pop) that my article, Science Fights Cancer with Diet (September 9 Liberty), failed to warn the public against the dangers of iodine, indicates that Mr. Williams read the article and "lists" too hurriedly. The list of *cancer-generating* things included iodine; the list of *preventatives* stated *proper* amount of iodine.

In the text of the article it was shown that small amounts of iodine might hasten cell growth, and how overdoses might cause rapid spread of the cancers. It was repeatedly stressed in the paper that self-medication was dangerous. Emphasis was laid on the fact that iodine should always be properly guarded.

Mr. Williams is right in stressing iodine injury, but errs in his criticism of my discussion, for he failed to read accurately.—*F. E. Chidester.*

WHY NOT WRITE 'EM?

DETROIT, MICH.—Here's a complaint or request, take it as you may. I'm getting more impatient every day. One would think your writers would get tired of thinking up stories about pretty secretaries, handsome bookkeepers, rich men's children, etc.



I'm waiting for a good circus story! If by any chance they think there aren't as many thrills, love stories, broken hearts, and mysteries in a circus as anywhere else, just ask me and I'll tell you, for I'm a circus girl.—*Peggy Fadie.*

FREEDOM OF SPEECH ON THE RADIO

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Permit me to call Mr. Oursler America's friend. Let him keep up his determined action for the complete freedom of speech on our radio. We the people

have the power and wisdom to tune in and tune out the stations we do not care to listen to.—*F. Von der Hoya.*

POWDER RIVER—LET 'ER BUCK!

San Francisco, Calif.—I happened to be a member of the 91st Powder River Division, and want to know where does Leland S. Conness (October 21 Vox Pop) get that stuff about it being a Montana division! It is true there were recruits from Montana, also from Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Washington, and Oregon, but mostly from California, of which there were two whole regiments.

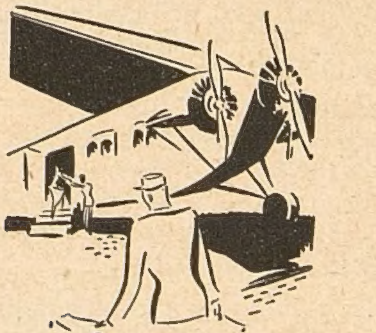
The slogan corrected: "Powder River—let 'er buck! A mile wide, an inch deep, full of alligators [not caterpillars], flows all the way uphill from Texas!"—*Edward F. Leonard, Formerly Co. L, 361st Infantry.*

HAWAII'S BONDS ARE O. K.

Honolulu, Hawaii—September 30 Vox Pop has a letter from "Ambrose" containing this sentence:

"So you bankers are stuck with $3,000,000 of Hawaiian bonds?"

While I realize that your "stooge" Ambrose is writing facetiously, it strikes me that many of your readers may gather from this reference that bonds of the Republic of Hawaii, or the now Territory of Hawaii of the United States, in the amount of $3,000,000 are either in default or are on the verge of becoming so, are not "legal for savings-bank investment," or are not a good investment; and I deem it my duty to inform you and your readers that such is not the case.



Outstanding bonds of the Republic of Hawaii in the amount of some $4,000,000 at the time of the voluntary annexation of these islands to the United States on July 7, 1898, were assumed by the United States as an obligation in return for the cession by the Republic of Hawaii to the United States of "the absolute fee and ownership of all public, Government, or Crown lands, public buildings or edifices, ports, harbors, military equipment, and all other public property of every kind and description belonging to the Government of the Hawaiian Islands, together with every right and appurtenance thereunto appertaining," valued then, and now, at many, many times $4,000,000.—*John Snell, Executive Secretary, Hawaii Equal Rights Commission.*

CONSULT GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERETTAS

New Brunswick, N. J.—Was very much interested in October 21 Liberty article on how dreams helped solve crimes. I am continually dreaming about newborn babies being exchanged.

Do you think this is a common practice?—*Puzzled.*

ONE DEFENSE MEASURE

Hannibal, Mo.—Since reading Mr. Macfadden's editorial The Hordes of Hell Now on a Rampage (October 7 Liberty) declaring we must make every effort to keep this country out of war, I want to withdraw all harsh and petty thoughts I might have harbored against him because of his attacks on the New Deal.

Let me suggest one defense measure that could assure our neutrality: construct along both the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts a line of fortifications similar to those used by France and Germany. Then, if an invader should get by our first line of defense (the navy) they would still be powerless with their land forces.—*Ed Swigert.*

COME, COME! COW HAND AT $30 A WEEK!

Amherst, Colo. — Please tell Mr. or Miss Beverly Hills that I'm either mistaken or I misunderstood him (her?) to say Jack Dawn, M-G-M's make-up man, once was a cow hand at thirty dollars a week (October 21 Liberty).

Come, come, now! If there's an honest-to-grandma cow hand in the country that makes thirty dollars a week, I'll set 'em up to him.

Most of 'em get thirty dollars a month—and beans. I fed cattle last winter for fifteen a month for a while, and when work got slack I worked for two bits a day. (C. I. O. and A. F. of L. please note.) I could have quit if I'd wanted to; there are jobs over the hill if you're dissatisfied with the present one.—*The Kid from Colorado.*

ONE-WEIGHT CUCKOO CLOCK

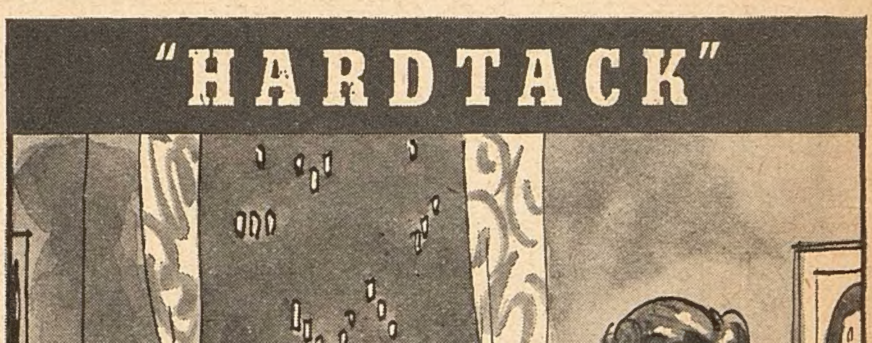
Pittsburgh, Pa.—If Jean Ballon (October 28 Vox Pop) ever cares to visit a two-horse town, we will be glad to show off our one-weight cuckoo clock—and the dad-burn thing even cuckoos!

We can't have our poor struggling artists maligned in such unthinking manner, especially when we know of a one-weight cuckoo clock being in a family for thirty years.

Cushman Parker is vindicated.—*Irene Dickson.*

JARRED BY RUPERT HUGHES

Whitefield, N. H.—Your notice of the Life Story of Thomas E. Dewey by George Washington's "great biographer" (October 14 Liberty) gave me a shock. My mother's great-grandfather was first cousin to George Washington, and I grew up regarding the memory of the latter with deep reverence. The first pages of Hughes' biography so jarred me that I put the book out of the house without further reading! — *Admirer of Bernarr Macfadden.*



"I'm tryin' to get some music outa this window shade, ma."

Lindbergh's Strange Behavior: Does He Want To Be President?

FULTON OURSLER

Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

THAT IS THE title of an arresting article by Frederick L. Collins in next week's Liberty. Mr. Collins has made a shrewd study of the flying Colonel's latter-day gymnastics and Americans will surely be interested in his findings. Lindbergh is always front-page news, which is another way of saying the public is always eager to know what he has said or done. This rare and not always comfortable niche in public interest Lindbergh shares with the President of the United States, the Pope, the Dionne Quintuplets, Joe Louis, and a very few others. Now there is great controversy once more about Lindbergh. He always had a curious cleft in his popularity; the women extolled him while their husbands shook their heads vaguely. Now these same women, many of them, are denouncing Lindy as a pro-Nazi. As if, in this free America, he did not have an inalienable right to be pro-Nazi if he so desired. Some said, "Let's call it 'Berlindenbergh,' or 'Unter den Lindy.'" And even more bitter things were said by the sort of people who froth at the mouth and would like to get us into the war, of course on the side of the Allies. Then Mrs. Roosevelt confessed in print to a doubt about Lindbergh. Dorothy Thompson got rather shrill about the whole thing, and then General Johnson, whom somebody called Iron Pants, pulled into the argument with a reference to an old colonel of his regiment who was called "Tin Drawers Thompson." There for a while the argument has seemed to rest. But Mr. Collins will bring you up to date on developments as he sees them reflected and forecast in the light of past and present happenings. You will not wish to miss this stirring analysis by one of your favorite journalists of one of the outstanding figures among the Americans.

THE WHOLE ISSUE next week will be brimming with entertainment, information, and inspiration. Included in the table of contents will be: Housing for the Other Half, by Robert Moses; Fights I Had to Stop—and Why, by Arthur Donovan, the famous referee; Why Washington Thinks Germany Can't Win, by Walter Karig; The Personal History of Fibber McGee and Molly; a brace of fine short stories, among them a thriller by Scott Littleton; full installments of the serials; and the departments.

HERE IS A WOMAN who could write stories if she put her mind to it! Her name and address I withhold because she is so frank about her neighbors. But listen:

"I am sitting and picking the nail polish off my fingernails—dish water is rather deglamourizing to nail polish. The reason I'm picking it off instead of removing it in the orthodox fashion is because I'm thinking.

"If Liberty had done nothing for me but to introduce Eddie Doherty, it would still be a superproduction.

"There is a wealth of stories here in this distant glorious land. Stories of drab farmhouses whose kitchens are miracles of spices and roasts and tempting aromas. Whose rooms hold solid laughter and coarse speech in the colorful accents of many lands. Whose gardens hold pink gladioli, blue pansies, and sunny marigolds in virile, primitive fingers. Here the wild fellows get very drunk and beat each other to pulp on Friday nights. Here the revelers stab each other at their crowded wedding dances and steal the treat of the groom. Here the French tongue sparkles. Here the Indians live like Gypsies, staking their tents in the twilight by the willow-studded banks of the rivers, watching the smoke of their campfire. Here the Germans grow fat and rich on fertile soil, with many cows and huge red barns. Their women are plump and guttural and worship the God of Saturday. Here the English farm awkwardly, still mouthing strange Cockney phrases and wearing faded woolens. Here the harsh burr of Scottish tongues echoes often and the lusty Americans stride carefree over the valley with a fine disregard for all these nationalities.

"Here one bathes in a washtub, reads with a coal-oil lamp, burns the green wood of the poplar. And in autumn the wheat runs golden out of the valley, and the ducks rise quacking from the banks of the river. The countryside is a motley of scarlet and gold, yellow and green. The road is narrow and graveled, or narrower still and sticky with mud. Cars labor and moan. And in the winter it is so cold that everybody shivers and stays indoors. The hoarfrost clings for days to the trees, and it is so beautiful that one cannot gaze upon it.

"In the meantime, more power to you, Fulton Oursler! I'll be right there with you again next Wednesday, so help me.

"Thank you for listening."

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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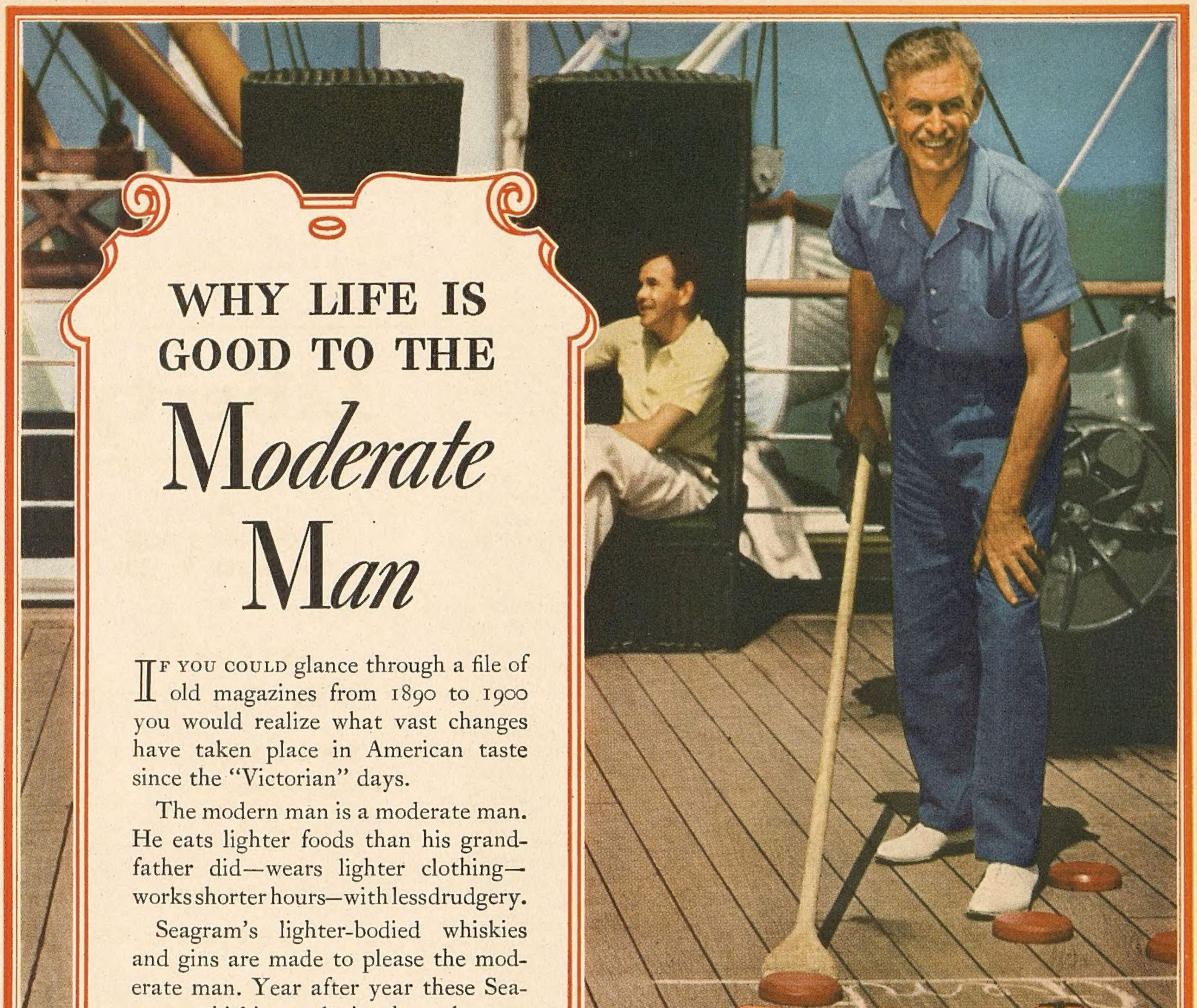
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY NORMAN SAUNDERS



WHY LIFE IS GOOD TO THE Moderate Man

IF YOU COULD glance through a file of old magazines from 1890 to 1900 you would realize what vast changes have taken place in American taste since the "Victorian" days.

The modern man is a moderate man. He eats lighter foods than his grandfather did—wears lighter clothing—works shorter hours—with less drudgery.

Seagram's lighter-bodied whiskies and gins are made to please the moderate man. Year after year these Seagram whiskies and gins have become *smoother . . . mellower . . . and finer.*

Step up to the bar and try the finer 5 or 7 Crown—the more delicate Seagram's "V.O." or the world's finest gin, "Ancient Bottle." Enjoy finer drinks . . . say Seagram's—be moderate.

Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

"Canada's Finest"

Seagram's

"AMERICA'S FINEST"

SEAGRAM'S "V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. "Canada's Finest". Finer, more delicate, we believe, than any Rye, Bourbon or Scotch of any age. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE DISTILLED DRY GIN. Pale golden in color. Makes the most delicious Martini you have ever tasted. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S...SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

FAMOUS AVIATRIX SAYS:

"My biggest thrill in smoking? The sheer pleasure of a mild, cool Camel!"

"And I do appreciate the extra smoking in Camels!" says Betty Huyler Gillies

THRILLS IN FLYING...THRILLS IN SMOKING! Mrs. Brewster Allison Gillies, the former Betty Huyler, photographed (*above, left*) beside her trim red cabin plane, is the mother of three children, has been flying 11 years, and is president of the famous Ninety-nine Club—international organization of women pilots. "I fly for pleasure," says Mrs. Gillies. "I smoke Camels for the same reason. Camels have a delicate flavor and aroma that never tire my taste for smoking. Another thing, Camels are milder, cooler... they don't irritate my throat. I find smoking so much more enjoyable when I smoke Camels. And, because Camels are slow-burning, I get extra smoking too." Don't deny yourself smoking pleasure at its best. Camels give you smoking with all its pleasure at the peak—and with an economy of extra smoking that makes them America's *shrewdest cigarette buy!*

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF—MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Cigarettes were compared recently ... sixteen of the largest-selling brands ... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Enjoy smoking pleasure at its best ... and more of it per pack ... in Camels.

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

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CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*